This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07136786 0

HISTORY OF THE NATION

CV

WALES

The Story of the Nations

WALES

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS.

1. **ROME.** By ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A.
2. **THE JEWS.** By Prof. J. K. HOSMER.
3. **GERMANY.** By Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.
4. **CARTHAGE.** By Prof. ALFRED J. CHURCH.
5. **ALEXANDER'S EMPIRE.** By Prof. J. P. MAHAFFY.
6. **THE MOORS IN SPAIN.** By STANLEY LANE-POOLE.
7. **ANCIENT EGYPT.** By Prof. GEORGE RAWLINSON.
8. **HUNGARY.** By Prof. ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.
9. **THE SARACENS.** By ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A.
10. **IRELAND.** By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS.
11. **CHALDEA.** By ZÉNAÏDE A. RAGOZIN.
12. **THE GOTHS.** By HENRY BRADLEY.
13. **ASSYRIA.** By ZÉNAÏDE A. RAGOZIN.
14. **TURKEY.** By STANLEY LANE-POOLE.
15. **HOLLAND.** By Prof. J. E. THOROLD ROGERS.
16. **MEDIÆVAL FRANCE.** By GUSTAVE MASSON.
17. **PERSIA.** By S. G. W. BENJAMIN.
18. **PHŒNICIA.** By Prof. GEO. RAWLINSON.
19. **MEDIA.** By ZÉNAÏDE A. RAGOZIN.
20. **THE HANSA TOWNS.** By HELEN ZIMMERN.
21. **EARLY BRITAIN.** By Prof. ALFRED J. CHURCH.
22. **THE BARBARY CORSAIRS.** By STANLEY LANE-POOLE.
23. **RUSSIA.** By W. R. MORFILL, M.A.
24. **THE JEWS UNDER THE ROMANS.** By W. D. MORRISON.
25. **SCOTLAND.** By JOHN MACKINTOSH, LL.D.
26. **SWITZERLAND.** By Mrs. LINA HUG and R. STEAD.
27. **MEXICO.** By SUSAN HALE.
28. **PORTUGAL.** By H. MORSE STEPHENS.
29. **THE NORMANS.** By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.
30. **THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.** By C. W. C. OMAN.
31. **SICILY: Phœnician, Greek and Roman.** By the late Prof. E. A. FREEMAN.
32. **THE TUSCAN REPUBLICS.** By BELLA DUFFY.
33. **POLAND.** By W. R. MORFILL, M.A.
34. **PARTHIA.** By Prof. GEORGE RAWLINSON.
35. **AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.** By GREVILLE TREGARTHEN.
36. **SPAIN.** By H. E. WATTS.
37. **JAPAN.** By DAVID MURRAY, Ph.D.
38. **SOUTH AFRICA.** By GEORGE M. THEAL.
39. **VENICE.** By ALETHEA WIEL.
40. **THE CRUSADES.** By T. A. ARCHER and C. L. KINGSFORD.
41. **VEDIC INDIA.** By Z. A. RAGOZIN.
42. **WEST INDIES and the SPANISH MAIN.** By JAMES RODWAY.
43. **BOHEMIA.** By C. EDMUND MAURICE. [M.A.
44. **THE BALKANS.** By W. MILLER.
45. **CANADA.** By Sir J. G. BOURINOT, LL.D.
46. **BRITISH INDIA.** By R. W. FRAZER, LL.B.
47. **MODERN FRANCE.** By ANDRÉ-LE BON.
48. **THE FRANKS.** By LEWIS SERGEANT.
49. **AUSTRIA.** By SIDNEY WHITMAN.
50. **MODERN ENGLAND.** Before the Reform Bill. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
51. **CHINA.** By Prof. R. K. DOUGLAS.
52. **MODERN ENGLAND.** From the Reform Bill to the Present Time. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
53. **MODERN SPAIN.** By MARTIN A. S. HUME.
54. **MODERN ITALY.** By PIETRO ORSI.
55. **NORWAY.** By H. H. BOYESEN.
56. **WALES.** By O. M. EDWARDS.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE. E.C.

Builders of Greater Britain.

Edited by H. F. WILSON.

A Set of 10 Volumes, each with Photogravure Frontispiece and Map, large crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. each.

List of Volumes.

1. **SIR WALTER RALEGH; the British Dominion of the West.** By MARTIN A. S. HUME.
2. **SIR THOMAS MAITLAND; the Mastery of the Mediterranean.** By WALTER FREWEN LORD.
3. **JOHN CABOT AND HIS SONS; the Discovery of North America.** By C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY, M.A.
4. **EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD; the Colonisation of South Australia** and New Zealand. By R. GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.
5. **LORD CLIVE; the Foundation of British Rule in India.** By SIR A. J. ARBUTHNOT, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.
6. **ADMIRAL PHILLIP; the Founding of New South Wales.** By LOUIS BECKE and WALTER JEFFERY.
7. **RAJAH BROOKE; the Englishman as Ruler of an Eastern State.** By SIR SPENSER ST. JOHN, G.C.M.G.
8. **SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES; England in the Far East.** By the EDITOR.

Masters of Medicine.

Large crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

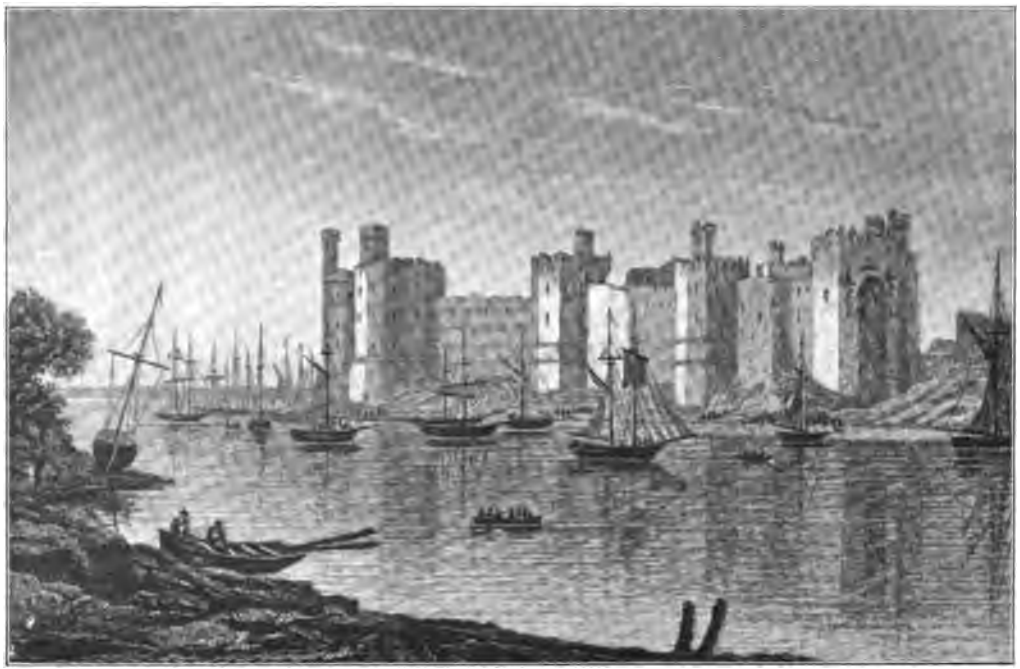
List of Volumes.

1. **JOHN HUNTER.** By STEPHEN PAGET.
2. **WILLIAM HARVEY.** By D'ARCY POWER.
3. **SIR JAMES SIMPSON.** By H. LAING GORDON.
4. **WILLIAM STOKES.** By SIR WILLIAM STOKES.
5. **SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE.** By TIMOTHY HOLMES.
6. **CLAUDE BERNARD.** By SIR MICHAEL FOSTER.
7. **HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ.** By JOHN G. MCKENDRICK.

In preparation.

THOMAS SYDENHAM. By J. F. PAYNE.
ANDREAS VESALIUS. By C. L. TAYLOR.

LONDON : T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.



CARNARVON CASTLE.

(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

93.

WALES

BY

OWEN M. EDWARDS

FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE OXFORD

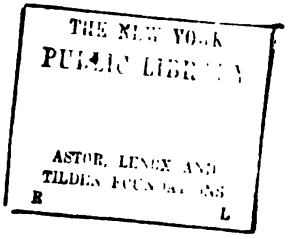
London

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

1901



COPYRIGHT BY T. FISHER UNWIN, 1901
(For Great Britain)

COPYRIGHT BY G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 1901
(For the United States of America)

PREFACE

IN this first attempt at writing a continuous popular history of Wales, I am afraid that the mass of details tends to obscure the outlines of the story of a very simple and definite development.

In the first half I try to sketch the rise and fall of a princely caste; in the second, the rise of a self-educated, self-governing peasantry. Rome left its heritage of political unity and organisation to a Welsh governing tribal caste; the princes were alternately the oppressing organisers of their own people and their defenders against England. The literature of the princes are the courtly tales of the Mabinogion and the exquisitely artistic odes of Davydd ap Gwilym and his contemporaries. The princes were crushed by the Plantagenets, their descendants dispossessed by the Lancastrians or Anglicised by the Tudors. On their disappearance, a lower subject class became prominent, inheriting their changing traditions, and feebly imitating their decaying literature. This class, with stronger thought and increasing material wealth, rules Wales to-day.

The history of the period of the formation of the Welsh people, which Principal Rhys has made his own, I pass over very lightly. Of early social history, expounded to English readers by Mr. Seebohm, I only relate enough to make political history intelligible. My chief authorities for the period of the Norman and English conquests, which I sketch more fully, are Brut y Tywysogion, Ordericus Vitalis, the monastic annalists, the Welsh laws, and the Welsh poets of the Red Book of Hergest. . For each period from the time of Owen Glendower to the present day, my conclusions are mostly drawn from contemporary Welsh literature. With regard to the vast mass of unpublished material, I have found invaluable guidance in Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans' transcripts and catalogues.

In almost every case I have given proper names in their Anglicised form. Words like Owen and Llywelyn present no difficulty; but ought I to have written Rees or Rhys, Griffith or Gruffydd? The English form is given in the text; the Welsh correct forms will be found in brackets in the index.

OWEN M. EDWARDS.

LLANUWCHLLYN,
March, 1901.

CONTENTS

I.

PAGE

A LAND OF MOUNTAINS . . . 1–17

A mass of mountains rising between plain and sea—They explain a story of independence and disunion—Their four divisions: precipitous Eryri, Berwyn pasture lands and sheep walks, Plinlimmon moorlands, Black Mountains sheltering pleasant plains and hiding a vast coal-field—The four divisions correspond roughly with four nations and four dioceses.

The migrating nations that reached the mountains that stood almost on the edge of the world then known—A short dark race, which we may call Iberian; the Celtic race, tall and fair—Traditions concerning the struggle between them—They are still the chief elements of the Welsh people.

II.

ROME AND ARTHUR (84–681) 18–30

Rome stops the migration of nations westwards—Ostorius Scapula approaches the mountains, and defeats the Silurian army of Caratacus—Suetonius Paulinus and Julius Frontinus carry the Roman eagles to the western sea—The political settlement under Agricola—Great military camps and cities

PAGE

on the skirts of the mountains—Rule of kinglets subject to the chief Roman official—The defence against the Picts in the north and against the pirates of the western sea.

The persistence of Roman ideals in the mountains after the fall of Rome—The idea of political unity finds expression in the supremacy of Maelgwn Gwynedd, in the struggle between Cadwallon and Northumbria, and in the gradual evolution of the mystic Arthur of legend—The old religion and St. David.

III.

THE WELSH KINGS (681–1063) 31–43

The attempts of the Welsh kings at continuing the political unity represented by Rome and Arthur—Their difficulties: the independence of their princes, the English attacks from the plains, the Danish attacks from the sea.

The attempt of Rhodri the Great—The Danish attack—Disruption of Rhodri's kingdom—The greatness of Mercia under Offa—The Laws of Howel the Good.

The attempt of Llywelyn ap Seisyll—The battle of Aber Gwili—Prosperity—On Llywelyn's death, in 1022, the Danes came, and anarchy.

The attempt of Griffith ap Llywelyn—Battles of Rhyd y Groes and Pencader—Alliance with Mercia—The struggle between Griffith and Harold of England.

IV.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST (1063–1094) . . . 45–60

The struggle between Griffith's sons and Harold's nominee Bleddyn—The appearance of William the Conqueror at Chester—Bleddyn joins Mercia in opposing the Normans—Effects of the Norman conquest of England on Wales—The Norman advance into Wales: from Chester, Shrewsbury, and Hereford.

Hugh the Wolf at Chester—The advance of Norman Robert to Rhuddlan and Deganwy—Roger of Montgomery

PAGE

at Shrewsbury—William FitzOsbern at Hereford—Helplessness and death of Bleddyn.

Appearance of the two opponents of the Normans: Griffith ap Conan and Rees ap Tudor: of the royal line of Wales—Battle of Mynydd Carn—William the Conqueror comes to pray to St. David's—Bernard of Neufmarché at Talgarth—Death of Rees and captivity of Griffith—Rapid extension of the Norman conquest: Hugh of Chester in Môn, Roger of Montgomery and his sons in Dyved, Bernard at Maesyved, FitzHamon in Morgannwg.

V.

THE WORK OF GRIFFITH AP CONAN (1094–1137) . 63–80

Re-appearance of Griffith ap Conan—The recovery of Môn—The end of Robert of Rhuddlan—The revolt of Dyved and Powys against the Normans under Cadogan ap Bleddyn—The Red King of England in Wales—The end of Hugh of Montgomery and of Hugh of Chester.

Robert of Belesme aims at independence in Shrewsbury—His alliance with the sons of Bleddyn—Henry I. crushes his power—Henry's treacherous dealings with the sons of Bleddyn.

Owen of Powys appeals to Welsh patriotism—His defiance of Henry, submission, and allegiance—His end—His place taken by Griffith ap Rees—Death of Gwenllian—Battle of Cardigan—End of Griffith ap Conan—Limits of Norman conquest.

VI.

THE AGE OF OWEN GWYNEDD (1137–1194) . 81–104

The supremacy of Gwynedd—Owen's difficulties—The first attack by Henry II.—The second attempt of Henry II.—The united Welsh army at Corwen—Owen's peace policy.

The Lord Rees, the chief ally of Owen Gwynedd,

PAGE

continues Owen's policy—Relations with Henry II.—First conquest of Ireland—Rees' power.

Rees' neighbours: (1) The Clares in Dyved and Ceredigion; (2) William of Gloucester in Glamorgan; (3) William de Braose at Abergavenny; (4) The Mortimers at Wigmore; (5) Owen Cyveiliog in Upper Powys; (6) Griffith Maelor in Lower Powys; (7) Hugh Cyveiliog at Chester; (8) Davydd ab Owen in Gwynedd.

Rees' Eisteddvod—The literary awakening.

VII.

A JOURNEY ROUND MEDIÆVAL WALES (1188) . 105–126

Archbishop Baldwin and Gerald the Welshman in Wales—They meet the Lord Rees and his sons, the Welsh bishops and abbots, the sons of Owen Gwynedd, and Griffith Maelor—Owen Cyveiliog did not come.

Superstitions of Powys and Brycheiniog—Anecdotes of Glamorgan history—Battlefields of Henry II.—A Welsh home—National characteristics.

Gerald becomes the champion of the independence of the Welsh Church, 1198-1204—The meaning of the struggle, and its results.

VIII.

LLYWELYN THE GREAT (1194–1240) . . . 127–151

Alliance with the English John broken, and followed by war—Union of the Welsh chiefs—Alliance with the English barons—Magna Carta—The council of Aberdovey.

Relations with the princes of South Wales and Powys—With the families of Braose and Mortimer and the earl of Chester—With the Marshalls and other ministers of Henry II.

Rapidity of movements, belief in sacredness of compacts, love of diplomacy, unity finding expression in council of chiefs—His aim was peace—The greatness of Llywelyn's ideals: a united, prosperous Wales as part of a British feudal system—The importance of his personality.

PAGE

IX.

THE FATE OF LLYWELYN'S IDEALS (1240–1272) . 153–172

Llywelyn's two sons, Davydd and Griffith—Davydd the heir of Llywelyn's policy; Griffith its opponent—The brothers and Henry III.—Davydd's despair and death.

Two rival claimants, Llywelyn, son of Griffith; Edward, son of Henry III.—Edward's unpopularity and difficulties—Llywelyn revives the power of Llywelyn the Great—Alliance with Simon de Montfort and Gilbert de Clare—The Barons' War—The Treaty of Montgomery—A new struggle inevitable—Llywelyn's ideals impossible.

X.

THE LAST FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE (1272–1284) 173–194

Edward I. summons Llywelyn to Chester—The capture of Eleanor de Montfort — The first war — The Treaty of Rhuddlan—Llywelyn's marriage.

Arrogance of English officials—Discontent of Davydd—Grievances of the Church—Disputes about the treaty—The second war—Death of Eleanor—Peckham's mediation—Battle of Moel y Don — Fall of Llywelyn — Snowdon conquered—Trial of Davydd.

XI.

THE WILL OF THE CONQUEROR (1284–1301) . 195–217

The "Statute of Wales" ordained at Rhuddlan — Llywelyn's principality becomes six shires: Anglesey, Carnarvon, Merioneth, Flint, Cardigan, and Carmarthen — Snowdon surrounded by castles—The rise of chartered boroughs—The great fringe of lordships, under Lacy, the Mortimers, Bohun, Hastings, Clare, and Valence—Welsh discontent—Revolts—The new Prince of Wales born at Carnarvon—The crown of Arthur, and the Nevin tournament—The Welsh mercenaries.

PAGE

XII.

AN ENGLISH PRINCE OF WALES (1301–1327) . 218–235

The popularity of Edward II. in Wales—He regarded himself as a Welshman—His ordinances were just—He summoned Welshmen to Parliament—He was the protector of his subjects against royal official and lord marcher alike, except where the interests of his favourites came in.

Roger Mortimer his chief enemy—The death of Gilbert de Clare at Bannockburn placed Glamorgan in the gift of the king—Its administration by Turberville, and the revolt of Llywelyn Bren—Granted to Despenser—The hatred between Despenser and Mortimer.

Disaffection in North Wales—The revolt of Griffith Lloyd also caused by a Mortimer—The king in Wales as a deliverer and protector—The flight of Mortimer—The king alienates his subjects by favouritism—Hawys of Powys —Return of Mortimer—Edward flees to Wales.

XIII.

THE LONGBOW AND THE BLACK DEATH (1327–1350) 236–247

The coronation of the Black Prince as Prince of Wales—His army of Welsh bowmen—The home of the longbow in Gwent—Its introduction into the English army—The Welsh bowmen at Cressy, Agincourt, &c.—Welsh adventurers on the French side—Owen of Wales—The advantages of a soldier's life—Its disintegrating influence on mediæval society.

The Black Death—It precipitated a great development: the emancipation of the serf—The stages in the development of the freedom of the Welsh serf.

XIV.

THE RULE OF THE LORDS (1350–1400) . . 249–260

The confusion of a period of disintegration—Discontent of the serf, who had prospered, and of the freeman, who had been abased—Transition from chief of tribal communities to

PAGE

owner of land—Tyranny of lords: Grey of Ruthin, Fitzalan, John Charlton, Roger Mortimer, Henry Bolingbroke—The peasants look to the king for protection—The dragon standard—Popularity of Richard II.—Weakness of Henry IV.—Prosperity: Growth of towns, which gradually cease to be hostile garrisons.

XV.

BARD, FRIAR, LOLLARD (1350–1400). . . 261–268

The literary awakening—Delight in beauty, condemned by the friar, made by the poet into a kind of religion—Mary taken from the Franciscans and humanised—Her flowers—The bard the representative of naturalness and patriotism—Bard and friar's denunciations of each other—The struggle between them stopped by the outbreak of war.

The Welsh Lollard has the old earnestness of the friar, the mystic touch of the bard—Bard, friar, and Lollard bound together by patriotism.

XVI.

OWEN GLENDOWER (1400–1415) . . . 269–287

Welcomed by all as their champion against the lords—By freeman, bard, friar, labourer, student—The burning of Ruthin the signal for universal revolt—1401, guerilla war—1402, a national war—1403, alliance with the Mortimers—1404, Owen supreme in Wales, with a Parliament—His relations with France and the Papacy.

Owen's political ideals: an independent Wales, under prince and parliament; an independent church, with St. David's as its metropolitan see; the organisation of the new learning by means of Welsh universities—His mysterious personality—A proof of his greatness.

XVII.

MORTIMER AND TUDOR (1415–1485) . . 288–301

Two Welsh families, Mortimer and Tudor, rivals for the English throne—Princes of Wales: Henry, afterwards

PAGE

Henry V.; Edward, son of Henry VI.; Edward, afterwards Edward V.; Edward, son of Richard III.

Flight of Queen Margaret and Prince Edward to Harlech—Battle of Mortimer's Cross, and death of Owen Tudor—The Welsh Lancastrian archers at Towton—The Welsh Yorkists at Edgecote—Flight of Henry Tudor after Tewkesbury.

The Yorkist rule—The court of the Prince of Wales at Ludlow—Growing unpopularity of Richard III.—Revolt of Buckingham—Plot of Lady Margaret Tudor and Elizabeth of York—Henry Tudor lands near Haverfordwest—The march through Wales—The battle of Bosworth.

XVIII.

THE END OF THE OLD DAYS (1485–1535) . 303–309

Dragon sovereigns, what they gave, and what they took.

The end of religious enthusiasm—The Lollard disappears—Bard and monk agree.

The decline of Welsh literature—The loss of naturalness—The tyranny of eisteddvodau—The rise of alliteration—A barren period between the mediæval literature of the prince, and the modern literature of the peasants.

The decline of the chief: ceases to be a patron of literature; his character degenerates; the self-sacrificing lord of kin becomes a grasping lord of land—Sir Rees ap Thomas.

XIX.

THE NEW SHIRES (1535–1542). . . . 310–320

Thomas Cromwell's policy of consolidation—"The Act of Union" of 1535—The march lordships become new shires: Denbigh, Montgomery, Radnor, Brecknock, and Monmouth—Completion of the shires of Glamorgan and Pembroke—Lordships added to the older English and Welsh shires—Comparison of the older and newer units of administration—The boundary of England and Wales—Wales represented in Parliament.

PAGE

XX.

THE COURT OF WALES (1535–1542) . . . 321–329

Rees ap Griffith and Lord Ferrers in the Star Chamber—Germ of the Court in Yorkist times—An offshoot of the Star Chamber in Wales—The energy of Bishop Lee as president—A successful illiterate Welshman—The Court of Wales presided over by Sir Henry Sidney—The Countess of Pembroke—Cause of Welsh litigiousness—Cause of the decline of the Court.

XXI.

THE GREAT SESSIONS (1542–1830) . . . 330–337

The new local government and system of justice—Great importance of local government for Wales—Great and Petty Sessions—Two judges: Bradshaw and Jeffreys—The justices of the peace—Shire, hundred, parish—Lawlessness—The Red Banditti of Mawddwy—The new government not an unmixed blessing—Unwise dislike of Welsh patriotism—Useless prohibition of the use of the Welsh language—Jealousy between governing class and governed—Evils of primogeniture.

XXII.

AN UNWELCOME REFORMATION (1535–1588) . 339–353

The passive resistance to the Reformation—Thomas Cromwell's agents—Bishop Barlow and Ellis Price—The hunt for relics—The end of Dervel Gadarn—The rifling of the monasteries—The pitiful state of the Welsh Church.

Voices on its behalf—The intemperate zeal of John Penry—The great labour of William Morgan—The self-sacrifice of the Welsh Jesuits—1588, the Welsh Bible—Why the Jesuits failed.

XXIII.

BLIND LOYALTY (1588–1649) 354–373

The loyalty of the gentry, who were followed blindly by the people—John Williams, the wise adviser of James I. and

PAGE

Charles I.—The politics of Welsh members of the Long Parliament—Lord Herbert's treasure—The king appeals to Welsh loyalty—The battle of Edgehill, 1642—The slaughter at Highnam and Nantwich in 1643—Archbishop Williams' despair in 1644—The king successful in Wales in 1645, but his hopes crushed by the great defeat at Naseby—The disaffection in South Wales—The fall of Bristol—The defence of Chester—Chester falls in 1646—Harlech surrendered in 1647.

The Second Civil War—Wales united for the king—The battle of St. Fagans—The siege of Pembroke; its importance—The national character of the Second Civil War.

XXIV.

THE RULE OF THE PURITAN AND THE WHIG (1649–1730) 375–385

Two ideals, to be united after many days.

The share of Wales in the Commonwealth—Representation in Parliament—John Jones, Sergeant Glyn, Philip Jones, Algernon Sidney—Their work and its fate.

Harrison and Vavasor Powel—Morgan Llwyd as the voice of Welsh Puritanism—What disappeared with the Commonwealth, and what remained.

Welsh lawyers of the period of the Restoration—Ellis Wynn's hell and Theophilus Evans' patriotism—The apathy at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

XXV.

THE AWAKENING (1730–1832) 386-392

Griffith Jones of Llanddowror and his circulating schools—Opposition to revolutionary theories—Iolo Morgannwg—The voice of Howel Harris—The religious awakening—Williams Pant y Celyn—A national Sunday School—The literary awakening—Goronwy Owen and Lewis Morris—The national Eisteddvod—The importance of the period.

PAGE

XXVI.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION (1832–1894) . 395–401

The Reform Acts and the growing interest in party politics —The industrial revolution—The changed face of the country—The growth of Cardiff—The development of local government—Activity and efficiency of the local councils—Development of education: primary, secondary, higher—The University of Wales, 1894.

XXVII.

CONCLUSION 403–404

National feeling and imperial sympathies—Conservatism and energy—The Welshman as a colonist—"Ich dien."

INDEX 405

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

CARNARVON CASTLE	*Frontispiece*
	PAGE
CADER IDRIS	1
A GLIMPSE OF SNOWDON	5
A TYPICAL WELSH FACE	11
"THE ROMAN STEPS" IN ARDUDWY	25
IN THE LAND OF THE FREE	36
RHUDDLAN CASTLE	44
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF KIDWELLY CASTLE	56
ABERDARON CHURCH	62
DOOR OF ABERDARON CHURCH	75
CORWEN AND THE VALLEY OF THE DEE	88
CHEPSTOW CASTLE AND THE WYE	95
RUINS OF LLANTHONY ABBEY	111
BANGOR CATHEDRAL	122
STONE COFFIN OF LLYWELYN THE GREAT	144
CRICCIETH CASTLE	153
ON THE MENAI	174
THE LAST HOME OF WELSH INDEPENDENCE	190
CONWAY CASTLE	196
EAGLE TOWER, CARNARVON CASTLE	200
HARLECH CASTLE	206
THE RUINS OF DENBIGH CASTLE	220
CAERPHILLY CASTLE	226
GATEWAY OF ST. QUENTIN'S CASTLE	248

PAGE

FLINT CASTLE 256
VALLE CRUCIS 270
RUINS OF ABERYSTWYTH CASTLE . . . 280
HARLECH CASTLE 290
TO THE MEMORY OF TUDUR ALED AND OTHERS . 302
CADER IDRIS 314
CAREW CASTLE 324
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL . 338
THE RUINS OF NEATH ABBEY 344
GATEWAY OF EPISCOPAL PALACE, LLANDAFF . 351
JOHN WILLIAMS 356
RAGLAN CASTLE 358
CONWAY CASTLE 362
CHIRK CASTLE 366
PEMBROKE TOWN AND CASTLE . . . 370
LLANRWST BRIDGE 374
ON THE EDGE OF THE GREAT COAL BED . . 382
THE ARAN OVER BALA LAKE . . . 388
NEWPORT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY . . 392
NANT Y GLO 394
A CORNER OF BLAENAU FFESTINIOG . . . 396
THE OLD AND THE NEW 398
MENAI BRIDGE 402

MAPS.

CYMRU 2
THE CYMRY 16
ROMAN WALES 23
WALES DURING THE NORMAN CONQUEST . . 61
WALES AFTER THE CONQUEST BY EDWARD I. . 203
WALES IN THE TIME OF OWEN GLENDOWER . . 273
WALES AFTER TUDOR TIMES . . . 392

CADER IDRIS.

(*From a drawing by Captain Batty.*)

I

A LAND OF MOUNTAINS

WALES is a land of mountains. Its mountains explain its isolation and its love of independence; they explain its internal divisions; they have determined, throughout its history, what the direction and method of its progress were to be.

The mountains of Wales rise between the sea and the comparatively flat lands of the south of Britain, a curved line of summits some one hundred and fifty miles long, running from north to south. Two rivers skirt their bases on the east or land side—the Dee

CYMRU
(WALES)
ENGLISH MILES
10 20 30 40 50
The portion within the faint dotted line is over 500 feet high The figures give the height of mountains in feet The portion within the heavily dotted line is over 1500 feet The parts above 2500 feet are black
Mynydd Parys (494)
Mon
Conwy
Clwyd
Dyfrdwy (Dee)
GWYNEDD
(3482)
(1300)
Mot Vama (1820)
Dyffryn Maelor (1843)
(Vale of Maelor)
Arvon Snowdon (3570)
Eryrion (1208)
Leyn
Cader Vronwen (2715) (2573)
Aran (2970)
Wrekin
Cader Idris (2909)
POWYS
Plinlimmon (2489)
Dyvi (Dovey)
Rheidol
CEREDIGION
(1358)
Clee Hills
Wyre
Melenydd Elvel
Tein (Tewy)
Gwaun
Malvern Hills
BRYCHEINIOG
Gwili
Tywi
DEHEUBARTH
DYVED
Mynydd Du (2409)
(2078)
Tywi (Towy)
Cleddau
MORGANNWG
GWENT
Wysg
Hadd (Heath)
Tafi (Rhymney)
Avon Havren (River Severn)

flowing northwards and the Severn southwards—both flowing to the western sea. The valley of the Severn separates the Welsh hills from those of Devon and Cornwall, the valley of the Dee separates them from those of the north of England.

Four summits, each neighbour dimly visible from the other, may be selected as resting points while taking a bird's-eye view of the country, called by its inhabitants Cymru—"the land of brothers"; and by others Wales—"the land of strangers."

Snowdon, one of the highest peaks in Eryri—the old "home of eagles"—rises high above most of its numerous fellows in the north. Immediately around it lie the romantic glens and slopes of Arvon, hiding a wealth of blue slate. To the north-west the isle of Môn lies placidly at Snowdon's feet, its copper hills rising slightly above the moors and meadows, whose fertility once won for her the name of "the mother of Wales." To the south-west a line of serrated hills, running far into the sea, forms the promontory of Eivion and Lleyn—the land of gigantic fortresses and weird lonely peaks. Eastwards, beyond the short and narrow valley of the Conway, lie the green limestone hills of Denbigh; and beyond them lie the iron and lead hills of Flint, shading off into the distant vale of Maelor. Southwards a mountainous ridge runs, displaying precipitous rocky slopes towards the west and the sea, and undulating into high moorlands on the eastern, or land, side.

South of this group of mountains, and separated from it by the upper waters of the holy Dee, the Berwyn ranges run from north-east to south-west.

A GLIMPSE OF SNOWDON.

(*From a drawing of Llanberis Lake by H. Gastineau.*)

Their green and brown solitudes, with little of the rocky grandeur of Snowdon, rise occasionally into lonely summits, sometimes round and grassy, sometimes with a bare crest of granite. The Aran is the most queenly of the group, though Cader Vronwen commands as extensive a prospect, and though Cader Idris is nearly as high. To the west and north are the mountains of Gwynedd, with Snowdon among them, a glorious multitude. To the east the hills of Powys, equally numerous but with softer contour, fade away to the dim distant lowlands of England.

Beyond the valley of the Dovey, to the south, rises the desolate height of Plinlimmon. From it a long line of lower mountains curve to the south-west—at first an almost continuous stretch of high moorland, finally breaking up, within sight of the western sea, into a line of low isolated peaks. West of this half circle, nestling between it and Cardigan Bay, lies Ceredigion, through the moors and meadows of which a number of rivers run a short course to the sea. From the eastern and southern slopes the most important rivers of Wales fall down into romantic glens as they descend to the plains lying at the feet of the mountains. The Severn runs northwards, skirting the base of the Berwyn range, before turning southwards under the walls of Shrewsbury. The Wye and the Usk, clear as silver while they drain the uplands of Elvel and Brycheiniog, finally wander sluggishly through the red lands of Gwent to the southern sea.

South of the long Plinlimmon range, extending from the valley of the Usk in the east to the valley

of the Towy in the west, lie the Black Mountains. Underneath their southern slopes lies a vast coal-bed; south of them lie the pleasant undulating fields of Morgannwg. Westwards, between the sea and the southernmost spur of the Plinlimmon group, extend the low-lying and fertile lands of Gower and Dyved.

A glance at the map of Wales shows that it is difficult to conquer. Around its mountains, between them and the western sea and between them and the eastern plains, fringes of lowlands lie—not exceeding five hundred feet in altitude. Within this narrow fringe of fertile land rise uplands to the height of between five hundred and fifteen hundred feet. Among these, here and there, rise fastnesses to the height of between two and three thousand feet. The whole country is naturally a place of refuge, the home of independence. The Welsh, at the approach of the invader, could drive their flocks into their hill fastnesses; and, safe among the storms and the rocks or forests, could wait until the enemy had been sent from the banks of Wye and sandy-bottomed Severn, bootless home and weather-beaten back.

The same glance will show us that Wales is ill adapted for union. Its valleys are separated from each other by high and pathless mountains; they open out on the sea of the west or on the plain of the east. There is no central point upon which paths and roads could converge, Wales never had a capital.

Its wealth, agricultural and mineral, lies at the extreme north and at the extreme south. Between

the wheat lands of the Vale of Clwyd and those of the Vale of Glamorgan, between the Rhos and the Rhondda, between the Liverpool and Cardiff of to-day, there stretch high moorlands, still the home of countless plovers and the last refuge of the kite.

The mountain, not the valley or the plain, is the characteristic of Welsh scenery. Wales forms part of the broken chain of mountains which rises in solitary majesty from an expanse of sea and plain stretching from the Ural Mountains to the Alleghanies. Its history, from beginning to end, is dominated by the mountain. The mountain defends, it separates. The lords of Snowdon were most successful in uniting Wales because their strongholds were more inaccessible, and their stormy heights a better nursery for warriors. Their granary, the fair island of Môn, was easier to defend, too, than the valley of the Severn, which supplied the Berwyn princes, or the Vale of Towy, which lay beneath the southern Plinlimmon range, or the wavy lowlands of the Vale of Glamorgan, upon which the princes of the Black Mountains looked down.

But, if the mountains of Wales made political union difficult, they gave their inhabitants the same characteristics, and gave them community of ideas and of aims centuries before combined action became possible. The wild and rugged outlines of the mountains are mirrored as intense but broken purposes in the Welshman's character, always forming great ideals, but lacking in the steady perseverance of the people of the plain. The silent and majestic solitude of the mountains has

sunk into the Welshman's character as the fatalism which is the basis of his life and thought. The mountains, his mute but suggestive companions, strengthen his imagination. His imagination makes him exceedingly impressionable—he has always loved poetry and theology; but this very imagination, while enabling him to see great ideals, makes him incapable of realising them—he is too impatient to be capable of organisation.

It is true that there has always been a slight variation of character and dialect in Wales. There are mountains and mountains; there are Welshmen and Welshmen. There is a difference between the slow and strong man of Snowdon and the versatile laughter-loving son of Plinlimmon. The difference of character is expressed in literature. The strong abstruse thought of Arvon has little of the pathos of Powys, of the melody of the Vale of Towy, of the sunny happiness of Glamorgan. But, throughout, there is one character, that of a true child of the mountains.

Wales is not the home of one ancient race, it is not the home of one ancient language. Many races have reached its glens and hills, some have died away, some remain. Many languages have died on its mountains; many may be spoken again and pass away. But, while races and language go, the mountains remain. And they give a unity of character to the people who live among them.

And here it is that we are to look for a continuity in Welsh history. Purity of race, continuity of

language, we have not. Neither have we any continuity of institutions; these, like races and languages, have come and gone. But we can trace a continuity of character from the warlike and rebellious Welshmen of the dawn of our history—the brood of the eagle and the wolf—to the peaceful Welshman of the present day, the best of subjects and the ideal colonist.

Geography ever triumphs over history, climate affects the bent of the mind as it affects the colour of the skin. The inhabitants of the Welsh mountains will ever be a separate nation—come they as a glacier stream from the north or as the lava torrent from the south. Whatever they are when they come, the mountains gradually and silently give them their own final character. And in this sense the words addressed by the Welsh seer to the most energetic of the conquerors of Wales, the discernment by impotent fatalism of the futility of the plans of the most masterful human will, have an ever-renewing meaning. "This nation, O king," said an old Welshman of Pencader to the victorious Henry II., "may now, as in times of yore, be troubled, and greatly weakened and destroyed by your and other power; and it will often prevail by its praiseworthy exertion; but it can never be wholly subdued by the wrath of man, unless the wrath of God shall concur. Nor do I think that any other nation than this of Wales, or any other tongue, whatever may come to pass hereafter, shall in the day of severe searching before the Supreme Judge, answer for this corner of the earth."

A land of mountains which forms the character of

those who come to it, giving them a vague similarity of ideas which makes unity possible in history and in literature—that is the abiding fact in the history of Wales. The inhabitants of the mountains feel, amid all their differences, that they are one nation, because their land is unlike other lands. Eastwards they look on a plain which they believe they once possessed and ruled. Westwards they look over a sea which they believe has overflowed another plain, once also their dominion. As far back as we can go they have a history—the traditions of many wandering nations becoming blended into one; memories coming from a lost history as the sound of the bells of Aberdovey come from the lost land deep down below the western sea.

This belief in a unity of race, and in a continuity of language, has this much of truth in it—the mountains absorb all races that come and give them their character. A land of mountains naturally becomes the early home of patriotism and of legend.

As far back as we can see, nations, ever moving westwards across plain and sea, reached the mountains of Wales, standing on the outer edge of the world then known. Some remained, some passed over to Ireland—which is dimly visible—some turned back.

To the first race that came the name Iberian has been given. We may take the name, at any rate, to mean all the people that had come to the mountains before the Celts. The Iberian wave of nations advanced, possibly, along the northern shore of the

A TYPICAL WELSH FACE.

(Islwyn, the Monmouthshire poet.)

Mediterranean; it was, perhaps, not the first wave of people which flowed over Wales, but it is the oldest that has survived. The Iberian was short, dark, long-skulled. He had no iron implements, but his ground and polished flint weapons—arrow-heads, axes, and knives—show that, in stone, he was a deft and proficient worker. His sepulchre—the long barrow which can still be seen—was fashioned on the model of his dwelling; it is, possibly, the dwelling left, with the dead man in possession of his own.

The Iberian is still the chief element among the people of Wales. He predominates everywhere among the peasantry, he is generally the poet of the present day. The type is most unmistakable in the south-east, the land of the dark Silures who defied the Roman arms so long; but it is also fairly prominent in the south-west and also in the north-west. Islwyn, the greatest Welsh poet of the present century, came from Gwent, where Iberian blood was probably purest, and in appearance he was typically Iberian. But Goronwy Owen, the greatest Welsh poet of the last century, and equally Iberian in appearance, was a native of Anglesey.

The Celt was a great contrast to the Iberian. He came, probably, from a colder home; the two Celtic waves, the Brythonic and the Goidelic, are supposed to have come along the southern edge of the great northern plain of Europe. The new-comer was tall, blue-eyed, and fair-haired. He was a mighty hunter and a conqueror; and he settled down side by side with the Iberians he had subdued, as a master ruling

over slaves. The mediæval prince was a Celt; in Welsh literature, down almost to modern times, the poet's lady love is a blonde—her hair is like the yellow broom or a shower of gold or the distant fires which consume the mountain heather.

The Celt had weapons of bronze and of iron, and this explains the thoroughness of the Celtic conquest. Dim and confused memories of the might of iron have come down to our own day. Many a Welsh tale tells how a shepherd obtained a lake maiden in marriage, with a goodly dowry of cattle, on condition that he was not to touch her with iron. If touched with iron, even by the merest accident, wife and children and cattle all disappear into some fairy haunted lake—Llyn y Van, Savaddan, or Llyn Arennig.

The customs of Iberian and Celt were widely different. It may be that the basis of Iberian society was at first purely tribal; the basis of Celtic society was certainly a family expanded into a tribe containing different but related families. It may be that the Iberian was totemistic, and the numerous local nicknames of modern Wales may be old totems—the pigs of Anglesey or of Pembroke, the dogs of Denbigh, the cats of Ruthin, the deer of Llanvyllin, the crows of Harlech, the gadflies of Mawddwy. At one time, probably, men traced their pedigrees to these animals; as late as the sixteenth century Arise Evans, who used to tell Oliver Cromwell his dreams, finished his long pedigree with a very barbarian flourish—"the son of the red lion, the son of the wren." Among the peasantry of the most en-

lightened parts of Wales the nicknames are tolerated as meaningless nursery fables; in some parts they are keenly resented as an insult.

Before the Celts came, or under their influence, the institution of marriage was developed among the Iberians. Marriage by capture meets us in the legends which carry us furthest back. One of the oldest Welsh tales gives an account of the search for the bride Olwen, and the condition of her marriage is her father's death and the destruction of her home. Within the memory of people now living, in the lower Plinlimmon district, a peasant marriage took the form of a marriage by capture.

In religion, also, there was probably a great difference. The dark and mysterious druidism, with its memories of human sacrifice, was possibly Iberian, and not Celtic.

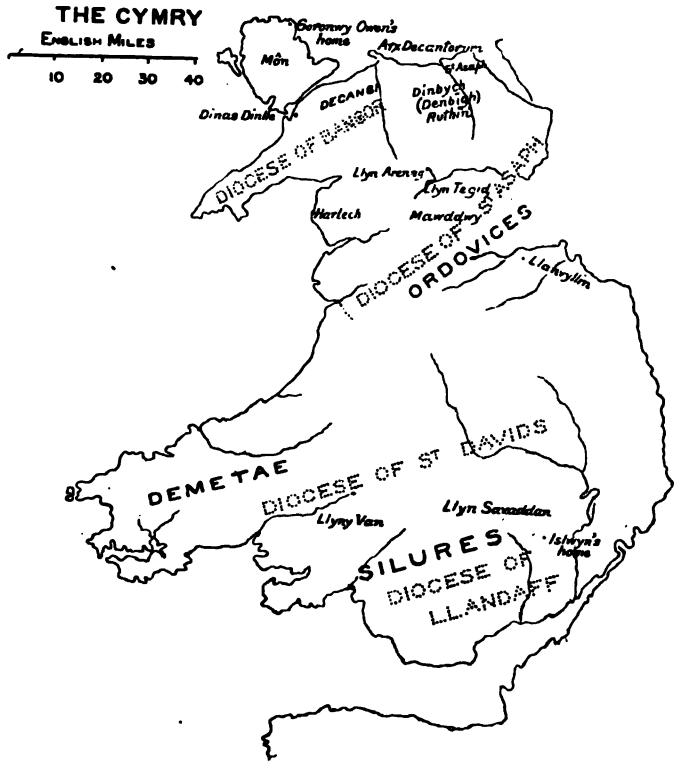
One thing is certain—there is, all through early and mediæval Wales, a dominant class of free tribesmen and a subject class of communities of serfs. In the laws of the one, kinship is the basis of every political right; in the laws of the other, the stranger shares in the division of the land like the native. It is natural to assume that the dominant class is the conqueror Celt—exceedingly jealous of his rights and of the purity of his blood; it is natural to assume that the lower class, regardless of blood or privileges, is the conquered Iberian.

By the time of the birth of Christ, it is probable that the Goidelic wave of Celts had passed over the whole of the islands of Britain, conquering and subduing as they went. They had been followed by

their Brythonic kinsmen as far as the banks of the Severn and beyond. A bitter struggle took place between the two kindred races for the possession of the mountains of Wales, the Brythons being continually reinforced by new-comers who pushed them on westwards, and the Goidels by immigrants returning from Ireland, who had found they could not wander further west. To the Iberian population, the struggle merely meant a change of masters; they remained, undoubtedly, through it all. All along the Welsh coast, rude earth fortresses—thrown up for defence by a race on the point of being driven into the sea or by a race seeking a foothold again in a land that was once its own—show how long and how bitter the struggle must have been. Most of these ancient fortresses are mute; but some, like the rapidly disappearing Dinas Dinlle, in course of being devoured by the sea, have become the home of some striking Celtic legend.

When the struggle between the two races was over, the mountains were in the possession of four groups of tribes: in each group some dominant tribe or family kept the others united in subjection. Gwynedd, or the Snowdon district, was the possession of the Decangi. Over Powys, the extensive Berwyn district, the Ordovices ruled. In Dyved and Ceredigion, or the Plinlimmon district, the Demetæ lived. Morgannwg and Gwent, the Black Mountain district, was the home of the Silures.

It is probable that the Decangi in the north and the Silures and Demetæ in the south were the Goidelic conquerors and rulers. The Ordovices were,


THE CYMRY
ENGLISH MILES
10 20 30 40
Môn
Dinas Dinlle
DECANGI
Dinbych (Denbigh) Ruthin
DIOCESE OF BANGOR
Llyn Arenig
Llyn Tegid
Harlech
Mawddwy
DIOCESE OF ST ASAPH
ORDOVICES
Llanrwst
DIOCESE OF ST DAVIDS
DEMETAE
Llyn Vyrnwy
Llyn Savaddan
SILURES
DIOCESE OF LLANDAFF

perhaps, a Brythonic people pushing up from the plains along the valley of the Severn, and down from its headwaters to the western sea. In their advance they would be encroaching on the tribes of Snowdon to the north, and on the Silures and Demetæ on the south.

But, of whatever race they were, it is clear that each of the four districts of mountains—Snowdon, the Berwyn, Plinlimmon, and the Black Mountains —had a nation in course of formation within it. The four districts still remain as the four dioceses of Wales — Bangor, St. Asaph, St. David's, and Llandaff.

The Iberian had one great advantage over the Celt —he was better acclimatised because he had come first. Had the Celtic element not been reinforced, the Iberian would have left a more important contribution to history than fairy tales, and would have asserted himself long before the days of modern democracy. But the Celt was not the last comer or the last conqueror. He was followed by the Teuton, a distant relation. First came the Saxon and the Angle, then the Dane, and then the Norman.

But long before these reached the mountains of Wales, to play their part in its history and to add new component elements to its people, a new power had arisen in the world.

II

ROME AND ARTHUR

ROME rose right in the path of the migration of nations westwards. Its empire extended from the Mediterranean almost to the Baltic. The path which had been taken by Iberian and Celt was closed for four hundred years. It is true that new wanderers were gathering in the east and the north, but Roman legions and Roman walls were to protect the west against the new invasions for centuries.

Wales was the furthest land westwards that the Romans conquered; it was almost the last country to be conquered by Roman arms, it was among the first to be left. But the influence of the Roman domination was lasting even here; it profoundly affected the later development of Wales.

In the year 43, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, a powerful Roman army, consisting of four legions of about five thousand men each and of as many auxiliaries, landed in South Britain. It was under the command of Aulus Plautius, and under him served Vespasian and Titus, the father and son who, before ascending the imperial throne,

won fame in the conquest of the Briton and the Jew —the one in the extreme west and the other in the extreme east of the empire of Rome. The upland plain south of the Thames was soon conquered, and the victors descended into the valley of the Severn. Their onward march brought them into contact with the Catuvelauni, a powerful tribe inhabiting the midland plains, and whose sway extended to the mountains of the west. The radiant Cymbeline, king of this great conquering Brythonic tribe, was dead, and the army of the tribe was led by his son Caratacus. After fighting thirty battles, Caratacus left the Romans masters of the plain, and retired to the mountains of the west, where he found refuge among the Silures.

Ostorius Scapula followed Aulus Plautius, and soon Glevum and Uriconium—the one an important city still and the other a lonely, gigantic ruin—were built to overawe the conquered plain and to threaten the still unconquered mountains. The first advance was made against the Decangi of the north, and Ostorius came in sight of the western sea without meeting with any determined opposition. He had to turn back to quell a rebellion on the plains, and then to attempt the most difficult part of the Roman conquest—the crushing of the power of the Silures, now led by the experienced Caratacus. The final battle was fought in the country of the Ordovices, probably on one of the slopes of the Berwyn. Caratacus led a confederation of tribes, and his final position was skilfully chosen. The Roman army found itself before a river of varying depth. Beyond

the river rose a rampart, behind which the Britons occupied a rising ground in dense masses, well protected on their flanks, and their retreat secure to the frowning hill-tops behind them. The Roman army crossed the river and rushed the wall with great loss, but in the desperate hand-to-hand fight which ensued they won a decisive victory. Caratacus and the Britons fled, and, soon afterwards, the famous leader was betrayed into the hands of the Romans by the queen of the Brigantes. Heir of the idea of a Brythonic unity of Britain, he struggled against the might of Rome for nine years, and in his last great battle, which was to be the beginning of the recovery of freedom to his people or the seal of everlasting bondage, it was decided that the Roman, and not the Brython, was to rule the isle of Britain. The name of Caratacus lived in Celtic song and story, and one legend—too beautiful to be true—makes the captivity of Caratacus the cause of the introduction of the gospel into Britain.

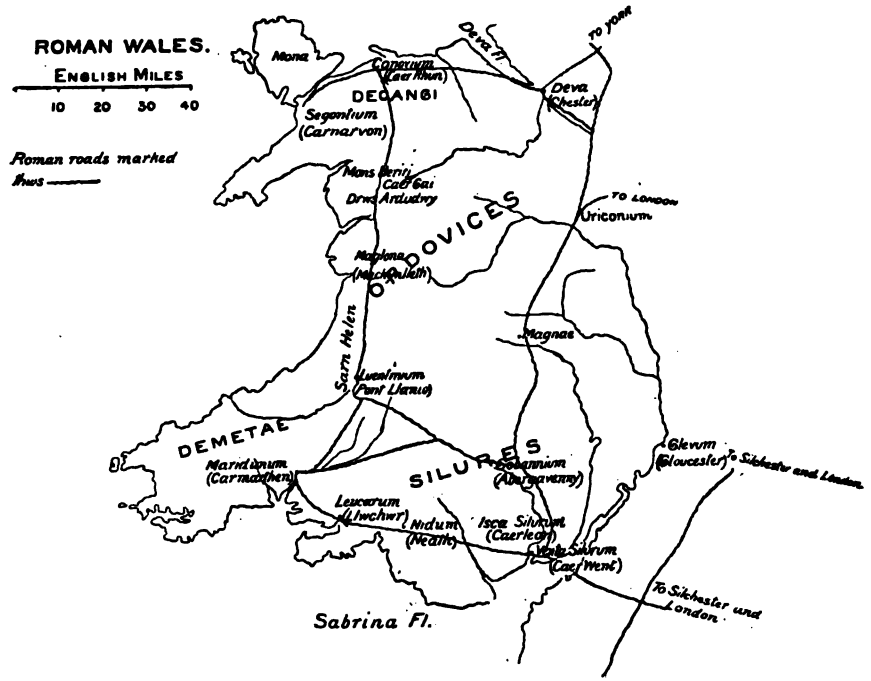
The captive Caratacus was a striking figure in a triumphal procession at Rome, but the spirit of the hill tribes was not broken. A fierce guerilla warfare was carried on in the woods and morasses, embittered by the rapacity of the Roman officers and by the fierce hatred of the Silures against their conquerors. The victor Ostorius died, worn out by the anxiety connected with the prolonged and successful resistance of the Silures. His successor Aulus Didius was more wary—burdened with years and honours—and was content with keeping the Silures in check. Veranius was sent to succeed Didius and to resume

a policy of conquest, but he died before he was able to do more than plan a few petty raids.

Nero sent the ambitious Suetonius Paulinus to finish the conquest of Britain. He imitated Ostorius by first crushing the tribes of the north. Ostorius had seen the western sea; Suetonius reached it, and determined to conquer the island of Môn, the refuge of fugitives and the home of a mysterious religion. Flat-bottomed boats were built to carry the infantry through the treacherous, shifting sand-banks of the Menai; the cavalry forded the shallows and swam the deep stream.

The enemy that met them was very unlike the enemy that had faced the army of Ostorius. On the flat shore stood an army in dense array—no unusual sight. But between its ranks dashed women clad in black, with dishevelled hair, and carrying flaming torches. Around stood priests, with uplifted hands, pouring imprecations against the invaders of the sacred groves of their dark island. The weird sight struck terror into the Roman soldiers, but their generals aroused them out of their temporary panic, the standards were borne steadily on, and soon warriors and druids and women were enveloped in flames.

As if their gods had heard the curses of the druids, the statue of Victory at the colony of Camalodunum fell prostrate, and the flame of revolt sped with destructive rapidity over the plains. Camalodunum was stormed; a Roman army was cut to pieces; London, already the meeting-place of ships and merchants, was left to its fate. Suetonius


ROMAN WALES.
ENGLISH MILES
10 20 30 40
Roman roads marked thus
Mona
Deva Fl.
TO YORK
Deva (Chester)
DECANGI
Segontium (Carnarvon)
Mons Beriti
Caer Gai
Drws Ardudwy
TO LONDON
Uriconium
ORDOVICES
Maglona
Sarn Helen
Magnae
Luentinum (Pont Llanio)
DEMETAE
Maridunum (Carmarthen)
SILURES
Glevum (Gloucester)
To Silchester and London
Leucarum (Llwchwr)
Nidum (Neath)
Isca Silurum (Caerleon)
Venta Silurum (Caer Went)
To Silchester and London
Sabrina Fl.

crushed the insurrection, but the Britons saw him cringing to a freedman, and finally resigning his post to one who was content with inaction, which he called peace.

In the year 69 Vespasian became emperor, and the conquest of Britain was pushed on with renewed energy. The long and bitter resistance of the Silures was crushed by Julius Frontinus, and by the year 78 the Roman conquest of the mountains of Wales was assured. It had seemed as if the Welsh mountains were to be the barrier to the furthest flight of the Roman eagle; but, owing to the military skill of Frontinus and the administrative genius of Agricola, Carnarvon and Carmarthen took the place of Chester and Caerleon as the furthest limits of the Roman empire in the west.

The last battle was fought by the Ordovices. Their power once broken, it was easy to advance again to Môn; the Menai was crossed a second time, and the conquest completed.

When, in the picturesque pages of Tacitus, we come to the description of the policy of his father-in-law, Cnæus Julius Agricola, we see the Roman conquest advanced more rapidly and more permanently by the victories of peace than by the victories of war. If the filial reverence of Tacitus has not warped his judgment as a historian, it is clear that, while winning their victories, Ostorius and Suetonius thought of the land whose eagles they were carrying westwards, Agricola thought of the land he was subjecting to the might and the civilisation of Rome.

Agricola, in 84, left a country that was rapidly

assimilating the new civilisation. For nearly four hundred years the Roman ruled it. Its great groups of kindreds, with their subject population, were still under kinglets, who wished to exchange their patriarchal chieftainship for the more absolute rule of a Roman official. Great camps occupied places of strategic value, Roman stone houses rose on sunny hillsides, and a system of roads, begun for military purposes, was gradually completed for the convenience of the trader who introduced new commodities, new terms to express developed arts, and a new religion. On each side of the line of mountains a great road ran. On the land side a road ran from Caerleon in the valley of the Usk to Caer in the valley of the Dee. On the sea side a road ran from Carmarthen at the mouth of the Towy to Carnarvon on the Menai. Connecting these were many cross-roads, which can still be traced as they run their straight course in spite of morass or steep hillside, and along which tradition has dim visions of "Elen of the Legions"—the form that the power of Rome has taken in Welsh legend—as she led her veterans to victory. Agriculture flourished, for the Roman taught while he ruled. The veil was drawn for a moment from the mineral wealth of the country—from the copper of Môn, the gold of Merioneth, the lead of Powys, and the iron of Gwent. Christianity took the place of heathenism, except in the corners to which the roads did not run. It seemed as if a new people, united and regenerated, speaking a new language, was to be created by Rome.

The persistence of Rome in Wales—in its political

"THE ROMAN STEPS" IN ARDUDWY.
(From a Photograph by H. Owen, Barmouth.)

thought, in its language, and in its literature—is explained partly by the fact that it brought a new civilisation to an impressionable people, but chiefly because it had to defend that civilisation against the growing aggression of heathen invaders. The heathens of the north sent wild birds, carrying fire on their wings, to alight in the fields of ripe corn; the long, flat-bottomed boats of hardy pirates infested the coast. The migration of nations was beginning anew, walls and legions could no further resist the pressure of the great hordes that had been gathering for so long in the east and in the north.

Britain fell naturally into two provinces for the purpose of defence. The lower province of the south-eastern plains was defended against Teutonic pirates by the Count of the Saxon Shore; the upper province of the mountains was chiefly associated with the Dux Britanniarum, whose political supremacy reasserted itself after the fall of Rome in the Bret-walda of the one province and the Gwledig of the other—the two terms being the English and Welsh translations of the Latin title. The eastern province was conquered, between 450 and 520, by two great families of Teutonic invaders, the Angles and the Saxons, who shattered the Roman power in the south-east of the island. The Angles came to the mouth of the Humber, and extended their conquests northwards and southwards along the coast. The Saxons came to the mouth of the Thames, and likewise took possession of the coast north and south of the river.

Roman unity, now associated with British inde-

pendence of the barbarians, died far harder in the west. The two tasks associated with Roman rule were the command of the sea and the defence of the great wall of the north. One of the rulers of the sea, Carausius, had established a temporary independence during the period of Roman rule; one of the defenders of the wall was to win a more lasting sovereignty. When Rome had become too weak to interfere with the distant mountains of Wales, the family of Cunedda rose to greatness as a family of officials, chiefly concerned with the defence of the wall. The Pictish attacks on the valley of the Clyde, and the Angle advance along the Humber, drove them southwards, and Deganwy became the chief seat of their power. Deganwy is now a desolate and insignificant ruin, overlooking the thriving sea-side resort of Llandudno, but still commanding views of seas and islands over which the heirs of the Romans once held sway.

While the invaders were conquering the plains of England, Maelgwn was vigorously restoring the unity of the western province. Môn and the seas were watched by the fleet of the "island dragon." From Deganwy he advanced southwards, and forced the semi-independent kinglets to recognise in him the heir of Roman rule. The unwilling chiefs came to Aberdovey, and tradition says that they all sat in their chairs on the sea-shore, to decide in solemn conclave who was to be king of the isle of Britain. They came to a strange decision—he who could sit longest in his chair in spite of the rising tide was to rule over all. Now Maeldav the Old had prepared for

Maelgwn a chair made of waxed wings, and it floated when all the other chairs had been thrown down. The rule of Maelgwn meant the political subjection of all races in the western province to a British king, and the final triumph of Christianity in its long struggle with the heathenism which still held sway over the Goidelic people of the western coast-line.

The vigorous working out of Maelgwn's unscrupulous policy is described by Gildas, who condemns his ambition and his renunciation of monastic vows in no measured terms. The crow had once turned dove when Maelgwn gave up the thorny cares of empire for the calm solitude of the monastery; but, recalled by worldly ambition, his rule was arbitrary and his might irresistible, and Gildas hurls against the mighty victor words that were afterwards thrown in anger at the last despairing prince of Wales—"Woe to thee that spoilest, shalt thou not be spoiled?"

About 550, when Maelgwn ruled over the mountains and seas of the west, two new barbarian powers were forming in the east. Ida, the Flamebearer, the Angle who had established his power on the rock fortress of Bamborough, threatened the northern part of Maelgwn's realm; the Saxons, though London barred the Thames estuary, were advancing over Salisbury Plain towards the lower valley of the Severn. Popular imagination was deeply affected by the death of Maelgwn of the yellow plague. Soon the western province he had united was to bear the full force of Teutonic attack. The Saxons came first. Ceawlin appeared in the

Severn valley in 577. The victory of Deorham extended West Saxon power to the sea, and Cornwall fell away finally from Wales. The great cities of the Severn, from Gloucester to Uriconium, were sacked and devastated; and it was not until he was advancing on the valley of the Dee that the conqueror was hurled back in the battle of Fethanlea in 584.

As soon as the Saxon had recoiled from the attack on the western province, the Angle came. About 613 the Angle king Ethelfrith defeated the Britons at the battle of Chester. The Angle dominions now included parts of the vale of Maelor, and reached the western sea, and the great fortress of Chester no longer united the mountains of the west and of the north under one rule. The victory of Chester, an account of which Bede might have got in his childhood from one who had been there, cut Strathclyde and the whole of the north from Wales. The whole that now remained of the Roman province was the mass of mountains between the plains and the sea—modern Wales.

One great attempt was made by Cadwallon to recover the north, and to wear the crown of Britain. For one year alone he succeeded in holding it; when he died fighting for it near the Great Wall in 635, he bequeathed to his son Cadwaladr a vanishing crown, powerful enemies, a distracted and a plague-stricken country.

The Cymric attempt at continuing the political unity bequeathed by Rome to the west, found expression in the romances of Arthur, whose dim and majestic presence gradually dominates Welsh

political thought. A Welsh poet wandered from grave to grave, asking the same simple question over each grave on which the rain fell: "Whose grave is this?" One slept under the mighty oak, another where the surf beat on the shore; one on the crest of the hill, another in the lowly dale. One grave was long and narrow; another was covered with dead grass and sere leaves. It was not known who lay in one grave; in another it was well known that Cynddylan slept—he of the ruddy sword and the white steeds. Among the graves on hill and dale and sea-shore there was no grave for Arthur. He had become the spirit of unity, of independence, of stately wisdom; "folly it would be to think that Arthur has a grave."

The period which bequeathed to Wales the mythical champion of its traditional unity, also gave it a patron saint. St. David represents the final victory of Christ over a host of deities—Lud of the Silver Hand, patron of flocks and ships; Merlin, imprisoned in an enchanted palace; Lear, and old King Cole; Gwydion ap Don, who created the maiden Flower-aspect from rose and broom and anemony; Elen, goddess of marching armies, and Ceridwen, goddess of wisdom and knowledge; and a host of others, some mighty and some maimed, some possessed of wonderful power, others known from the good they did. The disappearance of the motley throng was not final; many of them, especially well deities, reappeared disguised as the saints of the new religion—some have remained in popular superstition to this day.

III

THE WELSH KINGS

WITH the death of Cadwaladr, the struggle for the recovery of the north was given up for ever. For the next six hundred years the struggle is a different one; it is between a king who regarded himself as the champion of the unity of the Britons, wearing "the crown of Arthur," and the princes who were descended from the tribal kinglets.

The chief source of information concerning the attempt at uniting Wales is the "Chronicle of the Princes." The earliest copy of it we possess was written during the first half of the fourteenth century, probably at the Cistercian abbey of Strata Florida in Ceredigion. It begins, as it ends, with the loss of a crown; it begins with the loss of the "crown of Britain," it ends in the midst of the war which caused the loss of the crown of Wales. It is full, picturesque, and generally trustworthy.

The loss of the north brought with it the temporary destruction of the central power. For half a century the princes remained independent. The weakness of

Northumbria—for the Picts had stormed Dumbarton, and had annihilated the Northumbrian army at Nechtansmere, in 686—made common action against her unnecessary. But the rise of another power forced them to turn to Rhodri Molwynog, the grandson of Cadwaladr, for defence.

Mercia rose, during the eighth century, under three able kings—Ethelbald, Offa, and Cenwulf. As the chief political power had passed from the north to Wales, it passed also from Northumbria to Mercia. On opposite sides of the Severn the two rivals rose —Wales under Rhodri Molwynog, Mercia under Ethelbald. The two kings died in 755, and left very different successors. Rhodri Molwynog was succeeded by his two sons, Conan and Howel, who fought against each other, and allowed the princes to destroy each other, or to be conquered separately by Mercia. Ethelbald was succeeded by the ablest and most ambitious of all the Angle kings. Offa tried, during his reign of nearly forty years, to make Mercia the dominant power, with an archbishopric of its own at Lichfield, with good coins and possession of the great navigable rivers, and with boundaries extending far beyond the Severn. The rich and pleasant country between the Severn and the Wye was conquered; Worcester and Gloucester ceased to be border towns, Hereford and Shrewsbury became English. The Welsh boundary did not recede without many battles, but the princes did not make common cause against Offa; he "slaughtered the men of South Wales" mercilessly, and fixed upon the mysterious dyke, which can still be followed from

the mouth of the Dee to the mouth of the Taff, and which still bears the great Mercian's name, as the western limit of his kingdom.

Mercia was now prosperous and consolidated, Wales harried and divided. While Conan and Howel were fighting for the possession of Môn, Cenwulf, Offa's successor, pierced through Wales to Dyved in the south; and in the north he harried Snowdon and burnt Deganwy, the old home of the royal family of Gwynedd.

During these times of anarchy and misery, while Mercia was attacking from the east, a new and a dreaded enemy appeared in the west. The black Norse nations—driven by famine or love of freedom and adventure from the fiords of Norway—sailed down along the western coast of Britain; and the rapidity of the movements and the suddenness of the attacks of the pagans, struck dismay into the whole country on the west side of the mountains, from Môn to St. David's.

With Mercia threatening attack from the east, with the Norsemen gathering like a storm-cloud in the west, with a brother in open rebellion, and with the princes fighting against each other while Angle and Norseman were closing round them, Conan died in 815. He left behind him a daughter as heiress to a burnt home, a harried land, and an impossible task.

The gloom with which the ninth century opened, however, soon began to dispel. Mercia was beginning to decline, and by 828 it had been subjected to the rising power of Wessex. Howel died soon after his brother, and left Mervin, Conan's son-in-law, as the

sole representative of the family of Maelgwn. Mervin's chequered reign prepared the way for his son, Rhodri the Great—the central figure of the ninth century—who began to rule in 844.

Rhodri united the Welsh princes against the Norsemen, and defeated the sea rovers in a great battle, killing Horm, their leader. He probably had a fleet to defend Môn; and aimed at an alliance with the kings of Ireland against the Danes. His fame made him all-powerful in Wales, and he made his power equally felt through the length and the breadth of the land by appointing his six warlike sons to rule under him.

By 869 the Danes were in possession of Dublin, Dumbarton, and York; in 871 they began their irresistible march southwards. Alfred of Wessex and Rhodri of Wales alone—both surnamed Great by their people—tried to organise the forces of their country against the invader. In 876 Rhodri was a fugitive in Ireland; in 878 Alfred was in hiding among the fastnesses of Athelney. Rhodri soon came back, but as the ally of the Danes.

Common action between Wessex and Wales was impossible because Mercia, now governed by Alfred's brother-in-law, was the traditional enemy of Wales. In 864 the Mercians had invaded Rhodri's kingdom; in 877, while the Danes had thrown their whole power against Wessex, a Mercian army penetrated into Môn, and there Rhodri and his brother fell in a battle for which they were unprepared.

Rhodri's sons soon avenged their father's death at the battle of Conway; and, by allying with Wessex,

they drove back the Danes who were harrying the southern slopes of the Black Mountains and penetrating into the inland valleys of the Upper Usk. The lull in the storm of Danish attack, and the conciliatory attitude of Wessex, made the princes of Wales impatient of the rule of the sons of Rhodri. Anarawd had to chastise the men of Ceredigion and Ystrad Towy; the whole country south of Ystrad Towy —Brycheiniog and Dyved, as well as Morgannwg and Gwent—had sought the protection of Alfred against the tyranny of the sons of Rhodri. Finally Anarawd and Cadell and Mervin—the surviving sons of Rhodri —entered into Alfred's friendship, giving up their Danish and Northumbrian alliances. It was in these times that Asser, a Welsh monk of St. David's, was attracted by Alfred's love of learning, and came to see the extension of the great West Saxon king's power and to write the history of his life.

Anarawd and Cadell died at the beginning of the tenth century, soon after Alfred. From among the grandsons of Rhodri no great ruler rose—they fought against the Danes on the western coast, and they fought against each other, preferring the local independence which they were to have crushed to Rhodri's dream of unity which they were to realise.

From among them rose, however, the lawgiver of Wales. In those days of war and anarchy, there was a general desire for the codification of laws. Undoubtedly the example of Charles the Great—"great and famous" Asser calls him—was before the eyes of West Saxon and Welshman alike. The Welsh lawgiver was not a great king—he was Howel, son of Cadell, and he ruled with his brothers in Dyved.

IN THE LAND OF THE FREE.

(*From a drawing of Llyn Ogwen by H. Gastineau.*)

We have copies of the laws of Howel, in Welsh and Latin, written between two and three hundred years after their compilation, and before any very extensive alterations could have been introduced. They give us a bewildering mass of picturesque customs, many of them suggestive of ancient states of society which had disappeared, many prophetic of the changes which have produced the modern system. There is one great radical difference between the Wales of the Laws and later Wales—the social system is tribal, and not territorial. The political unit is always a group of families, not a district of land. The king is not the owner of land, he is the patriarch of his people.

At the head of the whole system stood the king. Most important was the king of Gwynedd, in his court at Aberffraw, to him alone was gold paid as a fine for treason; then came the king of South Wales in his court at Dynevor; then the king of Powys, in his court at Mathraval. For the codification of customs, however, the three great divisions are north, south-west, and south-east Wales, each of which has a version of its own of the code drawn up by Howel.

In the great hall at Aberffraw the king was inviolable; the violation of his protection, or violence in his presence, could only be atoned for by a great fine—a hundred cows and a white bull with red ears for each cantrev he possessed, a rod of gold as long as himself and as thick as his little finger, and a plate of gold as broad as his face and as thick as a ploughman's nail. His sons, nephews

and any relatives he chose to summon, surrounded him, and could make free progress among his subjects. Of the great officers, the chief of the household came next to the king; he was, above all others, the executive officer of the court. The chief judge occupied at night the seat occupied by the king during the day, so that justice should always be obtainable. The duties and privileges of all the members of the king's retinue are minutely described, such as those of the chief falconer, who had to lodge in the king's barn lest the smoke should affect the hawks' sight, but who goes on progress like a king among the king's villeins; or those of the bard of the household, who is to sing to God and to the king, and to receive royal gifts; or those of the chief huntsman, who need not swear except by his horn and leashes, and who could not be forced to answer any claim unless cited before he put his boots on in the morning; or of the mediciner, who is inviolable while attending the sick, who gets his light at night, and his regular fee for herb and red ointment and bloodletting; or those of the unpopular summoner, whose spear was not to be more than three yards long lest his approach should be discovered, and who got a sieve of oats and an empty egg-shell as damages if he was attacked while sitting in court instead of standing. Some had exceedingly simple duties, like the hereditary footholder of the king or the royal candle-bearer. Others had much to do, men like the door-ward, whose difficult and miscellaneous duties were an excellent training for the passages of wit between him and the strangers who demanded or begged for leave to pass through the gate.

Under the king, owing tribute and service to him, were the tribe groups. Sometimes they would be governed by a son or nephew whom the king chose to set over them. The tribal chief was a king in miniature—he represented his people, he was advised by an elected chief of the household and helped by the avenger who led the tribe during a blood feud, he presided over the tribal court, he admitted youths to their tribal rights, and he was the intermediary between the tribe and the king.

The land was tilled by family groups, who remained together to the third generation, when the land was re-divided, and new homesteads formed. Residence in the family homestead, the big hall built around a hearth where the fire never died out, carried with it a share of the family land and the privileges of a governing class. For there was a subject population, who paid tribute to the free tribesmen, who had no pride of kin, and into whose community strangers were readily admitted.

The attacks of the Danes, the introduction of money, the development of trade were beginning to break down the rigid exclusiveness of the governing tribesmen; and the complex social system, based on antiquated privileges of descendants of conquerors, was no longer possible. It was to retain and to define the old order, in face of the revolution caused by Danish attack and commercial development alike, that Howel the Good codified the customs of Wales.

It was easier to codify laws than to enforce them; a weak king could do the one, it required a strong

king to do the other. The Dane continually attacked the coast, and the smoke of burning churches and villages, from Holyhead to St. David's, betrayed his frequent presence. The English attacked from the east, and carried devastation into Gwent, Morgannwg, and Brycheiniog. Everywhere princes became independent. Meredith, grandson of Howel the Good, alone of the race of Rhodri, ruled over Dyved and Ceredigion, and he had to pay tribute to the Danes and to hire them. And at his death, as in the days of Rhodri, the line of Maelgwn all but disappeared; it was represented by one girl only, Angharad, daughter of Meredith.

The Danes and the Angles poured over the land; and in Wales, as elsewhere, men might well believe that the end of the tenth century was to be the end of the world.

Wales had begun to associate the rule of the race of Rhodri with protection and peace, with the maintenance of the laws of Howel the Good. The husband of Angharad — Llywelyn ap Seisyll — was welcomed in Gwynedd, the home of his wife's race. The strength of the desire for a restoration of the royal house is seen from the fact that a pretender—he said he was the son of Meredith—was accepted by the men of the Deheubarth as their prince. Once Gwynedd was fully secured, Llywelyn marched against the pretender; a great battle was fought at Aber Gwili, in the vale of Towy, and Llywelyn became king of Wales. He lived in Gwynedd, and had a well-organised army. His reign was looked back to as a reign of peace and of wonderful

prosperity; his kingdom, from sea to sea, being full of men and of cattle, with no poor within it, and no devastated region.

There were signs, however, that the peace and prosperity were not to last. The Danes came again; and the old king saw St. David's in flames. And when he died in 1022, the princes everywhere claimed independence, and Griffith ap Llywelyn became a fugitive from the land his father had ruled so well.

Between 1022 and 1038 the princes ruled and the invader came—the Mercian ravaged the valleys of the Dee and the Upper Severn, long ships full of armed Danes came from the sea. Griffith ap Llywelyn was welcomed to Gwynedd; he had his father's vigour, and he wished to restore the peace of his father's reign.

He drove the Mercians back, winning a great victory at Rhyd y Groes, on the Severn, in 1039. He then turned southwards to drive Howel ap Edwin from the Deheubarth of which that usurper had taken possession. A great battle at Pencader, in 1041, gave Griffith possession of Ceredigion; another decisive victory over Howel's hired pagans at the mouth of the Towy, in 1044, extended the boundaries of his kingdom to the Severn Sea.

Griffith saw that the extension of his power would bring him into collision with Wessex. He saw the rise of the power of Harold, earl of Wessex. In 1055, Aelfgar, son of the earl of Mercia, was outlawed; and Gurth, Harold's brother, was set over his earldom. There was an old feud between Wales and Mercia, and Aelfgar's uncle had fallen among the Mercian

slain at Rhyd y Groes. But Aelfgar saw that Harold could not be resisted without Welsh aid ; Griffith saw that the Saxon Gurth in Mercia, and the Norman Ralph at Hereford, would be a perpetual menace to him. The Mercian earl and the Welsh king made common cause ; and Griffith married Eadgyth, Aelfgar's beautiful daughter.

Griffith marched against Ralph, swept his panic-struck army off the field, and stormed Hereford. Harold recovered Hereford, but he had to restore Aelfgar. The power of Harold was growing—all England, save Mercia, was under him or his brothers; the crown would evidently be his on the death of his childless brother-in-law Edward the Confessor. The centre of opposition to him was Griffith ap Llywelyn.

Griffith was strong in his alliance with the earl of Mercia, in the unity and prosperity of his kingdom, in his army of light armed Welshmen, and in his fleet. In 1062 the final struggle began. Griffith crossed his border ; but retired before the heavy armed Saxon army, declining battle. Harold armed his men in Welsh fashion ; and made Gloucester his head-quarters.

He tried, first of all, to surprise Griffith in his home at Rhuddlan, in the Vale of Clwyd, in the depth of winter. His march was an exceedingly rapid one, and his appearance in Gwynedd was so unexpected that Griffith had barely time to escape to sea in his ship. Harold then changed his plan. With the coming of spring two armies were to make a systematic conquest of Wales,—Harold with a West Saxon army was to march from Bristol along the

south coast, and Tostig with a Northumbrian army was to threaten Gwynedd. Griffith's plan was to keep out of the way, and to attack Harold as he retired. The devastation of Wales went on from May to August, and Griffith's inaction exasperated some of his own people. He was betrayed, and his head was brought as a peace offering to the conqueror. Thus was treacherously slain one of the greatest kings that had ever ruled over Welsh kin ; "the head and the shield and the protector of the Britons."

Harold placed the conquered country under Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, half brothers of Griffith. In the late summer of 1065, Harold thought he could have a little quiet hunting in Wales, and a building was set up for him at Portskewet in Gwent. But an outlawed descendant of the old princes of Glamorgan came, and carried everything away. Harold, however, could pay no further attention to Wales—the revolt of the lawless Northumbrians, the death of Edward the Confessor, and his own fall at Senlac followed each other in quick succession.

RHUDDLAN CASTLE.

(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

IV

THE NORMAN CONQUEST

THE battle of Senlac was not the end of the Norman conquest of England. The power of Wessex was broken, it is true, with the fall of Harold; and London took the place of Winchester as the capital of the country. But the submission of Mercia and of Northumbria was but nominal, due more to jealousy of Wessex than to any desire to be ruled by a strong king from London. The political ideal of William the Norman soon became apparent—the subjection of earl, baron, and town alike to the central power. All along the west and north, from Exeter to Hereford, and from Hereford to York, the flame of revolt burst out anew. Finally William wandered to the north, crushed all opposition, and, by the merciless harrying of the country between the Humber and the Tees, placed a desert between his kingdom and the north of Britain. The north crushed, he turned his face westwards. In the depth of the winter of 1070 he left York with his army of destruction, and began an arduous march over moor-

land and mountain, covered with deep snow, towards Chester and the valley of the Dee.

While the Norman conquest of England was proceeding, Bleddyn was trying to establish his power in Wales, no longer as the vassal of Harold, but as an independent prince. In the bitterly fought battle of Mechen he defeated the two sons of the great Griffith—Meredith fell in the battle, and Ithel perished from exhaustion and exposure soon after. In the same battle Bleddyn's brother, Rhiwallon, fell. Bleddyn thus became sole prince of Gwynedd and Powys. The southern parts, however, he had not been able to subdue. There ruled Meredith ab Owen, nephew of the Howel who had disputed the possession of the south with Griffith ap Llywelyn.

Bleddyn was fairly secure in Powys by the time the Conqueror appeared at Chester, his exceedingly mild and gentle nature made him popular, and the energy with which he carried on any necessary war made men look upon him as a worthy successor of his great brother Griffith ap Llywelyn. But his power fell far short of that of Griffith. Over the south his supremacy was exceedingly shadowy; and even Gwynedd was restless under the yoke of the less martial Powys.

Bleddyn renewed Griffith's alliance with Mercia. He united his forces with those of Eadric the Wild, and, in the summer of 1067, ravaged the parts of Herefordshire that had submitted to the Normans. And later, he probably helped Eadric and the men of Chester to drive the Normans back from Shrewsbury.

As the winter of 1070 wore on, Chester was the

only important town that had not been conquered by the Normans. Strongly fortified, retaining at least memories of its Roman greatness, the centre of the richest valley in Britain—it might well have served as the last rallying-point of united Mercian and Welsh resistance to the terrible king, who, with mutinous troops and savage determination, was painfully but surely approaching it.

Chester fell, and the Norman conquest of England was complete. A merciless harrying of the surrounding country, which drove thousands of fugitives southwards, struck terror into Mercia. The fall of Chester, which ended the conquest of England, was also the beginning of the conquest of Wales. The Norman keep which rose within it was entrusted for the moment to a Flemish castellan; but its walls were soon to become the home of one who would carry conquest and devastation to the old homes of Maelgwn and Griffith.

The Norman conquest greatly affected the relations between Wales and England. It crushed for ever its three old rivals—Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex; it left England bereft of any lord strong enough to shake the king's throne. But along its borders were built castles to check inroads into England; and within the castles were placed men who would conquer Wales for their own interest, and obey the king for fear of the Welsh.

Chester is the natural starting-point for the conquest of Wales north of the Berwyn and west of Snowdonia. As Avranches is the door to North

Brittany from Normandy, Chester is the door to North Wales from England. It was Hugh the Wolf, son of Richard of Avranches, that the Conqueror placed in Chester.

With hereditary greed for Welsh land, Hugh turned to look at the fertile lands of the Dee and the Clwyd, and the history of his life is the history of brutal conquest and slaughter. He was generous to prodigality; there was no limit to what he would give or to what he would take. He was surrounded by an army of bold plunderers like himself, who followed him with hawk and hound, or to harry his enemies' land or his own indiscriminately; little recked he for those who tilled the land or those who sought the kingdom of heaven. Among the cruel licentious soldiers at Chester, a monk of Avranches tried to show from the Old Testament and the New, how soldiers ought to live; his examples were mainly taken from the Old Testament, if we judge by results.

Among the riotous band, two stand out among the others, pre-eminent in ability, if not in cruelty. The one was the Robert to whom Malpas, commanding the rich Cheshire plain, was entrusted; and the other was the Robert who was to guide the conquest westwards, until he established himself in the old home of Griffith ap Llywelyn at Rhuddlan, and in the home of the race of Maelgwn at Deganwy.

What Chester is to Gwynedd and the Dee, Shrewsbury is to Powys and the Upper Severn. For attack, for defence, and for consolidation, it is the natural

capital of Mid Wales. During the Norman period it is the most important place, from a military and from a political point of view, in the west.

It was at Shrewsbury that William placed his ablest baron, to whom he had entrusted Normandy, while he himself was conquering England. Roger of Montgomery had little of the open brutality of the Wolf of Chester, he had ability to plot and to make use of men's passions that almost rose to statesmanship. He loved unsettled borders, and times of rebellion of barons, and troubled waters generally. His monkish biographer evidently does not think that he was the worst then alive, for his wife was more wicked than he. Mabel, of the cursed house of Belesme, made up for her tiny stature by energy, unscrupulousness, and cruelty. She protected a religious revival in order to hide her sins, she gave a feast in order to poison whom she would. With very great awe did men regard her, as they regarded poison or pestilence. Once, so it is related, she entered a woodman's hut and gave her breast to the woodman's child, and the child died.

What Chester has been to North Wales, what Shrewsbury has been to Mid Wales, Hereford has been to South Wales. Standing on the Wye, commanding the entrance into the country of lovely valleys and bleak moorlands between Plinlimmon and the Black Mountains, it has had greater influence on Welsh history than any other English town. Here was placed William Fitz Osbern, the ablest soldier that had fought at Senlac. Of all the

Normans he was the greatest oppressor; ambitious he was of wealth and of power, and many did he ruin in building up his fortunes. The Isle of Wight was given him, but he turned with greater pleasure to Hereford—also part of the spoil that fell to him. The rich valley of the Wye lay around it; and westwards the dissensions of the Welsh princes made William Fitz Osbern look upon the hills and valleys of Brycheiniog, with Deheubarth and Ceredigion behind them, as an easy prey.

The Norman conquest was rapidly extending to Wales. Robert's castle and town of Rhuddlan rose in the Vale of Clwyd, and from it the fastnesses of Gwynedd were threatened. Roger's castle of Montgomery looked down on the Upper Severn, and the whole of Powys lay open. Roger of Montgomery had already penetrated into Brycheiniog as an invader; he had also entered Morgannwg as the ally of Caradoc, son of the Griffith who had destroyed Harold's hunting-lodge, and they slew Meredith ab Owen on the banks of Rhymney. Bleddyn could not look for support to Gwynedd or Deheubarth. Gwynedd tolerated his rule with barely disguised disaffection, and Deheubarth broke out into open rebellion. In that rebellion Bleddyn was slain by Rees ab Owen and the chieftains of Ystrad Towy. His death was followed by a struggle for power between his nephew Cynwric and his able cousin Trahaiarn. And, while the Normans were pressing on, a new claimant to the kingship of Wales appeared.

It was not Bleddyn, the ally of Harold, that was to

stem the tide of Norman conquest in Wales. When Bleddyn died in 1075, there was in Ireland a young exile who had claims to the throne of Gwynedd. Forty years before, a half Danish, half Irish king, Abloyd, son of the rover Sihtric, had been driven from Dublin to the sea. In his wanderings he met another exile Conan, the heir of the old royal family of Gwynedd. Rhagvel, the daughter of the king of shores and islands, became Conan's wife ; and their son was the Griffith ap Conan who, on Bleddyn's death, summoned the men of Môn, of Arvon, and of Lleyn to meet him and his Irish host on the shore of the Menai. He traced his descent from Rhodri and Maelgwn, his ancestors wore red tunics; he now demanded from the men of Gwynedd the vacant throne of his fathers.

The men of Gwynedd hesitated. They were ruled by Cynwric, nephew of Bleddyn, and son of slain Rhiwallon. Meilir, Cynwric's brother, was prince of Powys. And these were now at peace with their powerful relative, the Trahaiarn, who, from little mountainous Arwystli, was rapidly extending his power over the whole of Wales. Besides, the Norman was beginning to threaten them in the north, Robert of Rhuddlan would not long be content with the Vale of Clwyd.

Griffith sailed northwards, and appeared off the mouth of the Clwyd. A little inland, on the ruins of Griffith ap Llywelyn's home, rose the new stone castle of Robert, the advance post of the Norman Conquest. It was to Robert, whose inhuman cruelty was already proverbial, that Griffith came for aid. The inhabitants of the Vale of Clwyd knew the

stranger better than the Norman did—a wise woman, the widow of Griffith ap Llywelyn's servant, brought him his great namesake's tunic and prophesied he would be king. Sixty chosen soldiers followed him to his ship; and he departed with Robert's surly blessing. The two men were to meet again under very different conditions.

Griffith went back to Aber Menai. His Vale of Clwyd men were joined by the men of Môn. Cynwric was killed. Griffith took possession of Snowdon. He went on progress through the lands of his ancestors, and was joyfully received. He then turned south, and Trahaiarn met him at some spot in Meirionnydd called, after Griffith's victory, the Bloody Acre. Secure on the throne of Gwynedd, he drove Robert, cursing and slaughtering as he went, back to Rhuddlan; and the Norman knew at last that a great king was to rise in Snowdon.

Griffith, however, saw that it was easier to conquer than to rule. Dissensions arose between his Irish followers and his Welsh subjects, and the chieftains, accustomed to the rule of mild kings from distant Powys, resented the ready obedience which he claimed. Trahaiarn was invited to Gwynedd, and another battle was fought at Bron yr Erw. Later, men told how Griffith, sitting on horseback in the midst of his chosen soldiers, mowed his enemies down with his flashing sword. But numbers prevailed against him, his bravest Irish fell, he was hurried by a faithful man of Môn from the battlefield, and he again came as a fugitive to the Irish home of his youth.

He soon brought back a fleet of thirty ships over the deep, and the men of Snowdon again rose. But the pirates refused to fight because Griffith could not pay them, and they carried him back to sea against his will. Then miserable indeed was the state of Gwynedd. The Normans, led by Hugh the Wolf and Robert of Rhuddlan, carried fire and devastation through the length of the land to the end of Lleyn ; and Robert advanced from the Clwyd to the Conway, settling down on the old Deganwy, from which Griffith's ancestors had ruled the giant mountains of Arvon and the peaceful fields of Môn. When Gwynedd again fell under Trahaiarn's rule it was waste and desolate, its people scattered and in exile.

Griffith saw that Gwynedd was too exhausted to make another attempt. He gathered his sea-rovers and Irish around his little faithful Welsh army once more and determined to attack Trahaiarn from Dyved. From Ireland to Dyved was but a short day's sail, and a fair wind brought the little fleet safely to Porth Clais. To meet Griffith came the bishop and clergy of St. David's, and among them was a fugitive king, Rees ap Tudor, the heir of Deheubarth.

Like Griffith himself, Rees was of the race of Maelgwn ; Griffith came from Anarawd, son of Rhodri ; Rees from Cadell, son of Rhodri. The home of Rees' family was Dynevor, which stands on a green knoll that rises abruptly from the lovely valley of the Towy. After the death of Bleddyn, the usurping over-king, the vengeance of Trahaiarn

had caused the flight of the royal race from Deheubarth "like a timid hart fleeing before the dogs." Among them was Rees ap Tudor, who spent some years in exile in Brittany. He had tried to regain his kingdom, and had to face an alliance of enemies —Meilir of Powys, Trahaiarn of Arwystli, and Caradoc of Gwent and Morgannwg. Threatened by all these, and seeing the Normans devastating one end of his kingdom and the Danes the other, he fled to St. David's.

The two princes made common cause and marched against Trahaiarn. It was to be a struggle for supremacy between West Wales and East Wales—between Gwynedd and Deheubarth on the one hand, and Powys and Morgannwg on the other. Trahaiarn's forces hurried down, like the many streams from Plinlimmon, to meet the invaders, and somewhere in south Ceredigion, in 1079, the decisive battle of Mynydd Carn was fought.

The two-edged battleaxes of the Danes, the long spears of the Irishmen, the irresistible march of the men of Gwynedd behind their shining shields, and the valour of Griffith himself, won the day. Trahaiarn fell in the heat of battle, and the men of Powys and Gwent were thrown back. The moon rose on the hard-fought battlefield; throughout the night and the morrow was the beaten army pursued.

The battle of Mynydd Carn restored the race of Maelgwn, the ancient champions of the unity of Wales; it decided that the Norman advance was to be opposed by the two exiles that came from Ireland and Brittany.

At first the Norman advance seemed irresistible, and disaster after disaster met the princes of the restored royal race.

A few years after the battle of Mynydd 'Carn, William the Conqueror went on pilgrimage to St. David's, passing through the fairest lands that had not yet been conquered. There is a good deal of mystery about his pilgrimage; the Welsh chroniclers say he came to pray, the English chroniclers say he came to subdue. He probably founded a castle at Cardiff, from which another path of conquest was to lead westwards.

Two things are certain: after William's journey Rees found it exceedingly difficult to rule the country through which he had passed; and the tide of conquest turned strongly into the direction of his path. Rees had to waste his strength in quelling insurrections in Dyved, and his victory over his rebellious chieftains at St. Dogmel's was only won just in time to meet a more dangerous foe at the other end of his dominions.

A certain Geoffrey of Neufmarché had been faithful to William the Conqueror. He had two sons — Dreux and Bernard. Dreux hesitatingly turned his attention to the other world; Bernard turned with great determination to this. Eager for spoil, he came to the Conqueror, and the Conqueror told him of what he had seen in Wales. Before the death of the king Bernard came to Brycheiniog, and built him a castle at Talgarth on the Upper Wye. It is a land of pleasant pastures, surrounded by hills.

Soon Bernard moved southwards; about 1091 he crossed over to the valley of the Usk, and began to build a castle with ten towers, some square and some round, at Brecon. Rees immediately marched against Bernard, and fell in a decisive battle. Despair came upon the men of the Deheubarth as they carried his body to the hallowed earth of St. David's.

Griffith was more successful at first. He harried Arwystli, and even Powys, and then turned to the more difficult task of restoring order in Gwynedd. As the disappointed chiefs had appealed against his first attempt to Trahaiarn, they now appealed to the Norman earls of Chester and Shrewsbury. Griffith was invited to the Vale of Edeyrnion, and was there betrayed to Hugh of Chester and Hugh of Montgomery, who lay in ambush near Corwen. He was carried down to Chester, and as he disappears into his prison his biographer tells us what manner of man he was. Of medium height was Griffith ap Conan, with flaxen hair, and round, ruddy face. His prominent eyes, his fair eyebrows, and his goodly beard gave him a handsome and majestic appearance. His neck was round, his skin white. Mighty he was of limb, straight and fair to see. He was of passionate temper, cruel to his enemies, and ever the foremost in battle, but gentle and very merciful to his own was he. He knew learning and could speak eloquently in many languages.

Now that Rees was dead and Griffith in prison, the Norman conquerors pressed on. Robert of

Rhuddlan was building a castle at historic Deganwy. Hugh of Chester joined him, and the two Normans saw that, while the precipitous mountains of Arvon rose like a wall and prevented their further progress by land, the sea seemed to promise them an easy path to rich conquests. They crossed over to the nearest corner of Môn, and there they built the castle of Aberlleiniog, from which they could conquer Môn at their will, or cross the Menai to Arvon and Lleyn. And then the men of Gwynedd realised that the Norman tyrant had set his foot among them.

At Shrewsbury Roger and Mabel had a goodly family of sons and daughters. Some of them went abroad; some of them took to religion; four—Robert, Hugh, Arnulf, and Sybil—have an exceedingly important place in the history of Wales. While Hugh of Chester attacked Griffith's dominions in the north, Hugh of Montgomery turned south. Twenty years before he had ravaged Ceredigion. He now moved along the upper valley of the Severn, burst into Ceredigion, and followed the Teivy to the sea. A great castle rose at Cilgeran on the Teivy, to curb Ceredigion and to threaten Dyved. Arnulf crossed the hills to the valley of the Cleddau and took possession of the south of Dyved. To secure possession of this pleasant "garden of Wales" the castles of Carew and Pembroke were built. The power of the Montgomery family now extended from Shrewsbury, across Plinlimmon, right into the extreme south-west of Wales. The only exceptions were the cantrevs of St. David's and Cemmes. Soon Martin of Tours came by sea, defeated the

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF KIDWELLY CASTLE.

(*From a drawing by H. Longueville Jones.*)

men of Cemmes, and another Norman castle rose at Newport.

All this time Bernard of Neufmarché was not idle. It was well for him that William Fitz Osbern had been called away early to the continent, leaving him the Upper Wye as his undisputed spoil. He invaded the hills and moorlands of Elvel, and built the castle of Maesyved, pushing his boundaries northwards until Plinlimmon alone stood between him and Hugh of Montgomery.

The richest spoil of all fell to other hands. Fitz Hamon's hereditary loyalty had been rewarded with the splendid gift of Gloucester, and before him lay the flat, rich lands of Gwent and Morgannwg as his natural prey. We know little for certain, though there is romance in plenty, about the conquest of Morgannwg, beyond the fact that it was exceedingly rapid, and that the conquered land soon became thickly dotted with Norman castles. Soon after the death of Rees ap Tudor, the whole of the vale of Glamorgan was Fitz Hamon's, from Cardiff Castle in the east to the new castle of Cenfig in the west. Subject to him were the Welsh who still held Miscin and Senghenydd, and the Normans whose castles rose in the rich vale—Pain of Turberville at Coyty, in the west of the vale, and Robert St. Quentin, whose castle of Llanbleddian and walled Cowbridge held the southern part. Subject to him also were the castle-builders who pushed westwards—the Richard of Granville who built Neath Castle in the vale of Neath, and the William of London who built the castle of Kidwelly on a hillock rising out of the

valley of the Gwendraeth. Beyond lay the Dyved in which were already rising the castles of the sons of Roger of Montgomery; and their youngest sister, Sybil, was Fitz Hamon's wife.

By about 1094 a line of Norman castles extended along the whole length of the south coast, from Chepstow to Pembroke. The only parts of Wales not conquered were the districts around Aberffraw in Gwynedd and around Dynevor in the Vale of Towy —the seats of the power of the two branches of the royal line of Maelgwn.

WALES.

To Illustrate the Norman Conquest

□ *Norman Castles*

\+ *Abbeys or Priories*

ABERDARON CHURCH.
(*From a drawing by H. Kennedy.*)

V

THE WORK OF GRIFFITH AP CONAN

ONE day a man of Edeyrnion went to Chester to trade, and there he saw his king, Griffith ap Conan, in chains. It was a merry time in Chester, and the wards of port and wall were drunk. He took his king on his back, carried him safely home, and hid him until he was strong enough to walk. That is the way in which the Welsh believe that Griffith escaped from his captivity.

Throughout the Norman period Griffith ap Conan is the great central figure in Welsh history. Others are more striking—Robert of Belesme, with his genius for castle building and his intimate knowledge of European politics; Owen of Powys, alternately the creator of Welsh patriotism and its most daring enemy; or Griffith ap Rees, equally magnificent in battle and eisteddvod. They move quickly and brilliantly across the scene; Griffith's power remains, steady and abiding, like his own Snowdon.

On his reappearance he carried on a guerilla war against Hugh the Wolf for some time, and then the

monks of Bardsey carried him from Aberdaron to Ireland. He came back with a fleet of twenty-three ships, and an army soon rallied around him. He attacked the Normans in Môn, driving them, fighting as they went, to their castle of Aberlleiniog. The castle was desperately defended, stones and arrows were showered on the besiegers, but the Welsh finally stormed it, and Môn was again free.

Griffith then began to ravage the lands held by Robert of Rhuddlan. One hot day in July, as Robert was enjoying his noontide sleep at Deganwy, Griffith came with a few ships, and they cast anchor under the Great Orme's Head. When Robert awoke he saw the ships, full of his cattle, ready to put to sea. Shouting and cursing he snatched his shield, and ran down the steep, rocky bank to the seashore accompanied by one retainer only. He died like a wild boar, fighting to the last, pierced through and through by the Welshmen's spears. Griffith cut his head off and nailed it to the mast of his ship; and then, within sight of the pursuing Normans, threw it into the sea. The headless body was taken to Robert's own country to be buried; and Ordericus Vitalis wrote an eulogistic epitaph, not with a clear conscience, for he remembered what a godless life, full of reckless slaughter, the life of Robert had been.

Griffith's deliverance of the country beyond the Conway was followed by his marriage with Angharad, the daughter of a chief of that country; tall and stately was she, with fair hair and large blue eyes; wise of counsel, very liberal of drink and food and alms.

Meanwhile, the revolt against the Normans was spreading from Dyved to Powys, along the long line of Montgomery possessions. Cadogan, son of Bleddyn, had stepped into Rees' place, and by 1094 all the castles of Dyved had fallen, save Rhyd y Gors and Pembroke only, the last kept by the skill and artifice of its custodian, Gerald of Windsor. In 1095 the castle of Montgomery was stormed, and Cadogan defeated with great slaughter an army of Normans that tried to retake it.

The fall of Montgomery brought the Red King of England to Wales, but not on any pretence of praying. It is true that the Welsh barons had risen with the others against his succession—Bernard of Neufmarché had attacked faithful Worcester with an army of English and Welsh, and Robert of Rhuddlan was among the barons reduced to dire straits, while the king and his English army besieged them in Rochester. But Griffith and Cadogan were becoming too powerful, and the king came to his barons' aid. Two armies pierced to Snowdon in the early winter, ravaging as they went, but they were driven back by storms. Brycheiniog and Gwent rose; and Pembroke, still under Gerald, was the only castle that held out in the west. We do not know how many times the king came, but the result was always the same, whether he came to St. David's or to Snowdon. The Welsh princes retired, with their property, before him; and he could not blind or hang Griffith and Cadogan as he had blinded and hanged his own barons. Once he came to the quiet of St. David's, where the very birds were so tame that they did not

fly away from black-robed men. He stood on the rocks and looked at distant Ireland, vowing he would gather his ships and conquer that land. He was not the man to add to his resolution "if God will." England was now quiet, however; the king did not fear that either of the two Hughs would become over mighty, and he left the task of carrying on the Welsh war to them.

The war was carried on vigorously by Hugh of Chester and Red Hugh of Shrewsbury. Many of their chiefs revolted against Griffith and Cadogan after the misery of the long war, and in 1098 the two princes had to flee to Ireland before the two earls. The Normans again came to Môn, and Aberlleiniog was rebuilt. The people were treated with great cruelty—they were blinded and mutilated in a manner too inhuman to describe. Hugh of Chester housed his hounds in Llandyvrydog church, and by the morning, we are told, they were all mad. Soon rumours came that a strange fleet was coming, and the two earls watched daily at Deganwy. At last the fleet was sighted, approaching Môn—it was the fleet of the Norwegian Magnus. The earls crossed to Môn to meet it, and Hugh the Red, in full armour, rode along the sea shore arranging his men. An arrow came whizzing from the leading Norwegian ship, from the bow of Magnus himself, according to one account, and pierced Hugh's eye. His body was recovered at low tide and brought to Shrewsbury. And thus died the most courteous and the most amiable of a very turbulent family. Hugh of Chester retreated; and Griffith and Cadogan were soon in possession of their own.

Hugh of Chester, now corpulent and infirm, knew that death was approaching. He helped Henry I. to get the kingdom on the Red King's death; and soon he took monk's habit and died. His son Roger was but seven years old, but the king allowed him to succeed, in spite of his youth. Nine years later Roger went down with the White Ship, when the king's only son was also drowned.

Before his death, in 1099, the Red King had allowed Robert to succeed his brother Hugh as Earl of Shrewsbury. With the coming home of Robert of Belesme a new period begins in the relations between Welsh and Normans. The limits of the Norman conquest had been fixed—theirs was to be the eastern and southern slopes of the mountains; while the west, protected by the half circle of Snowdon, the Berwyn, and Plinlimmon, was to remain Welsh. The Norman military superiority was disappearing too, for the Welsh had their stone castles and their coats of mail.

Henceforth the aim of the Norman is to rule, and not to conquer; the aim of the Welsh prince is to consolidate his power in peace. The relations between Norman and Welshman become less important than the relations between each of them and the king of England.

Robert of Belesme aimed at making Shrewsbury the capital of the west. The skill of his trained castle builders was used to strengthen its walls, and the fair town, on its hill in the bend of the Severn, rose majestically and defiantly, worthy in queenly

beauty of the importance which the ambitious Norman meant to win for it. Behind it, Welsh princes and Norman earls were to be the subjects of its lord, and the western kingdom was to be in close alliance with the kings of Ireland. And the daring dream did not fall far short of success.

Robert stood high above all the Normans of Wales; his dominions, either directly under himself or under his brother Arnulf, extended from Shrewsbury to Pembroke, and he had no rival. He won the Welsh, and they looked to him, as they looked to their own prince, as one who "would make the land glad with freedom." Griffith ap Conan was restoring the prosperity of Gwynedd; with Robert he had no quarrel, and he was glad to have a powerful earl between him and the king.

With Powys, of which Shrewsbury was the old capital, Robert was more closely concerned. Of Bleddyn's many sons, three—Cadogan, Iorwerth, and Meredith—were still very powerful. With all these Robert made a close alliance; and so the mountains and fastnesses of Mid Wales, as well as its valleys, became securely his. Arnulf was busily gathering an army in Dyved and strengthening his alliance with his father-in-law, Murtagh of Ireland; Robert was diligently fortifying Bridgnorth; there was an ominous quiet throughout Wales.

Robert's chief hope lay in the strength of his castles; he knew that Henry could not keep an army in the field so far west while his throne was threatened by his brother Robert from Normandy.

But if the Norman method of resistance failed, he could fall back on the Welsh method. He had entrusted his droves of cattle and much of his wealth to the sons of Bleddyn, so that they might be removed to the mountains if the barrier of castles was forced, and Henry would have to retire baffled as his brother William had done before.

The king summoned Robert to his court at Easter, 1102; and, on his refusal to appear, immediately attacked his English castles of Arundel and Tickhill. He then led an army westwards, to close around Bridgnorth. The siege dragged on and the autumn was passing away. King Henry had none of his brother's stormy brutality, his ability lay in the direction of treachery, which bordered on meanness. He determined to detach Robert's allies. He chose Iorwerth to work upon, and promised him a magnificent reward—Powys, Ceredigion, and half of Dyved, free from any oath or tax. Iorwerth could not resist the temptation, and his men's memories of the injustice of Robert's father were strengthened, perhaps, by the fact that Robert's wealth was their certain prey.

With the news of Iorwerth's defection, Robert heard also that the sea-rovers had their own plans to carry out, and he saw his splendid prize disappearing. Bridgnorth fell, and the king was marching on Shrewsbury. Robert of Belesme surrendered, and was followed to exile by his brother Arnulf. If a baron of such ability and ambition had been able to hold his position, the succeeding story of Wales would probably have been a very different one. A kingdom of the west, formed of Norman and Welsh

elements, with Shewsbury as its capital, might have risen as a rival to the kingdom that had London as its capital. But the activity of Robert of Belesme was transferred, not of his own free will, to continental politics, and a chronicler calls upon King Henry to rejoice, and upon all England to rejoice, because Robert of Belesme had been forced to leave the Severn valley.

Iorwerth soon found that the king had duped him. Henry divided Powys and Ceredigion between him and his brothers, and the royal Vale of Towy and Dyved were given to Normans, or to the Welsh rivals of the sons of Bleddyn. The brothers quarrelled, and Iorwerth sent Meredith to the king's prison. When Iorwerth claimed the fulfilment of the king's promise, he was summoned to Shrewsbury, subjected to a mock trial, and thrown into prison, there to repent at leisure for having put his trust in King Henry. When Iorwerth disappeared into his English prison, the conquest recommenced.

While Iorwerth and Meredith were in their English prison, Griffith ap Conan and Cadogan found themselves supreme in the still unconquered parts of Wales. They knew Henry's power; and Cadogan was anxious, as Griffith had long been in the north, to be at peace with the king. Everything seemed to be making for peace at last. The young earl of Chester was no menace to Griffith ap Conan; and, in the south, Gerald protected the Flemings of Dyved from his great castle of Pembroke, while Normans and Welsh were beginning to form one

people in Morgannwg. But the hope for peace disappeared on account of the fatal beauty of Nest.

King Henry had entrusted Pembroke to the Gerald who had once defended it so well. Now this Gerald's wife was the daughter of Rees ap Tudor, the last king of the Deheubarth, and was famous for her beauty. She had been the ward of Henry I. after her father's death, and had been deeply wronged. Gerald built a new castle at Cenarth, in the valley of the Teivy, and brought his wife and children to live there. Cadogan, the prince of Powys and Ceredigion, was in Ceredigion at the time; and on Christmas Day he summoned his chieftains to a great feast for the honour of God. To the feast came Cadogan's son Owen, who had already been a firebrand in Powys. He heard that his cousin Nest was in the new castle, and he paid her a visit. The same night he broke into the castle and carried Nest away. Gerald managed to escape with his bare life from the smouldering ruins of his new castle.

Old Cadogan heard of his son's crime with abject terror. He tried to turn the wrath of the king away; but Owen would not restore Nest. Cadogan's possessions were offered to his enemies, led by his nephew Madoc; and he and Owen fled to Ireland, while even churches were burnt behind them.

Cadogan bought Ceredigion back, on condition that Owen was not to come. Owen came, however, and entered into an alliance with Madoc, the two swearing perpetual fidelity to each other over relics, and immediately making a progress of indiscriminate

plunder. It was easy for them to gather armies, and Henry became alarmed. He turned to his prisoner Iorwerth, and offered him northern Powys on condition of maintaining peace—Meredith had already been given southern Powys. The three old princes tried to restore order, and appealed to their wild sons and nephews, showing the hopelessness of their revolt. But Owen and Madoc appealed partly to the old love of plunder, and partly to the new idea of patriotism, and in almost any part of their fathers' kingdom they found themselves able to raise an army. Finally, they raided Pembroke, with an army of young men from Ceredigion, and the complaints of the Flemings went to the king. Cadogan hastened to the king, and was kept as a prisoner, not in chains, he could wander whither he liked save in the direction of his own land. His Ceredigion was given to a Norman, Gilbert de Clare, who tried to keep his rebellious subjects in awe by building the castles of Aberystwith and Cardigan at each end of their country.

Madoc and Owen fled to Ireland. Madoc soon came back, and claimed the protection of his uncle Iorwerth in Powys. Iorwerth dared not receive him, and Madoc became greatly embittered against the pacific policy of his uncles. While Iorwerth was on progress in Powys, his house at Caereinion was set on fire, and the old prince was speared as he tried to escape from the flames. The king sent Cadogan to take his place, advising him to summon his son Owen from Ireland to help him. He soon, however, met his brother's fate; Madoc and his

outlaws were lying in wait for him, and he was attacked near Trallwm when alone, and killed.

Well might a bishop think that the descendants of Bleddyn would murder each other. Meredith and his two nephews—Madoc and Owen—were given portions of Powys, and it was thought that the feud between Owen and Madoc would make it impossible for either of them to attack Gilbert in Ceredigion, or Gerald in Dyved. But Owen's ability and popularity soon made him master of the whole of Powys. He was looked upon as the champion of his country in the struggle against those who were trying to delete its very name. He executed savage justice on his father's murderer. Mountainous Arwystli as well as the whole of Powys became his, and Gilbert saw that Ceredigion would be his next conquest.

At the same time the young earl of Chester—handsome and popular, but lacking his father's lust of conquest—was afraid of the steady, growing power of Griffith ap Conan. The two Welsh princes were becoming so powerful that Henry had to interfere, this time in order to save his barons. His army moved upon Wales in three divisions. One, under the earl of Cornwall, advanced from Morgannwg, now a land dotted with Norman castles. Another advanced from Chester, under Alexander, son of the king of Scotland, and the young earl of Chester. The third, under the king himself, was evidently moving directly against Owen in the upper valley of the Severn.

The danger was regarded by the Welsh with dismay. They had suffered much during the hard

winter, and from the scarcity and sickness that had followed. Many portents had been seen, the earth had trembled on the borders, and a comet had threatened Wales for three weeks in June. Old Meredith fled to the king of England before the evil day.

Griffith ap Conan and his son Owen Gwynedd strengthened themselves in Snowdon. The Powysian chieftains sent their herds of cattle for safety to Gwynedd; and Owen entered into an alliance with Griffith—neither was to make peace without the consent of the other.

Henry's unwieldy army was closing around Snowdon. It was, however, in a poverty-stricken land; winter was approaching, and a campaign against Griffith in the fastnesses of Gwynedd was very uncertain of success. Henry tried to detach the two allies from each other. Griffith stood firm; but Owen, believing that Griffith had made peace on condition of exemption from tribute and castle, came to terms with the king. Henry was now in a position to dictate harder terms to Griffith; and he then turned back, taking Owen with him, promising him the whole of a free Powys. The king took Owen with him to Normandy, and the generous and handsome Welsh prince soon became greatly attached to Henry the First. He ceased to be the leader of the Welsh defence against the Normans; he ceased to be the representative of a patriotism that was soon to be chastened by suffering, and to be ennobled by the development of a national literature. Like his father and uncles, he

DOOR OF ABERDARON CHURCH.

(From a photograph by J. Thomas, Cambrian Gallery, Liverpool.)

became the willing vassal of the king of England, seeing the hopelessness of opposition to the Norman conquest, and looking to the king for protection.

When Owen, the heir of the house of Bleddyn, had left Powys for the king's French wars, another took his place in the affections of his people. The heir of the house of Dynevor came to the Vale of Towy, and was immediately hailed as the representative of the new patriotism.

When Rees ap Tudor fell in battle in 1093, his young son Griffith was taken by his kinsmen to Ireland for safety. Tired of exile he came back, living sometimes with his sister Nest at Pembroke, sometimes in Gwynedd, at other times wandering from place to place. At last his youth no longer saved him from suspicion. The king was told that the minds of all the Britons were set on the young heir of the Deheubarth.

Griffith fled to Griffith ap Conan with his kinsmen and foster brothers, one of whom was lame from a fall got in escaping from a Norman castle. They were all cordially welcomed; but Griffith heard that the king was trying to bribe his host to surrender him, and he took sanctuary at Aberdaron. Thence he fled to the home of his father in the Vale of Towy, and was soon at the head of an army. He taught his people to believe that their country was not hopelessly lost when a Norman castle was built on it. He made the great forest of the Vale his headquarters, and thither came a host, partly in the hope of plunder, partly in the hope of restoring British

rule. Narberth Castle was stormed. Then Llandovery, in the centre of the Vale; Swansea, built by Henry de Bohemond above the little port; and Carmarthen, important on account of its position and history, were attacked. The outer walls were scaled in each case; but the keeps defied Griffith, and he had to leave them untaken, after much vain shooting with the longbow.

While William of London fled from Kidwelly in sheer terror, Griffith burst into Ceredigion, and the country rose to meet him as one man. Soon his army closed around Aberystwyth, but the motley host was dispersed for the moment by the energy of the castellans.

Henry determined to send Owen to Wales to unite Griffith's enemies against him. Owen came with an army to the Vale of Towy, and the inhabitants fled to the forest. On a dark night Owen and a few followers were lying in wait on the outskirts of the forest. A number of Welshmen emerged, and made their way towards Carmarthen. Owen gave chase, and caught them when they were near the walls, and plundered them. The fugitives fell in with a party of Flemings making their way to Carmarthen, led by Gerald of Pembroke, and told them that Owen ap Cadogan had just turned back. Gerald remembered old wrongs, and the Flemings immediately followed their old enemy. Owen was proceeding leisurely through the darkness when the Flemings fell upon him. Arrows sped at random through the pitch-dark night, and Owen fell pierced by a shaft. And thus ended, in that night skirmish, the man whom

the Welsh had regarded as the champion of their freedom, and whom Henry the First had regarded as the means of ruling Wales in peace.

Wales was now divided between Griffith ap Conan, Meredith ap Bleddyn, and Griffith ap Rees, who ruled Gwynedd, Powys, and Deheubarth respectively. Griffith ap Conan was older than the other two, his power was more strongly established than theirs, and he was looked upon by each of them as his protector. The king of England, having lost his only son in 1120, when the White Ship went down, was anxious to establish the peace necessary for the succession of his daughter Matilda.

Meredith ruled Powys with great vigour. He had little of the gentleness of his brother Cadogan; he mercilessly destroyed his rebellious nephews. Twice the king of England led an army against him; but his power continually grew. When he died in 1132, Powys was divided into north and south between his two sons, Madoc, the castle-builder, and Owen Cyveiliog, the poet prince.

Meanwhile Griffith ap Rees' power was extending in the Deheubarth. In his great hall and councils at Cardigan, the splendour of his court recalled to men's minds the glory and the wide sway of his ancestors. He was strong on account of his alliance with Griffith ap Conan, whose daughter Gwenllian he had married. On the death of Henry the First, Griffith ap Rees began to attack the Norman castles on his southern border. A league of the Norman barons was formed against him, and he hurried north-

wards to get his father-in-law's help. During his absence, the barons, led by Maurice of London, crossed over from Kidwelly into the Vale of Towy. They were met by the heroic Gwenllian, who lost the battle and her life. Her brothers, Owen and Cadwaladr, moved southwards, with an army of six thousand footmen and two thousand mail-clad horsemen. On their way Griffith ap Rees, and all those who had attacked the Norman castles—chieftains of Ceredigion and Brycheiniog—joined them. The Flemings of Dyved, and the Normans of every castle from the Neath to the Dovey—the sons of Gerald of Pembroke among them—advanced to meet the Welsh army to the valley of the Teivy. The battle was fought at Cardigan. The Normans could not withstand the charge of the Welsh, and were driven, a helpless mass of fugitives, to the bridge. The bridge broke under them, and great numbers were drowned. This battle was followed by the speedy reconquest of much of the land on which castles had been built.

It was, however, the last victory of the two men who had checked the Norman conquest of Wales. In the next year, 1137, both Griffith ap Conan and Griffith ap Rees died.

Griffith ap Rees is described by the chronicler as the "light and the strength and the gentleness of the men of the south"; Griffith ap Conan as the "sovereign and protector and peacemaker of all Wales." The two princes left to their sons a well-defined kingdom and a policy of union. Griffith ap Conan's period of victories had been followed by a period of peace and consolidation; the rover had

turned statesman, and by patient labour had built up a kingdom which was ruled by his descendants until it was, a century and a half after his death, crushed by the mighty king of a consolidated England.

VI

THE AGE OF OWEN GWYNEDD

THE two sons of Griffith ap Conan—Cadwaladr and Owen Gwynedd—had worked together for the extension of their father's sway—especially over Meirionnydd and Ceredigion. When they were called upon to rule as well as to conquer, the difference between their characters became evident. Cadwaladr was brave to recklessness, and exceedingly popular among the younger men; he thought of his father's victories, and wished to emulate them now that England was torn by the civil war between Stephen and Matilda. Owen was cautious, a born statesman as well as a born soldier; and he thought of the success of the peace policy of his father. He aimed at increasing still further the prosperity of Gwynedd, and at maintaining that alliance with the house of Dynevor which, from the battle of Mynydd Carn to the battle of Cardigan, had been so dear to his father.

The Normans were driven from Ceredigion, the two brothers crossed the Teivy, and, having taken

Carmarthen and Llanstephan, extended their sway to the Severn sea, separating the Normans of Gower from the Flemings of Dyved. The plans of Owen Gwynedd were quickly developed. His great aim was to unite Wales while England was full of the anarchy of the reign of Stephen. He himself remained at home in Gwynedd, as his father had done, to make it strong and prosperous. His more warlike brother, Cadwaladr, was given Meirionnydd and Ceredigion, the long maritime district, of uncertain allegiance and difficult to rule, which sometimes connected and sometimes separated the dominions of the two branches of the royal race. The union of Wales was to be completed by the marriage of Anarawd, the young son of Griffith ap Rees, to one of the daughters of Owen Gwynedd.

Griffith ap Conan had made Gwynedd the predominant power in Wales, his son Owen was to reduce the other districts to a kind of feudal dependence upon it. The old dream of the union of Wales seemed to be almost realised. Owen placed full confidence in his active brother's fidelity, the strong love between the two brothers had grown with every victory, and had never failed them when their aims were not the same. Owen's two sons, Howel and Conan, served him as faithfully and as successfully as he and Cadwaladr had served his father. In the south the four young sons of Griffith ap Rees knew that the only way in which they could hold their father's possessions was by continuing their father's policy; and they looked upon Owen Gwynedd, not only as an ally, but as their guide.

As suddenly as ever a storm destroyed the peace of a bright morning in Eryri, Owen's vision of peace and union gave place to a reality of strife. Ten years, and more, of bitter struggle followed. As often happens in the history of Wales, when the patient and the wise policy of an able prince was on the point of securing a unity that every one desired, an untoward event, which no human wisdom could have foreseen, aroused the spirit of independence, and let loose the spirit of hatred and strife, through the length and the breadth of the land.

Owen heard that Cadwaladr had killed Anarawd. The strife took place over a question of boundary, in 1143. It was an evil deed, and the horror it caused in the south was only equalled by the sorrow it caused in Owen's court. The popularity of young Anarawd—"he was the hope and the strength and the glory of the men of the south"—the trust he placed in the good faith of his northern kinsmen, and the fact that he was killed on the eve of his marriage with Owen's daughter, made Cadwaladr's hasty deed a cause of unreasoning anger as well as of wide-spread pity.

Owen had to choose between his red-handed brother and the wronged young princes of the south, between Cadwaladr's policy of war and his own defeated peaceful purpose. He did not hesitate. He sent his sons to burn Cadwaladr's castle at Aberystwyth, and to dispossess him of all his land. Cadwaladr found that his brother's love had turned into hatred, and the discovery made him as determined and reckless a traitor as he had been a faithful

supporter. He brought a fleet of pirates to the Menai, and though he made peace with his brother in a fit of repentance, he found that he was no longer trusted. Driven out of Ceredigion as a murderer, hissed out of Môn as a traitor, his generous nature became rebellious; he brooded over fancied wrongs, and became a firebrand to kindle war between north and south, and between Wales and England.

The barons on the eastern and southern borders took advantage of the strained relations between the lately united families of north and south. It was only by a great victory that the sons of Owen were able to save Melenydd from Hugh Mortimer. The sons of Griffith could not make head against the Normans of Pembroke and the south coast; it was only by the help of the sons of Owen that they recovered Carmarthen, and the recovery of this important place was immediately followed by its siege, in which young Meredith ap Griffith greatly distinguished himself by his skilful defence of the castle.

In 1145, Owen's difficulties were great. In the north, the strong castle of Mold, which commanded the billowy cornlands of Flint and the easiest access from England to the heart of his kingdom, defied all his efforts. The encroachments of the border families in the east were becoming more and more difficult to check. In the south the sons of Griffith could hardly make head against the Norman lords now banded against them. And Cadwaladr had come again to Ceredigion, and had built a castle at Llan Rhystyd—a source of perpetual disunion right in the heart of Wales. Owen's hope was in his own

statesmanship and in the ability of his sons—the resourceful Howel, the warlike Conan, and his favourite Rhun. Once only did he lose heart entirely. It was when news was brought him that Rhun was dead. The whole country grieved with the stricken father for the popular young prince, whose blue, laughing eyes and golden curly hair are described by the chronicler, as well as his kindly wisdom in peace and courage in battle. His people thought that Owen Gwynedd would die of a broken heart, and feared that God would leave their country as a tempest-tossed rudderless vessel.

The storming of Mold roused Owen Gwynedd from his lethargy again. With infinite patience he tried to realise the vision of unity and peace which he had inherited from his father, and which he almost realised at the beginning of his reign. His two sons drove Cadwaladr from Ceredigion into exile, and joined hands with the sons of Griffith in the south. Madoc ap Meredith of Powys extended his boundaries and built a castle at Oswestry; but he could only hold his ground against Ranulph of Chester by the help of Owen Gwynedd. By 1152 Owen saw that his predominance in Wales was unchallenged, and that the unity of the country would be furthered by a renewal of the English attack.

His success came too late. In 1152 the war between the English king, Stephen, and the supporters of Matilda, daughter of Henry I., came to an end. In 1154 Henry II. succeeded peacefully. His strong passions were guided by an iron will; the experience of Stephen's reign had made him deter-

mined to crush his barons. Owen Gwynedd, at the same time the possible protector of the march lords and a pretext for their growing military importance, stood in his way.

In planning his first Welsh campaign, Henry II. followed the plans of William Rufus and Henry I. He meant to isolate Owen Gwynedd in the mountains of Snowdon, and to besiege him there. An army was to move along the north coast to Rhuddlan, and a fleet to precede it to Môn. While Henry's army was encamped on the marshy country on the western side of the Dee, near Chester, Owen drew up his forces on the hillocks around Basingwerk, to dispute Henry's passage towards Rhuddlan. The main body of Henry's army marched along the plain that skirts the north coast. But a picked body of men, with the king himself among them, tried to make a forced march through the woods of Iâl, in order to surprise Owen by an attack on his rear. On their march they were surprised themselves by Conan and Davydd, two of Owen's sons, and driven back in headlong flight, with great loss of life. Henry of Essex threw away the royal banner in his flight, and the king himself was in great danger. The cautious Owen refused to make a stand against the main body of the English army. He withdrew his forces to Cil Owen, and thence to Llwyn Pina—the English and the Welsh marching in parallel lines, and often facing each other. The English army toiled painfully over a sandy waste; the Welsh held the hilly and wooded inland country. Many skirmishes took place, but no general engagement. Henry reached Rhuddlan and

fortified it, but his position was an extremely precarious one.

Meanwhile his fleet had fared badly. It had landed a force in Môn which began to rifle the churches. The exasperated peasantry hurled themselves upon the invaders—most of them were slaughtered, many were drowned in trying to regain their ships, a few only were carried back by the fleet to Chester. Among the slain was Henry, the king's uncle, son of Henry I. by Nest of South Wales. He fell pierced by a lance, while leading the invading force. His brother, Robert Fitz Stephen, retreated, grievously wounded; but he managed to reach his ship, to become, later, the pioneer of the first English conquest of Ireland. The successes of Owen Gwynedd, especially the victory over the invading force in Môn, were celebrated in perfect song by Gwalchmai.

Henry made peace with Owen. He retained his hold on the Flint coast, and made Owen restore his lands to his brother Cadwaladr. He could now dictate terms to the other Welsh chieftains. Last of all to submit was Rees ap Griffith. His brothers had disappeared—Cadell had gone on pilgrimage and the able Meredith had died when twenty-five years old—and Rees had set his heart on reuniting the now scattered remnants of his father's lands. He retired, with all his flocks and men, to the dense forests of the Vale of Towy, and defied the king. When Henry threatened to lead against him the whole strength of England and Wales, he made peace very unwillingly. The king promised him

compact cantrevs, but Rees soon saw that he only got a few beggarly remnants of the land granted so generously to English barons.

As soon as peace was made, his English neighbours began to press on Rees. Roger, earl of Clare, came to Ceredigion in summer, and took possession of the whole country between the Wyre and the Dovey. From his castle at Llandovery, Walter Clifford ravaged Rees' own patrimony with fire and sword. Appeals to the king brought no redress. Einon, Griffith's nephew, rose in revolt in Ceredigion, and Rees again defied the king and drove the English barons away. In 1162 the king came again, and left Rees in possession of what he had won. No sooner had the king disappeared than Rees began to extend his sway over Dyved, and the castles built to protect the new Flemish settlers were quickly razed. On the advance of a great army led by the earl of Bristol, in which Cadwaladr and the sons of Owen also served, he retired to an inaccessible position, and the army of his enemies melted away.

Owen Gwynedd was not idle. The difficulties that surrounded him—the strength of frowning Rhuddlan and the disunion of Wales—had thrown him into one of those periods of mental agony bordering almost on despair which often preceded his greatest efforts. Taking advantage of the death of Madoc ap Meredith, prince of Powys, he appeared in the Upper Severn valley, and by getting possession of Cyveiliog and Arwystli, he strengthened his own borders as well as his connection with Rees ap Griffith. The conquest of Englefield brought Owen's dominions within sight of

Chester, and Henry II. saw that a great effort must be made to crush him.

When Henry came in 1157 he found no union among the Welsh princes; Madoc ap Meredith of Powys was jealous of Gwynedd and England alike; Rees ap Griffith had defied Owen Gwynedd as well as Henry II.; Owen Gwynedd stood alone. By 1169, when Henry came again, Owen's diplomacy had been far more successful than his arms—he was now the chosen leader of all Wales, and Henry would have to crush, not a number of jealous chieftains as before, but what may almost be described as a nation.

Henry took a new route. Instead of the old way along the coast, with its many possibilities of ambush, he took Oswestry as his base, and advanced along the fairly open valley of the Ceiriog, intending to cross the undulating Berwyn moorlands to the upper valley of the Dee—no difficult task in summer if the mountains are dry—and hence westwards to Snowdon. His army of mercenaries from Normandy and Flanders, Anjou and Gascony, was exceedingly large; and the king expected much from the costly expedition—"the exile and the undoing of all the Britons." Owen summoned a great army to the valley of the Dee and encamped at Corwen, from which he could easily defend every access to Snowdon. With him was his brother Cadwaladr, no longer an ally of Henry. With him also was Owen Cyveiliog, the prince and poet of Powys, and all the chieftains of that harassed borderland. With him also was the Lord Rees ap Griffith, and all the

CORWEN AND THE VALLEY OF THE DEE.

(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

men of the south. There had never met an army so representative of the whole country as the army which Owen Gwynedd, after so many years of patient toil and deferred hope, saw encamped at Corwen.

The king moved at a snail's pace. The wood in the valley of the Ceiriog had to be cleared. Every passage was disputed. Foraging was impossible; communications were difficult to maintain. At last the king's army reached the open mountain. Rain fell in torrents, great storms swept over the exposed and dreary heights. Wet, tired, and famishing, his great army was forced to retreat. Henry wreaked his anger on his helpless hostages—young sons of Owen and Rees—by blinding them. He marched to Chester, intending to enter Wales along the coast; but he found it impossible to get a fleet to co-operate and to carry provisions for his army.

On the departure of Henry, Owen and Rees separated. Rees went to his own land, and began to encroach on the English barons in Dyved. He took Cardigan, and repelled several attacks on the castle of Cilgeran, which guarded the lovely valley of the Teivy, and took prisoner Robert Fitz Stephen, whom he released shortly afterwards in order to enable him to lead the turbulent element in South Wales to the conquest of Ireland. Owen Gwynedd was equally active in recovering the castles of Prestatyn and Basingwerk. Then the two princes reunited their armies to enforce peace on the chiefs of Powys and to take the great fortress of Rhuddlan, in the siege of which Owen and Cadwaladr and Rees were engaged for three months.

In November, 1169, Owen Gwynedd died, and was buried in Bangor cathedral. In the spring of 1172 died his brother, who had shared the glory of his youth and old age, and who had wrecked so many of his schemes. The two brothers were placed in the same grave.

During his reign of thirty-two years, Owen Gwynedd successfully defended his father's realm, and anticipated that union of Wales which his grandson Llywelyn finally established. Like his father and grandson, he trusted more to his generalship than to sheer fighting, and to diplomacy more than to either. He never ceased to long for peace; and to a man of his melancholy temperament and loving nature, the religious and the literary revivals of the time were very attractive. He welcomed the Cistercians, and their monastery of Basingwerk was built near the scene of the most anxious moments of his reign. He was the hero of the second generation of patriotic poets; Gwalchmai sang of his exploits, Cynddelw lamented his death.

He introduced a feeling of greater humanity and chivalry into the wars of the period. The English invaders did not spare the Welsh churches—Hugh of Chester made an Anglesey church a kennel for his dogs, John burnt Bangor cathedral, and Henry II. ruthlessly desecrated churches and monasteries. Owen's light-armed scouts, enraged at the burning of some of the churches of Powys during the great expedition of Henry II., wished to retaliate. But the prince, with his usual wise moderation, said that neither they nor the more powerful English would gain by fighting

against God. When Henry II. was driven back by the storms, with his army in a piteous state, men saw in his discomfiture that God had wreaked vengeance on him, though Owen Gwynedd could not.

Between the death of Owen Gwynedd and the rise of Llywelyn the Great, Davydd, Owen's son, tried to maintain a show of supremacy over the chiefs of Gwynedd. But, during this last quarter of the twelfth century, the central figure in Welsh history is not the lord of Snowdon, but the lord of the Vale of Towy.

Rees ap Griffith—the Lord Rees—had shown signs of ability and energy which promised to make his Debeubarth the most powerful state in Wales. His father, Griffith ap Rees, had died in 1137, leaving sons who could take full advantage of the anarchy of the reign of Stephen to recover their patrimony. With his elder brothers Cadell and Meredith, Rees attacked the castles which were rising rapidly around the Towy, and recovered much of the Vale of Towy, Dyved, and Ceredigion. In 1158, however, he had to make peace with Henry II., the powerful successor of Stephen. He found that Henry did not keep faith, and that Walter Clifford and Roger de Clare had been placed, one in the valley of the Towy and the other in the valley of the Teivy, to encroach upon him. He threw himself heartily into an alliance with his uncle, Owen Gwynedd. He was at Corwen in the host that opposed Henry II.; he helped Owen to reduce Powys, and to besiege Rhuddlan.

When Owen Gwynedd died, Rees inherited his policy. He tried to make peace with Henry II. in

order to have a free hand to consolidate South Wales. The conquest of Ireland was attracting all the wild spirits, lured by lust of fighting, to follow castle builders into strange lands. When Robert Fitz Stephen and Maurice Fitz Gerald and Strongbow had led successive crowds of the half-Welsh Normans of Dyved into Ireland, the pressure on Rees became less.

But the rise of a new power in Ireland was a menace to Henry II. When he passed through South Wales, hawk in hand, following the path of those who had gone to Ireland, the Lord Rees met him; and king and lord came to terms. Rees had already shown what his aims were. He had rebuilt at Cardigan a strong castle of stone and mortar; he had summoned Owen Cyveiliog to do him homage. The Lord Rees meant to rule South Wales from Cardigan, to be the overlord of Powys, and the ally of Gwynedd.

In order to carry this policy out, the help of the king of England was indispensable. Rees helped Henry II. during the great revolt of the barons in 1174, and appeared, with his vassal chiefs, at the councils of the English king. Henry did not interfere with the steady extension of Rees' sway in Wales. At Rhaiadr a castle was built from which Owen Cyveiliog and Roger Mortimer could be watched. At Kidwelly, Rees took the castle from William Fitz Martin, the husband of his daughter Angharad. His power gradually extended over Dyved to the south-west; castle after castle became his. He even took possession of Meirionnydd, beyond the Dovey,

but the sons of Conan ab Owen Gwynedd soon recovered it.

The chiefs of South Wales, from the heights of Plinlimmon to the mouth of the Usk, were his men, and he was followed to the councils of Henry II. by a host of powerful chieftains—his cousin Cadwallon

CHEPSTOW CASTLE AND THE WYE.
(*From a drawing by Captain Batty.*)

ap Madoc of Melenydd, his sons-in-law of Elvel and Gwerthrynion, Morgan ap Caradoc ab Iestyn of Glamorgan, Iorwerth ab Owen of Caerleon, and Seisyll ap Dyvnwal of Gwent. This last chieftain had married Gladys, sister of the Lord Rees.

The Lord Rees had interesting and dangerous neighbours.

To the south, at Pembroke and in Gwent, the Clares held much land, and were hungering for more. They were of noble ancestry; they were descendants, like Henry II., of Richard the Fearless. Gilbert de Clare, who died in 1114, had probably got possession of Chepstow, and was sent to take Ceredigion from Owen ap Cadogan. He renovated the castles between the Teivy and the Ystwyth, and built the castle of Haverfordwest. His eldest son Richard was the ancestor of the earls of Gloucester; the younger Gilbert became earl of Pembroke. This family was closely associated, then, with Pembroke and Ceredigion, and they were soon to be still more closely connected with Glamorgan. Richard de Clare, on his way from Chepstow to Ceredigion, was slain in an ambush by the Welsh in 1135. He was followed by his two sons, Gilbert and Roger. Gilbert died in [illegible], and Roger became fifth earl of Clare. This Roger was the rival of the Lord Rees. He took possession of Ceredigion, and it was in saving South Wales from him that the Lord Rees rose to the position of [illegible] of the south.

Roger's [illegible] Richard de Clare of Pembroke, [illegible] was conquering Ireland, and [illegible] Dermot's daughter, Eva, gave him [illegible] in 1176 left [illegible] the heiress of [illegible] Wales and Ireland. In 1180 [illegible] Marshall [illegible] became earl of [illegible]

[illegible]

the son of Robert of Gloucester, held the lordship of Glamorgan, with Cardiff as its capital. Robert, earl of Gloucester, the natural son of Henry I., had obtained Glamorgan with Mabel, the heiress of Fitz Hamon. After his struggle with Stephen in favour of his sister Matilda, Robert of Gloucester died in 1147. He was an able statesman and a great patron of learning. The abbey of Margam was founded by him, and that of Neath by the chief baron of his lordship.

In the upper valley of the Usk, William de Braose had inherited, through his grandmother, the extensive country conquered by Bernard of Neufmarché. His crimes have almost the grandeur of destructive tempests. The castle of Abergavenny, rising dark and menacing like the spirit of murder from the valley of the Usk, will always recall him to memory. To that castle he invited, in 1176, a number of the Welsh chiefs of the neighbourhood to confer in peace. Among them were Seisyll ap Dyvnwal, the chief of the Upper Gwent over which the castle looks. Suspecting nothing, Seisyll brought his little son Griffith with him. Ranulf Poer, sheriff of Hereford, gets the blame for the actual murder of the chiefs, but it had been planned by William de Braose. The slaughter was followed by an equally treacherous attack on the homes of the murdered chiefs. Gladys, sister of the Lord Rees, was taken, and her son Cadwaladr shared the fate of his brother. The dastardly deed, by which William de Braose had lured the best men of Gwent to their death in defiance of the sacredness of hospitality, made peace

between English and Welsh in Gwent impossible for many a long day. The sons of the slain chiefs swore that they would avenge their fathers.

One day a young chief came to the murderer's castle and, pointing to a certain angle in the wall, said to the constable, "We will enter the castle at this point to-night." All night the garrison watched on the ramparts, and all was silent in the deep glen below. They did not know that the avengers of blood were concealed on the precipitous woody slope right underneath. They retired to rest with the dawn, and soon learnt that their enemies were swarming over the wall. A traveller saw the Welshmen's arrows sticking through an oak door four inches thick. But no arrow had reached Ranulf Poer or William de Braose.

A little later the two were superintending the building of a castle at Dingestow, on the other side of Gwent. The avengers stormed their half-finished walls. It was fortunate that a priest was near when a sword nearly decapitated Ranulf, to shrive hurriedly the guilty, departing soul. William de Braose was dragged from a deep trench into which he had fallen, but a rush of his own men saved him. It would have been better for him if his crimes and life had ended there.

Rees fortified Rhaiadr twice, because the power of the Mortimer family was already making itself felt. Roger, lord of Wigmore, was beginning that course of expansion westwards which brought the Mortimers into Wales, to become finally the heirs to its crown.

In Upper Powys, beyond Plinlimmon, Owen Cyveiliog watched the growing power of the Lord

Rees anxiously. "Whenever Owen Cyveiliog could oppose the Lord Rees," says a chronicler whose entire sympathy is with the great South Wales prince, "he opposed him." But, as long as Rees was at peace with the king of England, Owen Cyveiliog had no choice. Owen is praised by an ecclesiastic, even when under excommunication, for his political wisdom. The poet Cynddelw describes him as he appeared in battle, on a snow-white steed charging among the red steeds of Powys, rushing like boars on their enemy. He was surrounded by poets; and he himself, in his poem to the Hirlas horn, describes the exploits of each Powys chief for whom the horn is filled in his court.

In Lower Powys, between the Severn and the Dee, Griffith Maelor ruled where his wise father, Madoc ap Meredith, had held his own against the power of Gwynedd and the rapacity of the earls of Chester. The children of Madoc ap Meredith are famous in Welsh story. The beauty of Eva is sung by Cynddelw. White was she as the foam that is driven before the wind, lovely as the dawn, dazzling was her beauty as the snow on Epynt. Owen, the hero of bard and chronicler, was slain treacherously by the two sons of Owen Cyveiliog, his kinsmen. This caused a bitter feud between the young men of Lower Powys and Owen Cyveiliog. A preacher of the Crusades came by, and one stalwart youth, brandishing his lance, said, "I will not go until, with this lance, I shall have avenged the death of my lord." The once trusty lance was suddenly shivered to pieces in his hand by some invisible power.

At Chester Randulf de Gernons, the son-in-law of Robert of Gloucester, and the uncle of Gilbert de Clare, was full of the old lust of conquest. His father, Randulf le Meschin, had become earl of Chester when his cousin went down in the White Ship. On his father's death in 1129, Randulph tried, by means of his Welsh troops, to get possession of Lincoln and Carlisle, the one valuable on account of its wealth and the other on account of its strategic importance. He joined Robert of Gloucester and Matilda, and he allowed his Welsh troops to sack Lincoln after the battle. He wavered between the two sides, keeping a steady eye on his own interest. He supported Henry II., and got Lancashire and Staffordshire as well as Cheshire. He had thought of the weak Powys and of divided Gwynedd too. But he died in 1153, when at the height of his power. His possessions and projects were handed on to his son, Hugh Cyveiliog. Hugh revolted against Henry II., in 1173, at Avranches, the old home of his family. He and his Bretons were shut up in the castle of Dol, where he was besieged by Henry in person. He made his peace with the king, however, and retained his great power at Chester.

In Gwynedd the task of Davydd was to keep the peace among the chiefs, who were running riot after the removal of the strong hand of Owen Gwynedd. Among the chiefs, the wisest in counsel and the most skilful on the field of battle was Ednyved Vychan. His wife was Gwenllian, daughter of the Lord Rees.

The courts of Owen Gwynedd, Madoc ap Meredith, and the Lord Rees are described by a brilliant cycle

of poets. Gwalchmai sings the praises of Owen, and bewails the death of Madoc. Llywarch ap Llywelyn describes the sons of Owen chiefly, and one charming ode describes the beauty of Gwenllian, grand-daughter of Owen, and daughter of the poet prince Howel. Cynddelw lavishes most of his odes on the two houses of Powys; but, being the greatest poet of his day, he does not forget Owen Gwynedd and the Lord Rees.

In 1176, the year of the massacre of the chiefs of Gwent at Abergavenny, the Lord Rees held a great Eisteddvod at Cardigan. It had been proclaimed all through the country a year before it was held. There was a contest between poets, the prize being a chair. There was a contest for another chair between musicians—players of harp, violin, and flute. The chair given for music was won by the men of South Wales; the chair given for poetry was won by the North Wales men.

The proficiency of the Welsh of the twelfth century in music and alliterative poetry is enthusiastically described by Gerald. The three instruments of music were the harp, the *crwth*, and the pipe. There was a harp in every house, and it was the chief feature in the entertainment of guests. It was played delightfully; most of the airs being in the minor key. Some of the most ancient of the Welsh airs, however, like "Nos Galan" ("New Year's Eve") and "Hob y Deri" and "Glan Meddwdod Mwyn" ("The sweet verge of drunkenness") are not at all plaintive. There was a national passion for singing; the children being taught to sing from their infancy.

The poems of the twelfth century, as well as Gerald's glowing description of the perfection of the bardic art, show that, in poetry as well as in music, the competition at the Lord Rees' great Eisteddvod must have been very keen.

But many storms of war were to break over the country during the old age of the Lord Rees. His sons wished to enter upon a more aggressive policy, and the attempts of the old prince to restrain them was followed by a struggle between them, and by his own temporary imprisonment. But when, in 1196, Roger Mortimer and William de Braose began to encroach upon Elvel, the Lord Rees, like a lion aroused, scattered Mortimer's army, stormed Pain's Castle, and forced William de Braose to make terms. The chronicler probably wrote his vigorous account of the old chief's last campaign in the new abbey he had founded for the Cistercians at Strata Florida. In the next year the same chronicler summons all his learning to his aid in order to bewail the death of the Lord Rees, "the head and the shield and the strength of the South and of all Wales." They buried him at St. David's.

In the same year died Owen Cyveiliog, bequeathing his Powys and his astuteness to his son Gwenwynwyn. The bountiful Griffith Maelor had died a few years before.

Hugh of Cyveiliog, earl of Chester, died in 1181. His son Randulf Blundeville connects the century of the Lord Rees with the century of the Llywelyns. He was the cousin of Simon de Montfort, and the husband of Constance, heiress of Brittany, widow of

Geoffrey and mother of Arthur, the heir to the English Crown after the day of his grandfather, Henry II.

William, Earl of Gloucester, died in 1183; and the lordship of Glamorgan was carried by his daughter Amicia to Richard de Clare.

William de Braose was to see the new century, but he did not die the death of the just. By helping the new English king, John, he obtained permission to extend his boundaries in Elvel, but two such bad men understood each other too well. He was with John when Arthur died; he had refused to have the custody of Arthur; he knew instinctively what the fate of a child who stood between John and the throne would be. He got new castles in Wales in 1206. But all at once, for some reason that still remains a mystery, John began to persecute him with unrelenting hate. John finally demanded hostages. Maude de St. Valérie, whose arrogant ambition was so heavily punished, knew what the fate of her children would be if entrusted to John. She persuaded her husband to refuse to send them. There was nothing but flight possible. Who would defy the angry king for love of William de Braose? In the year of the Lord Rees' death one of William de Braose's most influential vassals — Trahaiarn Vychan, whose wife was niece to Rees—was on his way to his lord's court at Brecon. When he had reached Llangorse he was arrested and placed in irons. At Brecon he was dragged through the streets at the tails of horses, and then beheaded. The body was hanged by the feet, and so remained for three days. There was not a man through the

whole of Brycheiniog who would willingly draw a bow in defence of William de Braose after 1197. After many vicissitudes he died in exile, a beggar. His wife and eldest child suffered a still harder fate. They fell into the hands of John, who starved them to death in Windsor Castle. But other children were left, and their descendants have done much evil and some good.

Before leaving the twelfth century, with its extremes of good and evil, it will not be amiss, perhaps, to follow an archbishop and an author on a round of visits to princes and barons and bishops in Wales.

VII

A JOURNEY ROUND MEDIÆVAL WALES

THE Lord Rees came to Radnor about Ash Wednesday in 1188, to welcome two priests into his kingdom. They came to tell him that Saladin had captured Jerusalem, and to persuade him to join the Crusaders, who were to wrest the tomb of the Saviour from the unbeliever. The elder was the Archbishop of Canterbury. He became very tired before the circuit of Wales was completed; and once, exhausted by a climb over a difficult pass, he sat on an uprooted oak and declared that the nightingale was wiser than he—the nightingale never entered Wales. But Archbishop Baldwin had a more practical object than preaching a crusade. He wished to establish the authority of his see over the four Welsh dioceses; and he could not celebrate mass in the four Welsh cathedrals by taking a shorter path than a journey around Wales.

His companion was younger. Giraldus Cambrensis was now a man of forty, and was high in the favour of Henry II. He was born at Manorbier Castle—

still inhabited, and still one of the most pleasant spots on the South Wales coast. He inherited his keenness of observation and his practical ability from a Norman father, and his strong likes and dislikes and lovable vanity from a Welsh mother. His relatives had conquered Ireland, and had held the see of St. David. He himself had studied at Paris, and had read his first book to appreciative and learned audiences at Oxford, whom he feasted in princely style. His bold bid for the bishopric of St. David's, his visit with Prince John to Ireland, his intimate knowledge of the court of Henry II. and of the princes of Wales, his vivid imagination and practical daring, fitted him for the great impossible task over which the strength of his life was spent. But now that task had not even taken shape in his mind.

Of few countries are there descriptions so bright and charming as Gerald's description of Wales. Though full of bitter prejudices, and though his imagination was stronger than his conscience, he stands almost unrivalled among all the writers of the Middle Ages for his descriptions of character—national and individual. He might have become the historian of the Crusaders—the archbishop had suggested it. But though Giraldus followed Baldwin through Wales, he did not follow him into Palestine. The journey through Wales had no fatigue for his tall and stalwart body; his interest in dogs and birds, and his love for the mysterious and half-pagan superstitions of his countrymen, brought him some new delight every day, and his vanity, the governing

passion of his life, found a continuous triumph in the influence of his eloquence and the display of his nimble wit. The archbishop is relegated to a very secondary place. There is not much about Saladin, but the sprightly archdeacon and the Wales of the twelfth century appear before us in life-like reality.

After the first crusading sermon preached by Baldwin in Wales, Giraldus first took the cross. He was followed by the bishop of St. David's. It was expected that Rees would follow their example. But, while making preparations, he took time to consider. His wife, Gwendolen, was to settle the question, and the Lord Rees did not go on crusade. His enthusiasm must have been considerably damped by certain canons of St. David's, brought into his presence by some of his chiefs, who besought him not to allow the English archbishop to proceed further, as his progress would involve present loss of honour and future difficulty to the Welsh Church. But Rees was too courteous to withdraw a welcome once given.

Many of the younger men of the wild district around Radnor took the cross; but whatever wonderful tales the archbishop could tell them about the adventures and the miracles of the crusades, they could tell him more wonderful stories of what happened in their immediate neighbourhood—how the son-in-law of Rees killed the buck-horned doe of Gwerthrynion, what happened to a lord who had spent a night with his hounds in the church of Llanavan, and what would happen to any one who touched the magic staff in St. Harmon, or tried

to steal the magic bell from Glasgwm, and how lakes can prophesy in Elvel.

Leaving the bleak districts of Melenydd and Elvel, whose extensive sheep-runs were the scene of many a family feud, they crossed the Wye into Brycheiniog. In all the loveliness of early spring, with its arable lands and rich pastures sheltered by mountains from every blast, its fertile fields a picture of prosperity, its rivers teeming with salmon and trout and grayling, Brycheiniog appeared to Giraldus an ideal spot to live in. As archdeacon of Brecon, he had a house near the castle; and here, he says in words whose modesty cover a world of vanity, contemplating the fleeting nature of things of this world and the eternity beyond, he envied not the wealth and the fame which were not for him.

The superstitions of Brycheiniog he found as interesting as those of Elvel, its feuds more murderous. A boy tried to steal pigeons from a nest which a bird had made in the sanctuary of the church of Llanvaes, and found that his hand had become fixed to the stone on which it leaned. Giraldus had the tale from the lips of this very boy, then an old man; and were not the marks of his five fingers still seen on the stone? The hammered torque of St. Cynog no man dared swear falsely over; even the gospels had not such terror for the mind of the Welshman who wished to swear falsely. The horn of St. Patrick, if you put your ear to the wider end, emitted a melodious sound, like that of a harp gently touched by the wind. But the strangest scene in the district happened at the beginning of August, at a solemn feast which was

held annually in memory of Eluned, one of the daughters of old Brychan Brycheiniog. The country folk filled the church and the churchyard, or marched in procession round the churchyard, led by one who sang. Suddenly they were strangely affected, men and girls alike. They fell down in a state of ecstasy, or jumped in frenzy ; and then began to imitate, with arms and legs, before the assembled multitude, what unlawful work they had done on feast-days. One man guided a plough, another goaded the oxen, chanting the rude plough-boy song of the district. One busily plied the craft of a tailor, another that of a tanner. In another place a girl, with arms extended, drew the thread into a coil from the distaff. Another busily arranged the thread for the web, or threw the shuttle and wove. The mad actors of their unwilling confession were led to the altar, where they offered their oblations and recovered their senses.

Mystery enshrouded the lake Savaddan, guarded by the green heights of the Beacons, among which imagination saw the chair of the great Arthur. Some time before, three men had passed the lake in winter —Milo, earl of Hereford, then lord of Brycheiniog ; Payn Fitz John, lord of Ewyas; and Griffith ap Rees, the father of the Lord Rees who had met the archbishop and the archdeacon. They were returning from the king's court—Milo and Payn being king's councillors and possessing the rich districts around them, while young Griffith laid claim to all and owned very little. A flock of wild fowl on the lake reminded Milo of a Welsh tradition that the birds of Savaddan would sing at the command of the natural prince of

the country. In order to draw from Griffith some talk about his innate nobility, he jocularly reminded him of the insight of the birds into innate royalty. "Thou now holdest that thou art the lord of this land," answered Griffith; "do thou command them first." Milo commanded the birds to sing, but they did not. Payn made the same appeal to them, but in vain. Then Griffith dismounted, prayed as was his wont on the eve of battle, and gave his command to the birds. To the surprise of the retinue, and to the consternation of the two lords, the birds rose together, beating the water with their wings, and began to sing and to proclaim Griffith's innate right. When the tale was told to Henry II., he is said to have declared that, though the Welsh had not might on their side, yet had they right.

Milo had obtained Brycheiniog as the dowry of his wife Sibyl, heiress of Bernard of Neufmarché, the Norman conqueror of the land, and his Welsh wife, Nesta. Of the iniquity of Nesta, Giraldus has much to say. He seems to have hated women in general, and Welshwomen in particular. It was the women who, at the end of every sermon, dissuaded the men from taking the cross. "Nor is it wonderful if a woman follows her innate evil bent. For it is written in Ecclesiastes, 'I have found one good man out of a thousand, but not one good woman.'"

The lord of Brycheiniog who met Giraldus was William de Braose. His atrocious perfidy and evil deeds to God and man were well known to Giraldus. But he was a powerful neighbour, and he made much of the archdeacon, who passes cautiously over his

foulest deeds, and praises him because, whenever he did anything, he said, "Let this be done in the name of the Lord." The great number of such phrases which he introduced into his letters tired his secretaries and bored his correspondents; but the former were paid a gold penny, in excess of their stipend, for the additional labour of making every letter end with the words, "by divine help."

From Brycheiniog the two itinerant preachers and

RUINS OF LLANTHONY ABBEY.

their followers turned to the east, and took the narrow wooded defile at the other end of which, some fifty years before, Richard de Clare and Brian of the Island had met their death. Passing the narrow valley of the Honddu, in which the new walls of the abbey of Llanthony were rising, on their left, they emerged out of the district of ravines, and saw the glorious plain of Gwent opening out before them. At Abergavenny Giraldus remembered the treacherous massacre of the chiefs: he preferred to think it was

the work of the dead Henry II. rather than that of the living William de Braose, and abstains from describing it, lest bad men should think that crime succeeds. Their way now lay across the plain of Gwent. They turned their faces southwards towards Usk, with a vivid sense of the fame of the Gwent bowmen. A certain noble Arthen met them. The archbishop asked him, remembering how his preaching had been defeated by women, whether he would consult his wife before taking the cross; and received an answer which greatly pleased him: "When man's work is to be done, woman's counsel is not to be asked."

At Usk the bishop of Llandaff took the cross, and joined the company. Alexander, archdeacon of Bangor, told the Welsh what the archbishop wished to say. It was noticed that the sermon had most effect on the notorious murderers and robbers of the district.

Leaving the noble forest of Dean on their left, famous even then for its iron as well as for its venison, they followed the Usk to Caerleon. Giraldus describes the Roman remains which recalled to him the glory of this City of the Legions when Arthur gave audience to Roman ambassadors within its palaces, and when it was the metropolitan see of the Church of Wales. Standing on the edge of the then undiscovered South Wales coalfield, he thought that many riches of nature, which will be brought to light by the skill and diligence of the future, lie hidden through the inattention of man.

There was a prophet at Caerleon in Gerald's time.

His name was Meilir, and he could foretell events through the evil spirits which appeared to him. He could not read; but where there was a false statement in a book he saw an evil spirit perched on it. When the evil spirits crowded upon him, the Gospel of St. John was placed on his bosom, and they disappeared like birds; but if Geoffrey of Monmouth's "British History" was substituted, they immediately swarmed back in greater numbers, and sat on the book as well, and remained longer than before.

As they crossed into Morgannwg at Newport, and turned westward, Gerald remembered how King Henry's horse was frightened on this road by the long horns that welcomed him in Gwynllwg, and how the Welsh saw wrath on the king's freckled face; and the sight of the strong castle of Cardiff reminded him of Ivor the Little's exploit, when the little man got over the walls of the castle on a dark night, full as it was of men-at-arms and guards and archers, and carried the earl of Gloucester, the mighty owner of the castle, away.

Gerald continually sees the fulfilment of prophecy, of Merlin or of some more modern seer, and he often seems to be prophesying himself. Passing the island of Barry, whence his family had taken its name, he describes sounds that come from a hole in one of the rocks on the coast of the island. If you put your ear to the hole, you heard the blowing of bellows and the ring of hammers on anvils and the roar of furnaces, as if many smiths were at work. The noises are not prophetic to his practical mind, however, of the time when pleasant Glamorgan should be a vast storehouse

of coal and iron, and Cardiff the third port in the world; they were only the voice of the fury of the waves in the caverns underneath.

On their course westwards the preachers of the Crusade passed the splendid and hospitable Margam, and they and their horses had great difficulty in crossing the quicksands between the Avon and the Neath, though Morgan, the prince of that country, was their guide. "It is a hard country," said one monk on the morrow. "It was much too soft yesterday," was the answer.

They crossed into Gower, and the bishopric of St. David's, at Swansea, leaving Neath Abbey on the right. About this country again Giraldus had a tale to tell. He had been told it by his uncle, the bishop of St. David's, and the bishop had it from the hero of the tale.

A schoolboy, Elidorus, was very fond of play, but not fond of work. He played truant. Two little men came to him and led him, through a dark passage, into a country underground—a country of rivers and meadows, woods and plains—but under a very subdued light. He was taken to the king's court, to teach the little fairy prince how to play. Very small were those men, but well-made, fair, and with long hair falling over their shoulders like that of women. Their horses and greyhounds were proportionately small. They had no oaths, for they hated lying. They had no open worship, being worshippers of truth. Sometimes they went up to Wales, and came back wondering at the ambition, the treachery, and the inconstancy of men. The mortal boy was allowed to come back to see his mother. On her

iniquitous advice he tried to carry with him the golden ball with which the little prince played. He was caught by two fleet little fairy couriers on his mother's threshold, and the ball was taken from him. Never again did he find the path to that fairy Utopia. He had learnt the fairy language, which the bishop thought was very like Greek. It is, of a certainty, suspiciously like Welsh.

They pressed on westwards, and reached Kidwelly, the castle of the Maurice of London who had defeated Gwenllian in battle, and whom his wife persuaded to believe that red deer attacked and devoured sheep. They reached the valley of the Towy; and came to Carmarthen, the birthplace of the magician, Merlin. Its battered brick walls reminded the sojourners of the fierce strife that had waged around it ever since the Normans had seen the Towy. To their left lay the thick woods of the Cantrev Mawr, the home of the princes and of the independence of the south, with the castle of Dynevor rising from it. Gerald's pen could not describe, from sheer horror, the vindictive vengeance of the crown on the men of the commote of Caio, in this cantrev. On their way to Whitland, where the Welsh laws had been drawn up, they found the body of a young Welshman, murdered on his way to meet the archbishop.

When they reached Haverfordwest, they found themselves among the new Flemish colonists—a race willing to dare any danger in pursuit of commerce, whose woollen factories ought to have been better protected by the king. Giraldus gives a flattering picture of them. They had been greatly affected by his sermon, though they understood not a word.

From the hill-tops on their way to St. David's, Gerald caught glimpses of the pleasant land to the south of their path, the home of his youth. His mind first wandered to the castle on the rocky eminence of Pembroke, entrusted as a mere fortress of stakes and turf by Arnulf of Montgomery to Gerald of Windsor. Gerald made it impregnable, and brought up within it a progeny which retained the coast of South Wales and conquered Ireland. His wife was Nest, the beautiful daughter of Rees ap Tudor, and sister of the Griffith who had made the birds of Savaddan sing. She had been wronged by Henry I., and then given in marriage to the castellan of Pembroke. Giraldus Cambrensis was her grandson, and the Lord Rees, who had met him at Radnor, her nephew.

Further south, in a sheltered nook on the south coast, lay the castle of Manorbier, where Giraldus had been born. The memories of childhood crowd upon him — the many turrets, the large fish-pond, the lovely orchard, the tall hazel trees, the mill and never-failing mill-stream, the ships scudding seawards before the east wind. One can, without believing his tales about weasels and demons, pardon him for believing that this lovely spot is the pleasantest in Wales.

The myriad birds on the south Pembrokeshire sea cliffs, especially its large breed of falcons, reminded Gerald of what happened to Henry II., when he passed this way to Ireland. The king saw a falcon perched on a rock. He let loose a fine Norway hawk. The two birds rose higher and

higher together; the end was that the king's hawk dropped dead at his feet.

The procession of cross-marked churchmen came within sight of St. David's, in the extreme west of Wales. The bishop had accompanied them all the way from Radnor, and they found themselves in pleasant quarters. They saw the Vale of Roses, with no roses; the jackdaws that were not afraid of men dressed in black; the Llech Lavar, a stone which groaned when a corpse was carried over it. When Henry II. passed over it on his return from Ireland, a frantic woman called upon Llech Lavar to kill him, according to a prophecy of Merlin. The king walked over it and, finding himself alive, said, "Who will believe Merlin now?" They saw the place from which William Rufus had seen the low green hills of Ireland, which he said he would conquer, without adding "If it is God's will."

A day's journey to the north brought them to the monastery of St. Dogmels, where the Lord Rees entertained them. When they preached on the field overlooking the Teivy, Rees and his two most famous sons—Maelgwn and Griffith—were among their audience. The people seemed to take little interest in the Crusades; what interested them was whether an English archbishop could heal diseases and work miracles. Giraldus saw that the Teivy was a noble river, and he describes how its salmon leapt and how its beavers built their dams. On its banks he saw steep Cilgeran, and on the other side Crug Mawr, the scene of Griffith's victory, the hill on which any armour left in the evening would be found broken in the morning.

Following the Teivy they came to Lampeter, where sermons were preached by the archbishop and the archdeacon, and by the abbots of Whitland and Strata Florida. The Lord Rees and his two sons accompanied them. They spent the night at Strata Florida. Journeying northwards, with the Plinlimmon range on their right, they met another of the sons of Rees, Cynwrig. The young man, tall and handsome, with fair curly hair, and full of innate majesty, was yet but lightly attired for a prince. He wore a thin cloak and inner garment only; his legs and feet were bare, though there were thorns and thistles in the Vale of Flowers. Now that the father and the three sons were together, the archbishop preached in earnest to them; after a dispute between the brothers Maelgwn promised, on conditions remotely possible, that he would go.

They then journeyed on, passing Llanddewi, famous in the history of St. David, and reached Llanbadarn, where they stayed the night. They found here a lay abbot; they saw a man old in iniquity serving at the altar, and were told that the abbot had been seen coming to church with a spear in his hand. Gerald dissimulates his wrath.

When on the morrow they came to the Dovey, the Lord Rees turned back, for this was the northern boundary of his dominions, and of the bishopric of St. David's. Before them lay Gwynedd and the bishopric of Bangor. They crossed the Dovey in a boat, and Maelgwn accompanied them. At Towyn on the following morning, a great-grandson and namesake of Griffith ap Conan, who ruled this district

under his uncle Davydd, came to welcome them. On the way to Barmouth, Giraldus had the first glimpse of the towering mountains of North Wales. The mountains are so steep, he says, that shepherds can converse with each other from the various peaks; if they agreed to meet, it would take them from morning till evening to do so.

They travelled rapidly, noticing the lances of the men of Merioneth. They spent Palm Sunday at Nevin, and hurried on to Carnarvon and Bangor. The bishop entertained them well; but was, by importunity rather than persuasion, forced to take the cross. From Bangor they crossed the Menai to Môn, where Rhodri, son of Owen, met them. Rhodri's sons sat on a rock while the archbishop preached; but would not be persuaded, until misfortune befell them. Gerald saw the great fertility of the island, producing so much corn that it was called the "mother of Wales." He relates the wonders of the island—the stone which always returns of its own accord, though Hugh of Chester had once thrown it into the sea; the church where Hugh of Shrewsbury had placed his dogs overnight, to find them all mad in the morning. He mentions how Magnus, standing on the prow of the first ship of his fleet, sent an arrow into Hugh of Shrewsbury's eye, and in savage triumph said about the prostrate earl, "Let him leap." He remembers that two of his own uncles fought in the island, leading the army which co-operated with the advance of Henry II. against Owen Gwynedd. The islet of Priestholm was then full of hermits and of mice. If there was discord among the saints the

BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

mice devoured their provisions. If this were true of all Wales, rare indeed would have been the feasts of the mice of all generations.

Returning to Bangor, they were shown the double vault before the high altar in which Owen Gwynedd and his brother Cadwaladr had been buried. They took the dangerous path along the sea coast to the valley of the Conway. To their left towered the mountainous mass of Snowdon, and Gerald describes its wonders—its prolific pastures, the lake with a floating island, the lake with the one-eyed fish, and the fabulous eagle which sits periodically on a fatal stone to sharpen its beak in anticipation of the next war. They crossed the Conway under Deganwy, between the sea and the house of the Cistercian monks who had just reached the valley. When they reached the Vale of Clwyd, they were invited by Davydd, son of Owen Gwynedd, to stay at the great castle of Rhuddlan, which had so often changed hands in the recent wars. Thence they visited St. Asaph, the only one of the Welsh cathedrals in which the archbishop had not celebrated mass. The Crusades had already been preached in the diocese of St. Asaph, so they hurried eastwards to Chester. They followed the road along which Henry II. had advanced and retreated, watched and harassed by Owen Gwynedd. They passed through a country rich in minerals, and spent a night at Basingwerk. The following day their way lay through dangerous quicksands, and they could see on their right the woody Coleshill, the scene of Henry II.'s reverse.

After criticising the king's generalship, Gerald tells

a story about a dog. A young Welshman had been killed, and his faithful greyhound kept watch near him for eight days, though famishing, defending the body from the dogs and wolves and birds of prey which followed the army. Its fidelity touched the English, and, out of respect for the dog, they gave the dead Welshman honourable burial.

They crossed the Dee, the meandering of whose sacred waters was prophetic of the issue of the struggle between Wales and England, and spent Easter at Chester. They ate cheese made of the milk of the countess's tame deer, and heard that Harold lies buried at Chester, having escaped from the battle of Senlac.

From Chester they turned south into Powys. The plain of Maelor was governed by Griffith, the vales and hills beyond by his uncle, Owen Cyveiliog. This rich country was famous for its breed of Spanish horses, introduced by Robert of Belesme. Griffith met them before they reached Oswestry. On their way from Oswestry to Shrewsbury they expected to see Owen Cyveiliog, the prince of Powys, famous as a poet and as a statesman. Alone among the princes of Wales, Owen Cyveiliog paid no attention to the archbishop. He was excommunicated; but Gerald dwells on his genius and ability, his justice and wisdom and princely moderation. From Shrewsbury they pressed on to Wenlock, and, passing the prominent castle at Ludlow, they hurried through Leominster to Hereford, thus coming back to the point from which they had started.

During their journey around Wales they persuaded

about three thousand men, well skilled in the use of the bow and the lance, to take the cross. Unfortunately for Wales, fortunately for the countries which would have had to receive these enthusiastic vagabonds, arrangements for delivering their country from them fell through. The archbishop alone went to Palestine to see the crusading armies hungry and despairing, and to die in the pestilential camp around beleaguered Acre.

What was a Welsh home like when the archbishop and the archdeacon approached it? The great hall rose among the cowsheds and sheepfolds. Its hospitable door was always open. "No one of this nation ever begs"; the wayfarer lays his arms down at the door and enters as an honoured guest. Water is offered. If he allows his feet to be washed, he means to stay over night; if he refuses, he wishes to partake of a meal only. In each family the harp was played, and this was the chief means of entertaining guests. The principal meal was prepared at sunset. The hall was strewn with fresh rushes. The guests and members of the family sat down in messes of three, and partook of thin oaten cakes, broth, and chopped meat from wooden bowls and trenchers. The host and hostess attended to the wants of every one, and themselves partook last. Towards evening the hall was laid out for sleeping. The beds were arranged around the walls—rushes covered with the coarse cloth manufactured in the country. In the middle of the hall the peat or wood fire burnt night and day—continuous like the life of the family itself.

Barefoot and thinly clad, the Welsh were a hardy and a healthy race. Men and women alike wore their hair fairly short; the men shaved all but a moustache. The women wore a white veil folded on their heads. In the Welsh romances and the Welsh poets the details of Gerald's picture are filled in; Cynddelw describes the glass windows through which the beauty of the maidens of Powys shone upon him, in the Mabinogion there are many descriptions of chiefs' halls, sometimes draped in the mystery of magic, sometimes in the sober reality of every-day life, sometimes ruined and weather-beaten.

Gerald's sympathies were not with the Welsh. He describes himself as equally connected by birth with them and with their conquerors; it is his duty, and his delight, to describe their virtues and their failings with an unsparing hand. Their virtues are their frugality and hospitality, their quickness of understanding and ready wit, their delight in music and oratory, their reverence for tradition and religion, and their desperate bravery in the first rush of battle. Their faults are inconstancy, disregard of promises, bitter feuds, and flight when checked in battle. In describing marriage within prohibited degrees, Giraldus shows, not only a lack of sympathy, but a lack of knowledge. The exclusiveness which confined marriage within the families of the reigning class, however repugnant to an ecclesiastic who believed in the unreasonable mediæval prohibition of the marriage of distant relatives, was the basis of the whole political system of the Wales of the period

of the princes. Among the princes of North Wales whom Gerald saw many were regarded by him as illegitimate. Among these was Davydd, son and successor of Owen Gwynedd, who entertained him at Rhuddlan; for Davydd's father and mother, Owen and Christiana, were cousins. At this time Llywelyn was a youth of twelve. His father Griffith was a son of Owen Gwynedd, and legitimate even from Gerald's point of view; but a disfigured broken nose was a blemish which excluded him from the Welsh throne. Davydd failed to rule in spite of his marriage with a sister of Henry II. Llywelyn succeeded in spite of his youth and apparently insuperable difficulties. Gerald, reflecting on the later glory of Llywelyn, saw in his success a proof of his own views with regard to the marriage of relatives.

But, before Llywelyn the Great tried to place the political independence of Wales on a secure basis, Gerald himself, who had shown how the Welsh could be conquered and governed, became the champion of the independence of their church. Between 1198 and 1204 he threw himself into a struggle for the independence of the Welsh Church.

Wales, as a portion of the upper Roman province, ought to have been part of the archbishopric of York; but the religious ascendancy of Canterbury gradually and silently followed the extension of English overlordship. The Church of Wales took but a grudging part in the conversion of England to Christianity. It defied the growing power of Rome until 809, retaining its own method of tonsure and its own calculation of

the date of Easter. Between its subjection to the Church of Rome and the Norman Conquest, individual bishops raised a weak voice occasionally against political oppression, but its lack of unity and organisation made the Church sadly incompetent to deal with the difficulties of those iron times. The Normans breathed into it the spirit of the monastic revival, but the revival was associated with the supremacy of Canterbury. From about 1100 the English archbishop interferes. In 1198 Gerald declared the independence of the Church of Wales, with St. David's, the church of its patron saint, as the seat of its archbishop. Three times he journeyed to Rome. With indomitable courage, and with the whole energy of his versatile genius, he appealed to Innocent III. to maintain the cause of the Church of Wales against Canterbury and John of England.

Gerald failed, and the four Welsh dioceses became subject to Canterbury. His efforts were not, however, without important results. He awoke the Welsh church to a consciousness of its unity. He taught the Welsh princes to appeal to the Pope as a great international protector of the just cause of the weak. He taught the Welsh princes to support the national church. Among those to whom he appealed were the Maelgwn and Rees he had met by Teivy side. Among them was also a younger prince, Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, whose rapidly rising power was recognised by the keen-eyed ecclesiastic.

VIII

LLYWELYN THE GREAT

LLYWELYN THE GREAT is the most important figure in mediæval Welsh history. He combined the daring generalship of Cadwaladr with the cautious statesmanship of Owen Gwynedd. He enjoyed a very long reign, from 1194 to 1240; and thus, for nearly half a century, Wales was spared the periodic reaction against centralisation, which followed every strong reign, and in which was discovered the prince best fitted to succeed. He watched one of the most interesting periods of English history, the period of the struggle between king and barons, which resulted in Magna Carta and its re-issues. He was a tower of strength to the barons, and three clauses in the great charter of English liberty describe his privileges and recognise the independence of the law he administered. It was his work in Wales that made Welsh chieftain and English baron alike regard him as Great; it was his intimate knowledge of English politics and his diplomatic skill that made the English historians give him that title.

Between 1194 and 1201 he tried to secure himself on the throne of Gwynedd. His first difficulty was from members of his own family. His uncle Davydd was still supported by the English, and from his retirement in pleasant Ellesmere he watched every opportunity for regaining his kingdom. His cousins, rewarded with many of the provinces of Gwynedd, regarded the growth of Llywelyn's power with anxiety; and Meredith ap Conan, who ruled rebelliously over wild Meirionnydd, found himself in Llywelyn's prison.

From Powys and the South Llywelyn was jealously watched. Gwenwynwyn of Powys, whose tortuous policy gives so much of its picturesqueness and confusion to the reign of Llywelyn, had defied William Longchamp, who ruled over King Richard's realm; Griffith had made the South the most powerful and aggressive province in Wales. Neither wished to see the revival and extension of the sovereignty of Gwynedd.

Between 1201 and 1208 Llywelyn emerged out of many of his difficulties by his alliance with John. His marriage with Joan, the English king's daughter, cemented the alliance — unpopular in Wales, but necessary for the working out of Llywelyn's plans. Davydd was disarmed by the English alliance, and Llywelyn had no rival that he need fear. Gwenwynwyn found himself between two powerful enemies, and saw John and Llywelyn closing around him. While Llywelyn overran Powys, John advanced to Shrewsbury and captured Gwenwynwyn himself. Llywelyn lost no time in consolidating Wales, while

protected on the east by John. Maelgwn ap Rees fled from Aberystwyth before him, and Llywelyn revived the alliance with the South by sharing Ceredigion with the sons of Rees ap Griffith. Having thus extended his dominions until they touched those of the sons of Rees, during the growing distrust of John, he marched northwards and attacked the castles, old and new, by means of which Ranulf of Chester tried to maintain his hold on the northern coast— Deganwy, Rhuddlan, Holywell, and Mold. John now saw that, for a vassal and son-in-law, Llywelyn was too powerful.

Between 1208 and 1212 Llywelyn had to make head against a determined attack by John. The king took advantage of the reaction against Llywelyn's new consolidation, and formed a ring of enemies around him—the earl of Chester, the restored Gwenwynwyn and two of the sons of Rees—Maelgwn and Rees the Hoarse, who wished to get Ceredigion and Ystrad Towy by the king's help. The other two sons of Rees, Griffith and Owen, held the South in strong alliance with Llywelyn.

John led his great motley host of English and Welsh along the coast from Chester. When he reached Deganwy, at Whitsuntide, he found that Llywelyn had removed all his flocks to the inaccessible mountains that frowned before him. So great was the scarcity in the bare, devastated land that an egg sold for a penny halfpenny, and horseflesh was considered a rare delicacy. The king fell back, but came again in harvest time. He crossed the Conway at last and penetrated to Bangor. He

burnt the cathedral, and the bishop was only ransomed for two hundred hawks. When he saw so great an army in the heart of his own country, harrying without mercy, Llywelyn sent Joan to make peace with her father on any terms. They were hard enough. Twenty thousand kine and all the land beyond the Conway formed part of what Llywelyn had to give. And soon the two sons of Rees who remained faithful to him had to make an equally humiliating peace.

The triumph of John was but a momentary one. Llywelyn soon saw him deserted and betrayed by his late Welsh allies; and he threw himself, between 1212 and 1215, into the work of uniting and organising the various elements of discontent. Everything seemed to favour him. Wales, lately so jealous and disunited, suddenly became united, and the chieftains summoned Llywelyn to lead them. They had discovered that John had conquered Wales for himself, not for them. From the king's castles the chiefs were ruled with a rod of iron, by barons whose policy was more tyrannical in its merciless meanness than that of their master. From Cardiff the seneschal could watch the gradual dispossessing of the sons of Rees. At Aberystwyth, Faulkes de Breauté, whose unscrupulous and godless daring was beginning to shock even the forsworn barons of that age, strengthened a castle which perpetuated the separation of North and South. From a new castle at Mathraval, the ancient home of the princes of Powys, Robert Vipont carried devastation, in the name of justice, to the fairest districts of the Severn

and the Wye. Embittered by their disappointment, the repentant princes turned to Llywelyn. Gwenwynwyn, Maelgwn, Rees the Hoarse, and all the chieftains of the border lands, appealed to him. Llywelyn found himself prince of all Wales, and his power greater than ever. The rage of the king knew no bounds. Robert Vipont hanged a little hostage at Shrewsbury, Maelgwn's son Rees, though the child was not seven years old. Later John wreaked his vengeance on. Madoc, another son of the turbulent but suffering Maelgwn, whom he hanged with a number of the Welsh hostages.

Civilisation seemed to be at a standstill during those years of misery and blind crime. No bell had tolled in Wales for five years, the energy of the Cistercians had turned into spiritual paralysis, and the curse of the Church lay on the harried land. In 1212 Llywelyn entered into negotiations with Innocent III. The Pope released Llywelyn, Gwenwynwyn, and Maelgwn from their allegiance to John, and the interdict was removed from Wales. The whole authority of the Church was now exercised in order to help Llywelyn to unite Wales and to attack John.

Llywelyn's quarrel with John drove him back into an alliance with the English barons, and the king vainly tried to win his support. The barons presented their claims to the king early in January, 1215, in a series of forty-nine articles, two of which claim redress of grievances for Llywelyn and the return of his son and other hostages. While the barons, on the king's vain attempts to put off their

demands during the spring and early summer, were breaking out into open opposition, their ally Llywelyn marched on Shrewsbury, and was joined by the powerful bishop of Hereford and by many of the border barons. In Magna Carta, accepted by the king June 15, there are three clauses to protect the interests of Llywelyn. The king promised to reinstate all Welshmen dispossessed of their lands or liberty illegally, and recognised that all disputes were to be decided by the law of England in England, by March law in the Marches, and by the law of Wales in Wales.

His alliance with the barons enabled Llywelyn not only to unite the Welsh princes in a closer alliance than had ever been known before, but also to unite with them, by alliance or marriage, the border families with whom he had co-operated in securing the Great Charter.

While Llywelyn and his allies had swept over the border lands, from the Dee to the Usk, Maelgwn ap Rees and his nephews overran Dyved, except Cemmes only; and then, marching eastwards, all the castles to the south of their dominions, from Kidwelly to Senghenydd, fell before them. Llywelyn, followed by the chiefs of Gwynedd, and all the princes of Powys, came to their aid. The winter was mild and the campaign successful. Carmarthen surrendered, castle after castle in Dyved and Ceredigion were taken by his numerous army, the men of Cemmes swore fealty to him. When he turned back, Pembroke and Glamorgan alone—the one the stronghold of the Marshalls, the other the cherished possession of

the powerful earls of Gloucester—had not been subdued.

While in England the king and the barons were renewing their quarrel, Llywelyn tried to secure Wales against the frequent quarrels between princes, which made strength and prosperity impossible. So much land had been regained by Llywelyn and his host for the princes of the South, that private wars between the brothers Maelgwn and Rees the Hoarse and their young nephews, concerning the apportioning of them, were inevitable. Llywelyn tried to establish a council of princes, in which all dissensions between princes were to be settled. The first great council met at Aberdovey. The marshy valley, surrounded by mountains glowing with golden furze and purple heather, haunted by traditions of mystic bells and of the winged throne of ancient Maelgwn Gwynedd, was a fit meeting-place for such an assembly. From it the princes of Gwynedd and Powys and the South could see their own territories, and could almost converse while each stood on his own land. Llywelyn summoned all the princes before him as judges, and brought the wise men of Gwynedd as advisers. The South was parcelled out among the sons and grandsons of the Lord Rees; and peace reigned over a land so often cursed by a war between kindred.

What if any of the princes defied the decrees of Llywelyn's great council of princes? The most powerful of them, the far-sighted Gwenwynwyn of Powys, soon did. He saw that the council perpetuated the supremacy of Gwynedd when its protection was no

longer necessary ; he thought that King John, now at peace with Innocent, might eventually crush the barons. He threw off his allegiance to Llywelyn, and made his peace with John. Llywelyn tried every possible means to recall him to the community of Welsh princes, sent bishops and abbots to show him his written promises of alliance and allegiance. When all appeals had proved unavailing, Llywelyn again summoned the whole host of chiefs, from Môn to Gower. He marched into Powys and drove Gwenwynwyn into helpless flight, taking all his land into his own hands. Each chief now knew that he could appeal to Llywelyn's council, or summon to his aid Llywelyn's army.

Llywelyn tried to perpetuate the alliance with the English border barons, an alliance gradually giving place to allegiance. In the struggle for Magna Carta, he had found an ally in Giles, bishop of Hereford, head of the powerful house of Braose. On the death of the bishop, he made the alliance with his brother Reginald de Braose closer by giving him his daughter in marriage. Later on, he gave another daughter in marriage to Ralph Mortimer, head of the great family whose sway extended over the whole of the middle March. He also succeeded in turning the earl of Chester into an ally.

Between the death of King John in October, 1215, and the death of the younger William Marshall in 1226, Llywelyn was engaged in a struggle with the Marshalls. He was the champion of the English barons against the Marshalls as the king's ministers, and the champion of his own chiefs against them as

earls of Pembroke. Llywelyn the Great and William Marshall—both organisers, both great in council, both anxious to substitute compromise and arbitration for blind war—are the two most interesting figures of these times of great beginnings. The aim of William Marshall was to reconcile king and barons on the basis of the Great Charter which is still the first statute in the English Statute Book, the first limitation by statute of the king's arbitrary power. Before this reconciliation could take place, one of the two parties was to subdue the other. William Marshall desired the victory of the king, Llywelyn desired the victory of the barons. Had John lived, Llywelyn's plans would have succeeded. But, on the accession of the young king, Henry the Third, the barons found the French king an unpopular champion of their cause, William Marshall found himself able to appeal to the patriotism of the English, and the Welsh prince heard of the defeat of the barons and the French at Lincoln.

William Marshall, one of the new ministers of Henry II., was well calculated to conciliate the young king and the barons. He himself had remained faithful to John, but his sons had been with the barons, and one of them had signed Magna Carta. Trusting the constitutional instincts of the wise and experienced councillor of the young king, and seeing that the king would eventually win, the barons began to make their peace with the boy king who was to rule according to Magna Carta. Among those who turned to the king was Reginald de Braose, lord of Builth.

The defection of Reginald immediately brought Llywelyn to the border, to help the sons of Rees. Builth was overrun, Brecon found resistance vain, the whole of Brycheiniog was occupied; and then Llywelyn crossed the Black Mountains and encamped in the upper valley of the Tawe. While the rich districts of Morgannwg and Gower and Dyved lay at his feet, Reginald de Braose came with six knights and renewed his allegiance. He had to be content with the single castle of Senghenydd, in the district ruled by Rees the Hoarse. Llywelyn turned westwards to Dyved, where the Flemings of Haverfordwest swore allegiance to him. At the intercession of the bishop and clergy of St. David's, who came to meet Llywelyn, peace was made between the English and the Welsh in Dyved. Llywelyn was now on the border of William Marshall's land, and almost within sight of Pembroke. He had no wish to precipitate a quarrel with the Marshalls, but he set definite bounds to aggression in Dyved. After his return the alliance between the Welsh chiefs and English border barons was drawn closer by the marriage of Margaret, Llywelyn's daughter, with John de Braose; and by the marriage of Rees the Hoarse with a daughter of Earl Clare. By this time, William Marshall had made peace in England; and the great prince and the great earl, both shaping the policy of a new generation that was rising around them, found themselves face to face.

The power of William Marshall was very great. He governed the policy of the king; he could command the whole strength of the kingdom. He had

vast Irish possessions, from which armies could be drawn. From the impregnable castle of Pembroke he could shape the destiny of England on the one hand and Ireland on the other. The conquerors of the fertile lands on the south coast of Wales looked to him as their natural protector against Llywelyn, who placed Welsh chiefs to rule over them, and against chiefs like Rees the Hoarse, who tried to regain all the land for his Welsh dependents. Though he himself was old, he had a goodly progeny of sons and daughters, who were to carry on his work with an enthusiasm that deserved better success, before the sons were laid to rest with their father in the Temple Church, and the daughters with their mother in the peaceful beauty of Tintern. It was inevitable that William Marshall and Llywelyn should be rivals in Wales: the English barons continually claimed Llywelyn's support; Llywelyn's chiefs often appealed to William Marshall.

On the death of the elder Marshall in 1219, his son, the younger William Marshall, became the representative of the king's power in Wales, and the centre of opposition to Llywelyn. The aggression in Dyved began again. Llywelyn summoned his princes, and in a rapid destructive march of five days he razed the castles of Narberth and Gwys and burnt Haverfordwest. The war went on for five or six years; sometimes Llywelyn would carry it within sight of Pembroke itself, sometimes William Marshall would recover even Carmarthen and Cardigan.

The castles were no longer impregnable, their towers were battered by mangonels, their walls were

undermined, and fierce assaults took the place of the old weary sieges. The burgesses suffered more severely, because, when a town was taken by assault, their merchandise became the spoils of the victor. Llywelyn, however, had no love for wanton destruction. When he himself led a campaign in person, though he was one of the most skilled in the military engineering of the time, he preferred submission and a fine to the great loss of life and property involved in burning a town in order to take its castle.

More potent than Llywelyn's skill in razing castles was the characteristic rapidity of his movements. His system of intelligence was perfect; almost before the rebellion of a discontented vassal had taken shape, Llywelyn's army was on the march. By swift and certain punishment, he taught a generation of faithless chiefs and perjured barons something like his own veneration for solemn covenants. The rebellion of William de Braose was immediately followed by the loss of Builth, the defection of Rees the Hoarse brought him the immediate loss of Kidwelly, the turbulence of Llywelyn's own son Griffith was ruthlessly punished by the forfeiture of Meirionnydd. The discontented saw that upon fidelity to the great king depended their success, and that treachery, while bringing immediate ruin to them, increased his power; for, though generous to the faithful, Llywelyn took into his own hands land that had been forfeited for treason. William Marshall could win victories on the borders of his own earldom, but no Welsh chief who appealed to him could he defend for a day against Llywelyn.

Though always successful in war, Llywelyn knew that his real strength was in diplomacy. He weakened the Marshalls by alliance with their English rivals, the earl of Chester, the Lacy family, and Faulkes de Breauté. When summoned to the king's court to Shrewsbury or Ludlow, in order that the war between him and the Marshalls might be brought to an end, he always went. He thought that he would be more powerful in the king's court than in isolated petty independence; and not without reason, for he generally had the master reach, and his enemies were more afraid of him in council than on the battlefield.

The change in the relations between the Marshalls and the Crown greatly helped Llywelyn. The war between him and William Marshall had become a war with the king of England. But Henry carried the war on with difficulty, if not unwillingly. Aimless campaigns, endless skirmishing, the building of an unfinished castle called Hubert's Folly, the continual ravaging by both armies of the border lands from Oswestry to Hereford, the renewal of Llywelyn's homage to the king and the continual increase of his power, were the chief results of the war. It was seen that the old dissensions between the king and the nobles were re-appearing. Henry admired the worth and ability of William Marshall, but he feared his power. He and his foreign advisers saw that he could not rule according to his own will as long as Hubert de Burgh, the representative of English insular patriotism, and William Marshall, the champion of Magna Carta, were

allowed to direct his policy. Hubert de Burgh was accused, among other things, of plotting with Llywelyn, the old ally of the barons. William Marshall lost the king's favour; and his brother Richard, who succeeded him on his death, broke out into open rebellion, and made common cause with Llywelyn. With the earl of Pembroke as his ally, Llywelyn could defy the king. They took the castles of Abergavenny and Cardiff, they defeated the king's army in a great battle at Grosmont; and it was only by the heroism of its garrison and the timely arrival of the English fleet that Carmarthen, now the solitary castle remaining faithful to the king in Wales, was saved from being captured again by Llywelyn.

But Llywelyn's mind was not bent now on the extension of his boundaries and the number of his victories. Through his long life of unbroken, energetic action he had longed for peace. Old age was now coming upon him: a palsied limb reminded him of the speedy close of his military career. The companions of his youth and manhood had died around him—some the heroes of his battles, others the hostages which had returned to him blinded. Joan his wife had died at his court at Aber—"Aber of the White Shells"—and had been buried in a new graveyard near the Menai, in the quiet repose of low-lying Môn, and within sight of the mountains among which she had shared Llywelyn's anxiety, and which she had once crossed to make peace between him and her father John. Maelgwn ap Rees, whom he had always trusted, and to whom he

gave the most important castles of the South, had left a castle unfinished, and lay buried in the chapter house of Strata Florida. Rees the Hoarse, of more daring ambition and more chequered fidelity, had been laid to rest in the grave of his father, the Lord Rees, in far St. David's. Howel ap Griffith ap Conan, his kinsman and adviser, was buried in Llywelyn's new monastery at Aberconway. Maelgwn ap Cadwallon lay in the peaceful sanctuary of Cwm Hir. The two sons of Griffith—Rees of perennial youth and faithful Owen—had also been gathered to their fathers in the chapter house of Strata Florida. Of those who had surrounded Llywelyn in peaceful conclave at Aberdovey, there only remained the aged Meredith ap Robert, great of counsel in Cedewein.

Llywelyn looked, with keen insight, into the future. He saw that the abiding power in England was that of the king. He saw that the barons could only limit his power when he ruled unwisely. He saw that, in Wales, a strong hand was necessary for the subjection of Welsh chiefs and border barons. He saw, above all things, the supreme necessity for peace.

In spite of the number of his campaigns and his unfailing readiness to undertake them when necessary, Llywelyn's efforts to preserve peace had been unremitting. He struck so heavily, because all entreaties to his faithless chiefs had been unavailing, and because generous protection had been thrown away upon them. Like Owen Gwynedd before him, he realised that England, however weak and divided, was invincible; the aim of his life had not been to

throw himself into a hopeless struggle against the English king, but to develop the prosperity of his own country in peaceful amity.

He had married daughters to the most powerful border families—to the Braose family, which ruled the southern portion of the borders; to the Mortimers, who ruled over the central portion; and to the last earl of Chester, who held the northern Marches. He had fortified himself by an alliance with Scotland; he and Alexander had supported the barons who won the Great Charter. And, at the end of his life, he tried to secure for Wales the continuation of the peace he had introduced, by placing it in feudal dependence on the English king. Perpetual peace was to be established by treaty, and the prince of Wales was to support the king of England in any foreign war. The treaty was made through the bishops of Chester and Hereford, and Llywelyn made his chief nobles also parties to it. But many of them did not conceal their unwillingness.

It was not easy for him to give away the semblance of Welsh independence, even in order to retain the reality of it. It involved the succession of Davydd, his son by an English mother, and the cousin of the king of England; it involved the disinheriting of Griffith, born of a Welsh mother. Davydd was effeminate, Griffith was able and energetic; his energy had to be curbed more than once by long confinement in his father's prison. Griffith had been entrusted with the command of the army; Davydd figured in all pageants. Griffith represented the war policy into which Llywelyn was often drawn;

Davydd the peace policy for which he never ceased to yearn.

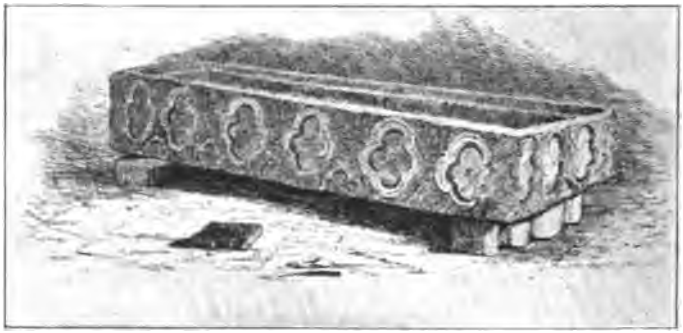
The princes were summoned in harvest time, 1238, to the monastery of Strata Florida, nestling in a nook in green Plinlimmon, less grand than the scene of the earlier council, but more sacred, because it was the home of the Cistercians, and the hallowed resting-place of the fathers of many of the chiefs who were summoned to this last council of the great prince. The aged leader asked the assembled chiefs to swear allegiance to Davydd as his successor. The oath was taken, for the will of Llywelyn was law. But the sympathy of many was with Griffith, and with his policy of hostile independence of England.

Llywelyn could strike hard in the cause of justice and peace at the end of his reign, but he could not reconcile the two sons whose jealousy of each other was so fatal to the continuation of his plans. He retired to the Cistercian monastery he had founded by the Conway; and there he died, April 11, 1240.

Death hid from Llywelyn the Great the hopelessness of his plans. No greater policy had been formed by any Welsh prince: none had been followed more consistently or more energetically. But it was the grandeur of his own personality that gave its success a semblance of possibility. As soon as he was laid to rest at Aberconway, the English king and the Welsh chiefs discovered that his ideal, so real as long as his own presence was felt, had departed with him.

The saddest fact in the story of Wales is the disappearance of the ideal of her greatest prince. It is

emphasised by contrast with the success of institutions which owe their origin to the times, if not to the policy, of his worthless English father-in-law. In 1213 John summoned a great council to Oxford which, after some years of abeyance, developed into the English Parliament; in 1215 Llywelyn summoned the chiefs of his country to a great council at Aberdovey, which, after twenty-five years of brilliantly successful work, disappeared for ever. It is empha-



STONE COFFIN OF LLYWELYN THE GREAT.
(*Removed to Gwydir Chapel at the dissolution of Maenan Abbey.*)

sised by contrast with the petty schemes and divided counsels which made Wales again a prey to its English invader, because, by swerving back to its old selfish jealousies, it deserved the loss of its independence. Everything that is mean or brutal or dishonourable in later Welsh history is made doubly sordid by contrast with the grandeur of Llywelyn's reign. The guilty conscience of a country which spurned the peace he had welcomed and the unity

he had established, one may almost say, is seen in the oblivion to which his memory has been allowed to fall, in the neglected grave of Joan, and in the empty stone coffin of Llywelyn.

The central idea of his policy was the great council of chiefs. It was to be a legislative, an executive, and a judicial body. It was to represent the unity of the country under one supreme prince of Wales. It was to sanction the actions of the prince, it was to decide who was to succeed him. It was to decide upon rival claims to land, it was to furnish the prince with an army to crush any chief who refused to abide by its decisions. In short, it was to put an end to the two chief causes of the weakness of Wales—disputes concerning the succession to the supreme power, and disputes between kindred chiefs about the partition of their land. During Llywelyn's reign, the council simply ratified the decrees of Llywelyn, but it might have been trained to take independent action under his successor. The best tribute to its success, as long as Llywelyn lived, was the faithfulness of the best and ablest chiefs to the system of which it was the soul.

The prince jealously guarded the settlement made by the council at Aberdovey. When he appealed to the chiefs for help against a recalcitrant member, or against an invader, not a man hung back. It was this spirit of discipline, even more than his mastery of the art of castle razing, that enabled Llywelyn to move so rapidly and to do so much in such short campaigns.

Llywelyn, as a virtual representative of the chiefs,

was the strong arm of the law. Even at the end of his reign, with its thickening difficulties, no one thought that his arm was palsied. At one end of Wales, the Earl Clare let go his hold of a castle he had unjustly seized, from sheer terror of Llywelyn. At the other end Meredith ap Madoc, the grandson of Griffith Maelor, was deprived of all his lands for fratricide.

Llywelyn sympathised with the belated attempt of Giraldus Cambrensis to regain the independence of the Welsh Church, but he does not seem to have tried to appoint bishops; such an attempt would have brought him into open rupture with the Pope and with the king of England. Neither were bishops always men of peace: the fiery bishop of Bangor took a very independent political attitude during the closing years of Llywelyn's reign. But his sympathy with the new religious reformers was an active sympathy. Like his grandfather, he was a munificent patron of the Cistercians; and it was among them, in the new monastery at Aberconway, and not with his ancestors in Bangor Cathedral, that he was buried. He also welcomed the Mendicant Orders; and built a priory for the Franciscans at Llan Vaes, in Môn, in honour of his wife, who had been buried there.

While welcoming new sources of culture, Llywelyn was the bounteous patron of a brilliant generation of bards, whose jealousy of the monks and friars had been barely awakened. Cynddelw, the most majestic of the poets of the age, gives a spirited description of his battles; most of the bards lay stress also on his

courtesy and kindness, and especially on his appreciation of the poetic art. To Einion he is the generous patron of bards as well as the maintainer of peace in Wales; to Elidir the "hawk of battle," with his extensive flight, is also the mild and merciful monarch; and Davydd Benvras, in a masterly elegy, gives eloquent voice to the despair which the death of the "great leader of Wales" brought to the thoughtful men of the time.

The monk, who despised the art and condemned the passion of the bard in the solitude of Strata Florida or Aberconway, though he had wasted all his pedantry over lesser men, seems hushed into silence by the death of Llywelyn, and to shrink from the task of describing his full and glorious reign.

It is too sweeping an assertion to say that Llywelyn left no trace on the constitutional history of Wales. A chronicler who wrote before his reign, and a chronicler who wrote later, would look at the ever-changing crowd of princes from a different point of view. Before Llywelyn's time the Welsh land is a remnant of Britannia, the Welsh freemen the heirs of the Britons, the two marks of their ancient supremacy being their independence and their language. Every ambitious chief could appeal to the glorious "British name," not only as a precious heritage to be defended against attacks by the kings of England, but as an excuse for rebellion against any Welsh unity or overlordship. An appeal to a traditional unity so vague and shadowy was practically an assertion of independence of any new unity.

From Llywelyn's time the despised name of Cymry, regarded a generation earlier as a term of reproach to express degeneracy, takes the place of the proud name of Britons. The old vague unity becomes definite and real. The chiefs no longer justified their independence and their aggression by their British descent; their relations to Llywelyn were defined in charters solemnly attested, and which were shown them if they tried to regain their anarchic independence. They were now "princes of Cymru," members of Llywelyn's council, owing allegiance to their great Cymric chief. The name of Britain was still used by the bards, but only as a poetic name for the Wales over which Llywelyn ruled, and which his mighty host defended.

Llywelyn had discovered what the natural boundaries of Wales were. Partly from practical wisdom, and partly from the fatalism which had given its pathos to the life of his grandfather, Owen Gwynedd, and its charm to the song of his uncle Howel, he had given up the Celtic luxury of scheming against the inevitable. He had seen that mountain and plain remained, while race and language changed. The new unity was not a racial one, neither was it based on common language: it was simply territorial. The Flemish burgesses of Haverfordwest and the scions of the Norman conquerors of Buallt, as well as the pure-blooded chiefs of Eryri, swore allegiance to him. He was the patron of the English monks who refused a grave in their holy precincts to the purest of Welsh bards, and of the bards who thought that even a Cistercian monastery would be honoured by possess-

ing their graves. He was the friend of the Welsh princes who found delight in the bright imagination of artistic Gwalchmai, or in the neat suggestive phrases and quiet humour of a skilled narrator of the tales of Arthur. At the same time he was the friend of the Welshman Gerald, who, in interesting Latin, described the failures of his countrymen so vividly and so mercilessly.

The new unity did not efface the old territorial divisions. This, indeed, would have been an impossibility. However often the cantrevs were divided, the commotes, of which the cantrevs were composed, were always given to chiefs of the same near kin, brothers or cousins. The commotes, though often re-distributed, were never divided. The cantrevs and the commotes were taken as units for the central administration. Llywelyn neither interfered with the ordinary customs of the cantrevs, nor with the extraordinary privileges of some of them, defined as they were by unbroken development, and by the persistent traits of common kinship and peculiarity of dialect. By substituting a court of appeal for private war, he gave greater fixity to existing boundaries. In one sense, local independence grew with the growth of the central power. Stormy revolutions gave place to the quiet development of law.

The policy of Llywelyn is more modern than that of any native prince of Wales. He foresaw the eventual political fate of the country he had consolidated. Its strongly marked geographical configuration, the patriotism which redeemed the selfishness of his chiefs and united them even at

the sacrifice of lower interests, the unity of thought which made possible the strong and universal literary awakening of his time—all were proofs to him of the eternal independence of his land of mountains. On the other hand he saw it prone to internal strife, impatient of strong centralisation, perverse when stagnant, and rebellious when progressive. He saw that unity was impossible as long as any chief could appeal to a hostile king of England, and that the independence of Wales must be its independence as a part of a more extensive kingdom. The experience of his long reign, so full in its intensity and variety, had enabled him to see very far into the future. The Welsh opposition to his statesmanlike proposal to Henry III. was as shortsighted as the English construction placed upon it was sordid. He had seen that the independence which is natural to Wales, and the unity which is natural to the islands of Britain, are not inconsistent.

But to the Welsh and to the English mind of his day, the two ideas were mutually exclusive. His son Griffith believed that allegiance to England meant the destruction of the independence of Wales; his son Davydd believed, at first at any rate, that the independence of Wales pre-supposed the unsleeping hostility of England. The policy of allegiance died with the childless Davydd; the idea of independence was transmitted by the unfortunate Griffith as an impossible task to his son Llywelyn, and it died with him.

But the ideas of Llywelyn were finally realised by a statesman who may be regarded as one of his

descendants. Llywelyn's daughter Gladys married Ralph Mortimer. Her descendant, well within the ninth generation, became the true heir to the throne of England and of Wales. In spite of Glendower's help, he did not get the throne. But his claim was carried by his sister Anne to the House of York. Elizabeth of York was the mother of Henry VIII., who gave Wales a new unity and a voice in the Parliament of England and Wales. But, before we look so far into the future, we must see what was done immediately after his death by Llywelyn's sons.

CRICCIETH CASTLE.

(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

IX

THE FATE OF LLYWELYN'S IDEALS

DAVYDD II., at his accession, determined to carry out his father's far-sighted policy. He was a mild and conciliatory man, but his insuperable difficulties forced him into extreme measures and sudden changes of policy. His brother Griffith, representing the chiefs who wished complete independence of England, he regarded as the chief obstacle to his policy; his chief help would be the support of his uncle, the king of England, who would allow him to continue his father's strong rule in Wales. He embittered his brother in order to conciliate Henry III. and then he discovered that his faithless uncle had been plotting his own ruin from the beginning.

It was in order that peace might be established between Wales and England that Llywelyn had passed over his eldest son, the warlike and impetuous Griffith, and used his influence over his chiefs to accept the younger Davydd as their prince. Griffith had already rebelled against his father's policy, but he could find no following while

Llywelyn ruled, and revolt was followed by a captivity of six weary years. Before the council of princes at Strata Florida, a conference between the two brothers had been arranged by Richard, bishop of Bangor. Griffith and his son were arrested on their way, and imprisoned in Criccieth Castle, standing on a rock that seems to rise gloomily from the very surge of the wild Irish sea.

In May, 1241, "Davydd, and the barons of Wales," to quote the Welsh chronicler's new feudal terms, "came to Gloucester to become the men of the king, his uncle." The relations between king and prince were defined, and difficulties were to be adjusted by the legate Otto, the bishops of Worcester and Norwich, the earl of Cornwall, and John of Monmouth, who represented the king, and by the bishop of St. Asaph, Ednyved, and Einion, who represented Davydd. Davydd was thus represented by his father's trusted advisers, and he had good reasons for hoping that his father's policy had the sympathy of the legate and of the earl of Cornwall, the king's brother.

Papal support and ties of relationship were but broken reeds, and Davydd's submission increased rather than diminished his difficulties. The appearance of Walter Marshall with an army in the valley of the Teivy, and the departure of the legate Otto, followed almost immediately after the allegiance and the peace.

The lonely prisoner on the rock of Criccieth had able and indefatigable supporters. Richard, bishop of Bangor, left Wales, excommunicating Davydd as

he went, to plead Griffith's case before the king. Senena, the devoted wife of Griffith, united the opposition to Davydd, and negotiated with the king. The opposition to Davydd was twofold—the opposition of the irreconcilable Welsh party, and the opposition of the border princes and barons, who feared the final ascendancy of Gwynedd, Roger of Monthaut, seneschal of Chester; Griffith, son of Gwenwynwyn, prince of Powys; Griffith ap Madoc, lord of Bromfield; Ralph Mortimer, and others. Henry saw that he could play the two brothers against each other. He obtained a bond at Shrewsbury from Senena, acting on her husband's behalf. The claims of the two brothers were to be decided in court, according to Welsh law. In any case, Senena was to give his Majesty a rich reward; in case she succeeded, there was to be an annual tribute of money, and oxen, and calves, and horses, peace with Davydd, and the suppression by Griffith of any Welsh noble who rose against the king. Senena's two young children were to be hostages to the king as soon as Griffith and his son Owen were set free.

Henry marched towards Chester with a great army, and Senena and the princes of Powys thought that Griffith would be restored. The king, however, was willing to treat with Davydd. He reproached his nephew for his rigorous conduct towards his brother; Davydd persuaded him to believe that, as long as Griffith was free, there could be no peace in Wales. Davydd—under excommunication, attacked by Powys, fearing a revolt in Gwynedd—had to make what terms he could. The bishop Howel promised, and the

soldier Ednyved swore, that their prince would fulfil the impossible conditions. Davydd followed the king to London, swore allegiance, and departed sorrowfully. Griffith with his wife and children were handed over to the king.

Griffith simply exchanged his lonely Criccieth prison for the Tower of London, where he and his sons joined a number of Welsh hostages and captives. Davydd was now helpless indeed. Gwenwynwyn in Powys, the sons of Conan in Merioneth, were under the protection of the king; the king also had possession of Griffith, whose cause he could espouse if Davydd attempted to move.

On the 1st of March, 1244, Griffith tried to escape from his prison. He made a rope of the sheets, cloths, and tapestries within his chamber, and let himself down along it from the top of the Tower. He was a man of gigantic stature, and the rope broke when he had got about halfway down. His mangled body was found in the morning near the wall of the Tower. His death was a gain to Davydd. The king could no longer play the two brothers against each other; and the mild Davydd had at last been driven to leave his father's policy, and to take up the policy of which Griffith had been the champion—open defiance of the English king. He appealed to the Pope on the ground of justice.

When the Welsh prince's appeal came to Innocent IV., the Pope was at Genoa, where, after a mad gallop and a stormy voyage, he had taken refuge against the Emperor Frederick II. Himself the victim of a violated treaty, weak in the struggle of mighty

elements around him, he possibly sympathised with the distant Welsh prince. He gave power to the abbots of Aberconway and Cymer to inquire into the accusation of breach of covenant, and to free Davydd from allegiance and excommunication alike. The two abbots summoned Henry to Caerwys, to state his case in the sacred calm of a church.

A month later Innocent ordered two English bishops to reverse what the abbots had done. Davydd had to trust to the fortunes of unequal war. The appeal to his call to arms was very general, for the border barons had been oppressing their tenants grievously. Those who hung back were the prudent Griffith ap Madoc, the double-minded Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn, and the warlike Morgan ap Howel. Davydd had time to punish them severely before the king's army came.

In the height of the summer of 1245, Henry and his army reached the borders of Wales. Slowly, ravaging mercilessly, they reached Deganwy. The king rebuilt the castle, the work taking over two months, and his great army lived in tents or in the open around. Opposite them, over the broad Conway, towered the fastnesses of Gwynedd, the abbey of Aberconway nestling on a steep bank by the waterside. Winter was rapidly coming on ; and one day a ship from Ireland, with a cargo of wine and food, came into the river mouth. It ran ashore right beneath the castle ; and, when the tide turned, the famished and shivering army found that it could be reached from the Welsh side. Three hundred Welsh borderers crossed the river, and a sanguinary struggle

between them and the Welsh of Gwynedd surged around the stranded ship. The loss of life was great on both sides; but the invaders were finally driven into the river, and the Welsh set fire to the ship after taking possession of the greater part of its precious contents. The war became bitter and brutal on both sides. One day the king's army lost a hundred men or more; the next they brought the gory heads of slain Welshmen into camp. The Welsh, on the other hand, enraged by the wanton destruction of the abbey and by the cold-blooded slaughter of those taken in battle, hanged their prisoners and threw their mangled remains into the Conway.

The king trusted that Wales would be so wasted that famine would break the spirit of the people. Môn, the granary of Wales, had been wasted by the Irish; the king had filled the saltpits of the Vale of Maelor; the corn had rotted on the fields. Having completed the desolation, he turned back, suspecting his brother of sympathising with Davydd, and leaving an extensive country strewn with the unburied bodies of his soldiers—postponing vengeance until spring came again.

When spring came Davydd was dying. The mental agony caused by the change of policy, the belief that his uncle would observe no treaty, the sight of his country devastated by war and famine, the despair that accompanied the consciousness that he would be crushed in spite of the justice of his cause—all this overwhelmed him, and he left the sorrowful struggle to the sons of the brother whose

great task he had usurped. He was carried from Aber to Aberconway, and placed in his father's grave. Two years later the body of his brother Griffith was brought by the abbots of Aberconway and Strata Florida, and laid to rest in the same spot, around which the death struggle of Wales was to sway for a few more years.

On the death of Davydd there were three claimants of his thorny crown. The Welsh candidates were the sons of Griffith, especially the Owen who had shared his father's captivity, and the Llywelyn who had obtained possession of his lands in the country between the Clwyd and the Dee. Red Owen, as soon as he heard of his uncle's death, fled homewards from his prison ; and the devastated, despairing Wales was divided between him and Llywelyn. But there were other candidates.

One was Ralph Mortimer, who claimed by the right of his wife Gladys. Ralph died in the same year, leaving his estates and claim to his son Roger. Gladys lived ten years longer.

The other was Edward, the king's son, a youth of eight years old. The king maintained that in accordance with the treaty with Senena, which he had never observed, the lands of Griffith were now his. He did not press his claim, however, to more than the lands which Griffith's son Llywelyn held. These, the good, rich cantrevs between the Dee and the Conway and the lands south of the Dovey, which had owned allegiance to Gwynedd, were granted to Edward. Over the Snowdon district Owen and Llywelyn ruled, having done

homage to the king, and having had their feudal service defined; in the rest of Wales English lords and Welsh chieftains fought for lands and castles. A brief respite of peace restored prosperity, after years of devastating wars, of heat in seed-time, and floods in harvest time.

While Gwynedd was renewing its strength, Owen and Davydd, sons of Griffith, saw that their brother Llywelyn was more popular than they. In the prosperity of the early part of his reign, as in the sorrow of the latter part, Llywelyn's personality, like that of his grandfather, had a charm which gave him immediate influence. The revolt of his two brothers was followed, after a single decisive battle, by the imprisonment of Owen and the flight of Davydd to the king of England.

In 1255, Llywelyn ruled alone in Snowdon, and the eyes of all that were oppressed, in all parts of Wales, were turned to him. In 1256 Edward came to Chester, to the earldom which had been given him two years earlier, to see his lands and castles in Gwynedd. Llywelyn and Edward may be said to have the same final aim —the subjection of chief and baron to the prince, who was to owe allegiance to the king of England. It was the ideal of Llywelyn the Great—the reconciliation of Welsh independence and British unity. The bitter war between the two princes, however, made one appear as the champion of independence only, the other as the champion of unity only.

Sole ruler in Snowdon, with a compact and easily defended territory, with an army easily brought

together, Llywelyn saw the beginning of the new troubles between the king and his barons. He hoped to perpetuate the independence which his grandfather had established, and of which his uncle had despaired. Though the king of England had broken faith with his father, he never ceased to strive for peace with him. Towards Edward, on the other hand, he felt a jealousy that turned into hatred as he saw his own beloved cantrevs oppressed by the prince's officials. It was chiefly for possession of the four cantrevs that the struggle between Edward and Llywelyn went on to the last. They are the country of hills and dales between the Conway and the estuary of the Dee. Rhos, with its billowy lowlands, contains Deganwy; Rhuvoniog contains the upland pastures of Hiraethog and Denbigh; Dyffryn Clwyd is the rich arable land around Ruthin; Tegeingl is the mineral district between the Clwyd and the Dee, and has Rhuddlan in it.

The young earl, for Edward was only sixteen when appointed, ruled the cantrevs by means of rapacious officials and a horde of brutal soldiers. An English historian describes them—while Edward was pleading with his uncle Richard at Wallingford for help against the Welsh, his hungry followers broke into a priory hard by, pushed the monks aside, and lorded it over their servants, crowding into the refectory to eat and into the dormitory to drink. If they dared to behave in such a manner in an English priory, one can imagine how they ruled over defenceless Welsh homes. The earl's deputy was Geoffrey Langley, whose treacherous meanness and unscrupulous

rapacity had caused him to be hissed out of England and out of Scotland. He had played the spy on the man to whom he owed his promotion, the charmer who had fondled a snake. He was sent to inquire into offences against the forest laws; the amount of money he wrung out of offenders was the wonder of the time, his high-handed brutality in the north of England made him as hated as he was feared—the only argument he knew was force, and a stray fawn or hare he made the cause of the ruin of men of noble birth. As marshal of the king's household, he won the king's ear by flattery, and made mean parsimony the characteristic of the royal table. To the joy of the English, he was sent to Scotland as adviser to the queen, Henry's daughter; but the Scotch nobles soon sent him back. He then entered the service of Edward; and it was from his brutal and dishonest administration that the Welsh of the four cantrevs obtained their first impressions of the rule of an English prince. New burdens, personal oppression, the hard insolence of officials against whom there was no appeal, and the brutality of their retainers, drove the Welsh into revolt.

Llywelyn received from their own mouths an account of what they suffered. They expressed their determination to rebel; and stated pleadingly that they preferred death in a struggle for freedom to slavery under the feet of a strange oppressor. By becoming their champion, Llywelyn had to depart from his policy of peace, and open again the old hopeless struggle for the independence of a united Wales. He sacrificed policy to sympathy, and crossed

the Conway into the lowlands of the four cantrevs. His appearance caused a universal revolt, from Deganwy to Chester. In one week the whole country, except one or two castles, was reduced; and young Edward saw, from the walls of Chester, the advancing army of one of his own subjects regarded joyfully as a deliverer.

Llywelyn could not rest with what he had done. He must seek security, as his grandfather had done, in the unity of the Welsh chiefs. In the southern part of Wales, where the English barons had taken advantage of the weakness of Gwynedd to encroach upon the chiefs, they were everywhere ready to rise. Meredith, son of Rees the Hoarse, his grandfather's ally, had already fled to him, and had accompanied him in his victorious march through the four cantrevs. Before disbanding his army he turned southwards and immediately took possession of Meirionnydd, of the part of Ceredigion that had been given to Edward, and of Gwerthrynion, the upland district of Roger Mortimer's great extent of territory in Wales. He kept Mortimer's land in his own hands, he placed Meredith ab Owen over Ceredigion, and he replaced Meredith ap Rees in the South, driving his nephew Rees the Little into flight.

The rapidity of his movements and his apparently resistless expeditions, immediately placed Llywelyn in the position that his grandfather had occupied. A great army of vassal princes—Meredith ap Rees, prince of the Deheubarth, and Meredith ab Owen, now exercising extensive sway over the Plinlimmon district—followed him to Powys, to force its wavering

prince to join them. Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn fled helplessly before them, and the whole of Upper Powys—save only the castle of Welshpool, a district in the Severn valley, and a portion of the upland district of Caereinion—passed under Llywelyn's rule.

There remained Lower Powys, where the wise Griffith of Bromfield ruled the valley of the Dee from the fortress-crowned height of Dinas Bran, trusting to the power and the good faith of Prince Edward, who still held Chester, Dyserth, and Deganwy. Before Llywelyn could advance on Chester he had to turn southwards to meet a new danger.

Rees the Little had appealed to Henry III. against the appointment of his uncle, Meredith ap Rees, by Llywelyn to rule the South. A strong force under Stephen Bacon landed at Carmarthen, and joined Rees the Little in an attack on the castle of Dynevor, the home of Rees' royal race. Dynevor held out until Llywelyn and his army came to raise the siege. A long and hard-fought battle, under the walls of Dynevor, ended in a victory for Llywelyn. The victor then marched westwards through Dyved, and his success as a peace-maker was as great as his success as a general. From Carmarthen to Newport, on the Dyved coast, the country submitted to him ; the south of Dyved and the lands of the earl of Gloucester in Glamorgan were invaded, and peace was made between Meredith ap Rees and his scheming nephew, Rees the Little.

Edward had to look on helplessly at Chester. Geoffrey Langley repented, when it was too late,

for the tyranny which had forced success on Llywelyn. On Llywelyn's advance, Edward had to retreat precipitously to Chester. The Welsh army was divided into two portions, marching along different routes in order to secure provisions, each division well handled, in constant touch with one another, able to unite easily, or to converge upon any one point. Llywelyn had seen, during the misery of Davydd's reign, that the supplying of an army with provisions was the greatest difficulty and the cause of final failure or success. He had to keep in the field, for weeks together, an army of thirty thousand footmen and five hundred mail-clad horsemen. Môn, his granary, was of vital importance; and the king, when he had got an Irish fleet to cut him off from the corn-lands of Môn, found that Llywelyn had a fleet which efficiently protected the island. Even then there was coasting trade between the north coast and Liverpool, and Llywelyn could easily find hardy sailors.

Edward appealed for help to his father and to his uncle, the king of the Romans. Griffith, lord of Maelor, his only remaining Welsh ally, had been driven from his rich and extensive land by a force of ten thousand bowmen and lancers, mounted on hardy mountain ponies. His uncle, who had his own expensive plans to think of, could give him little help; Richard's advice to Llywelyn to desist, though given by one in whom the Welsh trusted, could not be accepted by the Welsh princes until they had secured their rights. The king had his own troubles, and no money to spare. "What is it

to me?" he asked. "I have given you the land. Throw yourself into the struggle; win such fame in your youth that your enemies will fear you in the future."

Later on it was to be Llywelyn's lot to see Edward's irresistible army closing around Snowdon. Now it was Edward's fate to look from the walls of Chester on the land which had been granted him as one of his first possessions, and which he could not conquer. It was during these bitter days that he committed the cruelties which displeased his own people, and which made the Welsh, while willing to renew their allegiance to the perfidious and arrogant Henry, determined that they would not be subjects of Edward. It was possibly the memory of these days that made Edward harsher, when success came, than a conqueror need be to the conquered.

The defeat of Stephen Bacon, the helplessness of Edward, the universal character of the Welsh revolt, and the growing power of Llywelyn, forced the king to make a supreme effort. In August, 1257, he reached Chester with a great army. Llywelyn hastened to offer terms of peace. He and his nobles offered allegiance to the king, on condition that their old liberties be restored and that Edward be not set over them. The king refused to treat, and, after devastating the four cantrevs, succeeded in relieving Deganwy. His retreat, in the cold, short days of late autumn, was a disastrous one, his starving army being harassed at every step by Llywelyn's bowmen.

The king's disastrous expedition had relieved

Deganwy, it is true, but it had shown Griffith, lord of Maelor, that the king could not protect him against Llywelyn. He submitted and joined the Welsh chiefs, thus saving himself from the fate of his kinsman, Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn, who lost Upper Powys. Llywelyn was now at the height of his power, but with that consciousness of final failure which made his whole life a struggle against unrelenting fate, he knew that his position was a precarious one. He tried to strengthen himself against the vengeance of Edward in many ways; he revived the Welsh council of nobles, he tried to form an alliance with Scotland, he made common cause with the English barons.

After the retreat of Henry, the Welsh chiefs took a solemn oath of allegiance to Llywelyn, excommunication as well as forfeiture to be the punishment of any traitor. It was Meredith ap Rees, the most powerful of the chiefs, and one who owed everything to Llywelyn, that first betrayed his allies. He may have been dissatisfied with his position of dependence, being the representative of the royal family of South Wales; it was his independence of Llywelyn that he gained when the king recovered his power. He entered into negotiations with Patrick de Sayes, the king's seneschal at Carmarthen. Llywelyn first tried friendly means to recall him to his allegiance. He sent his brother Davydd, Meredith ab Owen, Rees the Little, and Rees Mechyll to meet Meredith ap Rees and Patrick de Sayes at Newcastle Emlyn, on the Teivy. A treacherous attack made on Llywelyn's envoys resulted in the death of Patrick de Sayes and

the capture of Meredith ap Rees. Meredith was tried by the nobles in council, found guilty of treason, and placed in the prison on the rock at Criccieth. At Christmas, 1259, he was released, but he left a son as hostage in Gwynedd, and gave the royal stronghold of Dynevor to Llywelyn.

It was the struggle between the king and his barons that had given the power represented by Llywelyn a new lease of life. Henry's arrogance, favouritism, and heavy debts, incurred in the foolish attempt to gain Sicily for his son Edmund, had driven the barons to open revolt. Between June 11, when the barons met at the Parliament of Oxford, and May 13, 1258, when the king was defeated and captured by Simon de Montfort at the battle of Lewes, the struggle between the barons and the king went on—the king sometimes in power, a council of the barons at other times, while the struggle often degenerated into open civil war.

Llywelyn's aim was to make peace with the king, on condition that he should be allowed to extend his sway over the Welsh chiefs, and to settle disputes between the English border lords and their tenants. Richard, bishop of Bangor, who had been his mother's faithful adviser, went to the king to treat, but met with no success. Still the king was in no position to interfere, and Llywelyn worked energetically and successfully to realise his aim. In 1260 he took Roger Mortimer's castle at Builth, but acted very generously towards his kinsman Roger himself; and his march across South Wales was that of a prince making a peaceful progress among his own people. His pro-

tection was sought, not only by petty chieftains of the wild Wye country, but by Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn, the last of the great Welsh nobles to aquiesce in the new supremacy of Gwynedd.

The Barons' War brought Llywelyn into antagonism with Roger Mortimer, who was a strong partisan of the king. On the other hand, it placed allies where he had to watch enemies before—in Glamorgan and at Chester. Gilbert de Clare, the brilliant and ambitious young earl of Gloucester, who had joined the barons after much dallying with either side, held the barony of Glamorgan—and so Llywelyn found himself at peace with the only extensive part of Wales which did not owe allegiance to him. In 1265 Simon de Montfort, the leader of the English barons, became earl of Chester; but, for years before, neither the king nor Edward had been able to advance far into Wales from this direction.

In 1263, though excommunicated, Llywelyn gained victory after victory. He took the castle of Dyserth and starved Deganwy into surrendering, while his ally Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn took Mold, thus clearing the four cantrevs of every vestige of English rule. The battle of Lewes gave Simon de Montfort, Llywelyn's ally, possession of England and of its king. The centre of opposition to Earl Simon was the country of Roger Mortimer. A rebellion of the march lords, led by Roger Mortimer and Roger Clifford, brought Simon and Llywelyn to the borders; from Hay to Ludlow, and from Ludlow to Montgomery they beat down all opposition. Leaving Llywelyn all powerful in Wales and Edward

prisoner in Hereford, Simon left for the south of England. Jealousy arose between him and the moody, grasping earl of Gloucester. By a ruse planned by Mortimer, Edward rode away from his prison at Hereford. Simon hastened back to Wales. He captured Monmouth, and joined Llywelyn in overrunning Glamorgan.

Edward had begun to attack the English barons, with an army gathered on the Welsh border. Simon, with an army largely Welsh, hastened over the Severn. At Evesham, almost surrounded by Edward, the earl of Gloucester, and Roger Mortimer, he was forced to give battle. Simon fell in battle; his son Henry fell beside him, and the greatest loss in his army was among the Welsh. When Simon and Despenser and the faithful nobles had been overcome on that early August morning, by sheer weight of numbers, their Welsh soldiers and others crowded for refuge into a church. They were mercilessly slaughtered in it and around it. Young Henry de Montfort, a playmate of Edward, whom his father had held at the font, was buried with due honours. But the body of the great earl—the most chivalrous character produced under the influence of the Franciscans, the champion of English constitutionalism, and the creator of the English Parliament—was barbarously mutilated, the head being sent to Worcester to Roger Mortimer's wife. The mutilation must have shocked even a daughter of a Braose and the wife of a Mortimer, even if she were an incarnation of the evil of both these border families.

The disinherited adherents of Simon maintained their opposition to the king, however, in various parts of the country, and the powerful earl of Gloucester was once again preparing to oppose the victor. Llywelyn hurled back the army sent against him by Henry, and made his peace with the earl of Gloucester. Henry III. came with an army to Shrewsbury in September, 1267, rather later in the year than in previous expeditions. With him came Ottobon, the legate of Clement IV., and he was entrusted with power to make peace. The terms of the treaty of peace signed at Shrewsbury on a Sunday in September, 1267, were practically the same as those granted to Llywelyn by Simon de Montfort. Llywelyn was to do homage to Henry III., and to pay an indemnity of thirty thousand marks. He was to be Prince of Wales, and to receive the homage of all the Welsh barons, with the exception of Meredith ap Rees. The four cantrevs were to remain in his possession.

Four days later Henry and Llywelyn met at Montgomery, and there was ratified the treaty which gave Wales peace under the recognised rule of Llywelyn. The extent of his power during the years of peace is proved by his one expedition, in which he took Caerphilly Castle, owing to a dispute with Gilbert de Clare, the most powerful baron of the greatest baronial family of the Middle Ages.

With the Treaty of Montgomery most of the older generation pass away. Richard, bishop of Bangor, protector of Llywelyn's youth, had died in 1267, having held his see for thirty tempestuous years.

A year earlier Anian, bishop of St. Asaph, had died. Meredith ab Owen, of the royal race of the South, Llywelyn's most faithful ally, had died in 1265, and had been gathered to his fathers at Strata Florida. Griffith ap Madoc, the politic lord of Bromfield, was buried at Valle Crucis in 1269. In 1271 the forsworn Meredith ap Rees was buried before the great altar at Whitland, and the ubiquitous Rees the Little at Tal y Llychau. In 1272 died Henry III., king of England. There remained Edward, earl of Chester and king of England; Llywelyn, prince of Wales, and his shifty vassal, Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn; and the two border lords, Roger Mortimer and Gilbert de Clare. Llywelyn's policy presupposed the independence of Wales; Edward was bent upon its subjection. In the death struggle between the two rival princes of Wales, embittered as it was by personal hatred, we see the final rejection by both parties of the wise compromise which formed the political ideal of Llywelyn the Great.

X

THE LAST FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE

ON the death of Henry III., in 1272, Llywelyn refused to go to take the oath of fealty to Edward, who was coming home leisurely from the Crusades to wear the crown of England; but worked energetically as if preparing for a new struggle—strengthening his castles, watching the suspected Davydd and Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn, plotting with the children of Simon de Montfort, negotiating with the Pope.

It is quite clear that Llywelyn believed from the beginning that nothing less than his complete undoing would satisfy Edward. From the beginning the struggle between the despairing obstinacy of the one, and the merciless determination of the other, was inevitable.

Edward was crowned with great splendour at Westminster in August, 1274. The king of Scotland and prince of Wales were summoned to do homage to the king. Alexander appeared, Llywelyn did not. He probably remembered his father's fate. Time after time he was summoned to Shrewsbury and to

ON THE MENAI.

The scene of the chief struggles for Welsh independence.

(*From a photograph by J. Wickens, Bangor.*)

Westminster. He demanded hostages—the king's brother, Gilbert of Gloucester, and the Chief Justice —but they were refused. He stated the grounds of his refusal in a letter to Pope Gregory X. They are chiefly two—he does not trust himself to a court where his enemies are in high honour; the peace made by the legate Otto has been broken by Edward. The abbots of Strata Florida and Aberconway brought the same statement to the English bishops. Llywelyn complained that the Treaty of Montgomery had been broken by the king, especially by harbouring Davydd, Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn, and other outlaws. He states that he does not trust himself to his enemies and his own rebellious subjects, and evidently believes that another desolating war is inevitable.

Besides the memory of the old struggle Llywelyn's plans for the immediate future must have been exceedingly repugnant to Edward. He was to marry Eleanor, daughter of the great earl Simon de Montfort, the representative of the opposition to the king's power. He would be, not only the prince of Wales, but the successor of Earl Simon as the leader of the English barons.

In the autumn of 1275 Edward appeared with an army at Chester, and summoned Llywelyn to him. Llywelyn summoned his council of nobles. "On their unanimous advice," says the Welsh chronicler, "he did not go to the king, because the king harboured his fugitives, none other than Davydd ap Griffith and Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn. And for that reason the king returned in anger to England, and Llywelyn returned to Wales." The frightened monk relates

that, at the same time, there was an earthquake in Wales.

Eleanor, the sister of Henry III. and widow of Simon de Montfort, had retired to Montargis after her husband's fall, exchanging the magnificence of Kenilworth for a life of prayer and almsgiving at a Dominican nunnery founded by Earl Simon's sister. In England her cause and that of her children was pleaded by Edward, who had received much kindness at her hands at Kenilworth, and her brother, the king of the Romans, who owed his life to Earl Simon. It was the king of the Romans who tried to mediate between Eleanor and the king. All attempts were fruitless on account of the insatiable desire of Eleanor's sons for revenge. In Lent, 1271, Edward had sent his cousin Henry, son of the king of the Romans, to Viterbo to confer with Charles of Anjou and Philip of France concerning the interregnum in the Papacy, and possibly to offer reconciliation to the two sons of Simon de Montfort, Simon and Guy, his cousins. Mass was being celebrated at a church in Viterbo, and Henry was kneeling in prayer before the great altar. Suddenly Simon and Guy appeared in the church, and, crying "Thou escapest not, traitor," they plunged their swords into him. Guy tore him by the hair from the altar through the throng, and completed the murder outside the portals of the church. The ghastly murder sent a thrill of horror through Europe; and Dante placed Guy among the murderers in the river of boiling blood within the pit of hell.

In the spring of 1275 Eleanor died at Montargis.

By her death-bed were Amaury, her youngest son, and Eleanor, her only daughter, now twenty-two years old. When a child of twelve Eleanor had met Llywelyn at Kenilworth. Probably Llywelyn was in constant communication with the Montfort family; and the proud and suffering countess, in completing the arrangements for the marriage of her daughter, remembered on her death-bed the alliance between her husband and Llywelyn from which she had expected so much. Amaury was to take his sister to Wales. He sailed, with two French knights and two friars, but, in passing the Scilly Isles, they were all captured by merchantmen from Bristol, and eventually they found themselves in the hands of their cousin, the king of England. Amaury was immediately thrown into prison. Llywelyn's bride was to proceed to Wales on one condition only—the prince of Wales was to come to England and do homage, trusting to the mercy of the king. The hard condition could not be accepted, and both sides prepared for war. From the autumn of 1276 to the autumn of the following year Edward busily prepared for an attack that would finally crush Llywelyn. War was declared. Roger Mortimer held the borders, and intrigues were carried on with some of Llywelyn's timid or wavering barons in South Wales.

In August, 1277, the great army began to close around Wales in four divisions. The king marched through Chester on Rhuddlan. Further south the earl of Lincoln and Roger Mortimer advanced through Shrewsbury and Montgomery, restoring Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn to a portion of his lands.

The earl of Hereford moved on Brecon. An army under Edmund of Lancaster and Payn, son of Patrick de Sayes, moved from Carmarthen against Deheubarth and Ceredigion. Dolvorwyn delayed the advance of the earl of Lincoln for a fortnight; but, with no help from Llywelyn possible, the resistance of the chiefs of South Wales could not be long maintained. Some retreated to Llywelyn in Snowdon, but most of them, including the sons of Meredith ap Rees, surrendered to Roger Mortimer or Payn. The whole of South Wales being reduced, Edmund, the king's brother, built the castle of Aberystwyth, to hem Llywelyn in on the south.

Meanwhile Edward was moving slowly through Flint and Rhuddlan. At Basingwerk he had been joined by Davydd, who had left Llywelyn. Edward's intentions are seen from the promise he made to Davydd, who was to get half of Snowdon, and a district on either side, Môn if the king did not retain it, or Penllyn. A fleet from the Cinque Ports had destroyed the standing corn in Môn before it was ripe for harvesting: the multitudes which flocked into Snowdon had left their crops unharvested in the lowlands. This time famine would come to Snowdon first, not to the king's camp. Seeing that it was hopeless to continue the struggle, Llywelyn entered into negotiations with the king at Conway in the beginning of November, and on November 10, 1277, he signed the humiliating Treaty of Rhuddlan in Edward's presence. All men kept in prison on account of the king were to be set free; and so, among others, Red Owen emerged from his long

captivity. Llywelyn was to pay an indemnity of fifty thousand marks, to be exacted when it pleased the king. The four cantrevs were to pass into the king's hands for ever; Môn was to be restored to Llywelyn on payment of a fine and a yearly rent, and it was to lapse to the king if Llywelyn died without heirs. The barons who had owned allegiance to Llywelyn, from Chester to Kidwelly, were all, except the five lords of Snowdon, henceforth to hold their lands of the king. With Llywelyn's life the title of Prince of Wales was to cease, and the barons of Snowdon were to become the king's men. Llywelyn was to come to England annually to do homage, ten eminent hostages were to be given, and twenty Welsh chiefs chosen by the king were to come to England every year to take their oaths that the articles of the peace should be duly observed. If Llywelyn failed to observe them, the chiefs were to take the king's part against him.

But the most effective securities for the maintenance of the Treaty of Rhuddlan were the ring of enemies which were placed around the helpless prince. Lleyn was given to Red Owen; Aberystwyth Castle stood between Llywelyn and his old dependents in South Wales; the faithless Davydd, now an English knight and the husband of the widowed daughter of the earl of Derby, was given the castle of Denbigh, right in the heart of the four cantrevs and overlooking the fertile Vale of Clwyd. Llywelyn had obtained the best terms he could get for the four cantrevs—the tenants were to hold their lands on the old conditions and were to be judged according to their own customs.

Having paid a portion of the indemnity, and with the excommunication removed, Llywelyn and his chiefs followed the king to London, where they spent their miserable Christmas. Llywelyn again repeated his act of homage in a parliament at Westminster. The chiefs were offended by the crowds which followed them, attracted by their strange dress; and they found that London contained too little milk and too much beer. They returned to their own country feeling that worse might befall them than death in fighting for their independence.

Llywelyn's marriage at Worcester, in October, 1278, in spite of its magnificence, was full of sadness. At Edward's marriage, Wales was given him; at Llywelyn's marriage, Wales was taken away from him and he became a helpless dependent on his great father-in-law's conqueror. Almost on the way to church Edward forced new concessions from him, which he dared not refuse. The marriage took place at the door of the cathedral. Two kings were present —the king of England and the king of Scotland.

"On the morrow," says the Welsh chronicler, "Llywelyn and Eleanor returned in gladness to Wales." Llywelyn knew that a struggle against the merciless Edward was hopeless; his own desire was for peace. Would he be content with bringing peace and prosperity into Snowdon, wearing the empty and vanishing title of Prince of Wales though he could afford no protection to the tenants of Rhuvoniog or the princes of South Wales? Eleanor had seen many turns of fortune and knew the anxiety and the horrors of war. Would she incite Llywelyn to take up her

father's quarrel, or would she be a peacemaker between him and her cousin, the king of England? Llywelyn's natural love for peace, and the tone of the letters written by Eleanor when angry passions were again renewed, make us believe that Llywelyn was resigned to his lot. But peace, even in the fastnesses of Snowdon or the sea-girt security of Môn, was impossible.

The promise to treat the tenants of the cantrevs according to their own customs was thrown to the winds. They were made subject to the county court of Chester, but the injustice of the English officials was far more galling than even the justice of the law. One example may be taken from those collected by Llywelyn. A gentleman and his wife, walking on the high road near Rhuddlan, were attacked by masons returning to the town. When the gentleman tried to defend his wife, whom the villains were trying to drag from him, they murdered her. The most active of the murderers and his companions were arrested, and the kin of the slain demanded his punishment from the king's justice at Chester. The wronged kinsmen were thrown into prison, and the murderers set free. Justice denied; the selling of offices, which were taken away when the money had been paid; intimidation; the brutality of bailiffs—the men of the cantrevs had a long list of grievances. In Ceredigion and Ystrad Towy the same remorseless haste was shown to complete a revolution that violated the sacredness of the peasants' most vital interests.

The Welsh lords of land had grievances everywhere. From the sons of Meredith ap Rees in Ystrad Towy

to the son of Griffith ap Madoc in the valley of the Dee, complaints arose about high-handed interference with their rights and with the customs of their tenants. Injustice was done to these in spite of the services of their fathers to Edward; little chance, then, had those who had been forced into submission to appeal against the new lords and officials placed over them. Their jurisdiction was taken from the princes, extortionate exactions were taken from their people. The brutal answer to all complaints against the violation of Welsh law was that what the conqueror regarded as reasonable would be done.

Davydd, who had so often betrayed his brother, found his nominal reward a real punishment. He found himself practically subject to the Justice of Chester, and that he had to plead for his lands according to English law. The wrathful prince appeared, indeed, at the Chester court, but to declare in a loud voice that he placed his land under the peace of God and of the king; and then, having made his obeisance, he disappeared. Trespassers on his lands were protected against him, and his angry recriminations were answered by cool insults. He was told that, as soon as Reginald de Grey returned from the king's council, his castle of Hope would be taken from him and his children held as hostages. As the sons of Meredith had pleaded that even the Jews were allowed to retain their own law in England, Davydd appealed to the king, as the lord of various nations enjoying their own laws, to allow Wales also to retain its ancient customs.

The church in Wales had its grievances also. The

Welsh clergy were married, and were despised by the monks on account of their scanty Latin. Peckham, the arrogant but well-meaning archbishop of Canterbury, looked upon the Welsh not only as the opponents of the irresistible power of Edward, but as the opponents of the civilisation introduced by the Church. Merciless towards the clergy on the one hand, he condemned Llywelyn on the other for privileges sanctioned by the laws of Howel. A stern reformer, unsympathetic and bigoted, he was independent and honest; but his arrogant tone precipitated the struggle, as it afterwards made it impossible for him to be a successful arbitrator.

Llywelyn had his own grievances. He and the king did not put the same construction on some of the articles of the Treaty of Rhuddlan. Llywelyn insisted on the privileges given him by Welsh law; Edward claimed the power to override it when it was against right. There was a quarrel concerning lands in Cyveiliog between Llywelyn and Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn, and Llywelyn claimed that the case should be tried on the spot, according to his construction of the treaty. When summoned to Montgomery to plead before the king's justice, he refused to go.

Sorrow and anxiety came with the year 1282. In March the discontent broke out beyond the Dovey; Griffith ap Meredith and Rees ap Maelgwn took Aberystwyth and its castle, sparing the lives of the garrison, because the days of our Lord's passion were nigh. Davydd, who had spent most of his life at the king's court and in the king's service, was

hampered by no such thoughts of mercy. On the eve of Palm Sunday, 1282, while a tempest was raging, he and his army stormed Hawarden Castle; the garrison was overpowered, and Roger Clifford, justiciary of Wales, was mortally wounded. With astonishing rapidity the flame of rebellion, so daringly ignited, spread over Wales. Llywelyn, whatever his attitude towards the rising storm had been, braced himself for the task of guiding its destructive and futile course.

Edward heard of the revolt at Devizes, where he was spending Easter, and he determined to crush Llywelyn's power for ever. Between April and midsummer he gathered an enormous army of English, and of foreign mercenaries. From Chester the great army rolled on irresistibly over the four cantrevs that knew the horrors of war so well. Hope was taken, and Llywelyn and Davydd, raising the siege of Flint and Rhuddlan, retired in a kind of running fight. Without receiving loss themselves, they inflicted galling losses on the advancing English army, and that great unwieldy body wreaked its savage vengeance on church and farm alike in the devoted cantrevs. Its advance was, however, as certain as that of the sea. In July Edward was at Rhuddlan, preparing the final attack on Snowdon by army and fleet. The mass of great mountains faced him when he reached the Conway, impregnable as ever; and he knew that it was only by a turning movement by way of Môn that Llywelyn could be attacked.

At this anxious moment, when he was straining

every nerve to check the advance of Edward, to prepare the defences of Snowdon, and to organise resistance in South Wales, a great sorrow befel Llywelyn. In June, Eleanor died in childbed at Aber. She was buried at Llan Vaes, on the island side of the Menai, opposite that "estuary of the white shells" where her brief married life had been spent. She had written to Edward since her marriage, and had stayed at his court. But Edward's hatred towards her brothers was as bitter as ever. His resentment against his cousins, natural as it was, might well have been softened by the misfortunes that overwhelmed them. Simon, the eldest, who had ventured to England in disguise to pray at the tomb of his father and brother, had died in exile. Guy had been doing penance in a solitary cell for nearly ten years, and was to die in a Sicilian dungeon. Amaury had only just been set free, Archbishop Peckham being his surety, and was dependent on Edward in poverty and in exile. The popular song of the time had called upon all to pray for the good estate of the heir of the leader of the barons. But the great earl was soon to be represented by grand-daughters only, the daughters of Guy and his Tuscan wife, and this little Gwenllian, born in so tempestuous a time among the mountains of Snowdon. Eleanor alone could remind Edward of the happy early days at Kenilworth. But, now, her place as mediator must be taken by another.

While the king was planning the final assault, the busy, meddling archbishop hurried to Wales. He had sent a Welsh priest before him to Llywelyn,

whom he had excommunicated, to say he was coming, against the king's will, to try to mediate. At the same time he accused the Welsh of cruelty, and gave them to understand that submission was inevitable. Llywelyn's answer was dignified, but showed that arbitration was hopeless. The archbishop went to the king, and passed on to Llywelyn to bring him and his nobles to plead their grievances before Edward. Llywelyn wanted security for the liberties of his people, and for his own reception as their prince. Edward insisted upon unconditional surrender. The archbishop crossed the mountains again, with a message from the nobles. Llywelyn, as the price of quiet submission, was to get an English estate and provision for his little daughter. Davydd was to go to the Crusades, and not to return without the king's consent; and his children would be provided for. The answer of Llywelyn's council, now summoned in its shrunken form for the last time, was pathetically stubborn. They pleaded the hoary antiquity of Welsh dominion, they pleaded that Edward had observed no covenant or charter, they pleaded that submission would reduce them to the state of oppression in which their countrymen of the four cantrevs were, and they declared that, hard as it was to live in war and perpetual danger, yet is it much harder to be utterly destroyed.

The good archbishop completely lost his temper. He reproaches his stubborn, erring sheep for refusing the bridge into safety which he had made of his own body. With a display of learning which is in strange contrast to the stirring action of that critical moment

he reviles their boast of descent from Camber, son of Brutus, a friend of an adulterer, from whom they had their lax views about marriage; he condemns their claim to indefeasible possession of their mountains, for they themselves had driven an earlier race from them; as to their demands for the law of Howel the Good, the authority of that lawgiver was the devil; and the dignified assumption of superiority by the Welshmen brings the taunt that their slothful and lascivious existence would not have been heard of outside England had it not been for the few Welshmen who are seen in France, mostly beggars. He left them to the censure of the Church and the vengeance of their enemies, hurling at them the denunciation of Holy Writ, "Woe to thee that spoilest, shalt thou not be spoiled?"

Edward had not been idle. The colliers from the Forest of Dean had cut ways through forests, the mountaineers of the Pyrenees and the Grampians had tried to scale the Penmaen Mawr, the attack from the isle of Môn was rapidly developing. At the beginning of November, a force of English, Gascons, and Spaniards, crossed the Menai to Arvon along a bridge of boats at low water. Few of them returned. They were attacked at Moel y Don, and driven in wild flight to the rising tide of the Menai.

Edward returned sullenly to Rhuddlan. He saw that still greater efforts were necessary, and that a difficult winter campaign was before him. At the end of November, he issued writs to summon a Parliament to meet at Northampton in January, to provide men and money for the final repression of

the rebellious and unstable Welsh, "though it appears to be a difficult undertaking."

Llywelyn, finding Snowdon safe, hurried to his allies in South Wales, where Gloucester and Mortimer had worsted the forces of Griffith ap Meredith and Rees ap Maelgwn at Llandeilo. He passed rapidly through Ceredigion and the Vale of Towy, and then, early in December, he entered into the district of Builth. Was it to raise the Welsh tenants of the Mortimers, or to negotiate with some of the march lords? On December 11th, in one of the woody dells of Buallt, he was slain by a Cheshire man-at-arms in a chance encounter.

Maud Longespée, countess of Salisbury, sent an appeal to Archbishop Peckham to remove the excommunication from her cousin's mangled remains, and Edmund Mortimer pleaded, on information given by his servants who were present at Llywelyn's death, that the prince had asked for a priest when dying. "But without sure certainty," the archbishop wrote to the king, "we will do nothing." Whether the headless body of the last native prince of Wales lies in the woody ridge by the Irvon, or in the sacred precincts of Cwm Hir, it is now impossible, perhaps, to say.

The head was sent to Edward at Rhuddlan. Edward, embittered by the deferred hope of the conquest of Snowdon, sent the dead prince's head through the various divisions of his army. Merlin had prophesied that when English money became round, the prince of Wales would wear his crown in London. It was noticed that the coins issued in

1278 were round. Edward sent the head, crowned in mockery with a crown of ivy, to be paraded on a pole through the streets of London, to the sound of horns and trumpets, and then set on the Tower to rot.

There is an apparent inconsistency in the last Llywelyn's character. His exploits in war and his delight in literature, his mild, lovable character and his warlike energy when aroused, are continually contrasted by the poets of the time. He is "the dragon of Arvon, of resistless fury," and, in the same poem, the "mild ruler of the mighty"; he is "the eagle of Snowdon" and the patron of sweet song; he is the "lion of Mona" and the kind-hearted ruler; "like the rush of a mighty hurricane over the desert sea" was his onset in battle, but very learned and accomplished is he as a prince at Aberffraw.

The pathos of his life lies in this fact—he longed for peace, and was made for peace, when peace was impossible. His ability as an organiser, as well as his personal charm, are proved by the affection the men of the four cantrevs had for him, and by the sudden and paralysing dismay which fell upon his country at the news of his death. All opposition to Edward collapsed. Red Owen was abject in Lleyn. Davydd, histrionic to the last, proclaimed himself prince of Wales, and summoned the council to Denbigh. But the energy of the Welsh resistance had gone. When the king came to Conway in March, 1283, the Basque mercenaries swarmed at last into the lower districts of Snowdon, followed by

the bulk of Edward's army. Dolbadarn and other hastily-fortified positions could not defend the inner sanctuary of Snowdon. Davydd had no power over his dismayed and starving followers; and found himself a miserable wanderer, hunted by enemy and traitor while he led his wife and children from one fastness to another, and tried to keep from his con-

THE LAST HOME OF WELSH INDEPENDENCE.
(*From a drawing of Dolbadarn Castle by Captain Batty.*)

queror the last heirlooms of his house—the crown of Arthur and the precious portion of the true cross. He was tracked by traitors, and captured at night in the mountains above Aber, and hurried to Rhuddlan, where he was handed over to Edward. The vindictive king refused to see his miserable captive, but sent him in chains to Shrewsbury Castle, to await his trial for treason.

The South Wales chieftains, terrified by the fall of Llywelyn, surrendered; and Rees Vychan was sent in chains to the Tower. It was upon the miserable Davydd, however, that the vengeance of Edward was wreaked in so formal and public a manner that it embittered and brutalised relations between Wales and England for centuries. In his life Davydd was insatiable of honour, imagining offence where none was meant, pining for the greatness which he knew he did not possess, covering his real weakness by startling betrayals of his allies, Welsh and English alike. He betrayed his country when success was possible; he plunged it into war when war meant certain ruin. His life was the bane of Wales; his death aroused a pity that caused his weakness to be forgotten and his treachery to be pardoned, and he bequeathed a bitterness which made him, in death as in life, a creator of misunderstanding and hatred.

In a writ issued in June at Rhuddlan, breathing the pent-up vengeance of a merciless conqueror, Edward summoned a Parliament to meet at Shrewsbury at the end of September. The barons were summoned, as usual, by direct writ; the representatives of the English shires, through the sheriff; and the representatives of the towns, not through the sheriffs in the usual way, but by a writ sent directly to the towns, as Simon de Montfort had summoned them. The clergy were not summoned; probably because the work of the Shrewsbury Parliament was to shed blood. It was to meet to decide what was to be done to Davydd, then in the king's hand, "the last survivor of that race of traitors." John de Vaus,

chief justice of England, presided over the barons who tried the last prince of Wales. Every punishment for treason and murder and sacrilege that one life could bear was heaped upon him. He was drawn at the tails of horses through the streets of Shrewsbury to the gibbet, he was hanged and disembowelled while yet alive, and the quivering, mangled body was beheaded and quartered. North and south —York and Winchester—contended for his right shoulder; at four great English towns ghastly trophies were exhibited; and the head was placed near that of Llywelyn on the Tower of London.

The uncertainty of the fate of Llywelyn's body gave rise to a great number of traditions. A Welsh soldier, taken by the French when they took Calais in Mary's reign, wrote that Davydd brought his brother's body and placed it in his father's grave at Aberconway; there are few Welshmen alive at the present day, if at all interested in Welsh history, who have not stood reverently in the woody dingle of Cevn y Bedd, believing that their last native prince was buried there.

The certainty of the fate of Davydd's body aroused a hereditary hatred which it took centuries of national neighbourly actions and of wise legislation to efface. Shedding of blood in hot fight, even of father by son or brother by brother, was, unfortunately, only too common in mediæval Wales. But mutilation and torture in cold blood were imported, first to the borders, and then to Wales. The torture of prisoners took place in the dungeons of a Mortimer, the assassination of chiefs invited to

friendly council in the castle of a Braose, the devising of barbarous punishment in the Parliament of an Edward I. But it can be said of the princes of Wales, as the last of them passes away, that, however great their faults had been, they had never tortured a prisoner, or betrayed a guest, or wreaked inhuman vengeance on a fallen enemy.

Before the death of Davydd, Edward's castles had begun to rise around Snowdon. Conway, the key to the conquered districts, changed its character. Its Cistercian monks were removed to Maenan, higher up the valley; and a castle, whose patched-up walls and roofless banqueting hall still rise grandly from the banks of the sandy Conway, was built in the once peaceful home of the dead.

The Christmas of 1283 was spent by the king and queen at Rhuddlan, where their daughter Elizabeth, the "Welshwoman," had been born the year before. The castle had been extended and made more comfortable for the queen. Stephen, the king's painter, painted the king's chamber with divers colours; Waldbor, the fisherman, laid bait; Richard the Forester caught rabbits; wax and almonds came by road from Chester, and wine by water; many minstrels attended the queen's churching, and were treated with princely generosity; Ralph de Vavasour came running to say that the last castle in Snowdon had been taken.

By mid-Lent, 1284, the king had returned from the Parliament of Lincoln to Rhuddlan, and he there enacted the Statute of Rhuddlan, which defined the new method of administering law in Wales, and

stated the extent to which the law of Wales was to be superseded.

The storms which had so often driven English kings back seemed to have ceased. Through the winter the distant mountains were veiled in mist and rain, but no snow or frost was seen in the Vale of Clwyd. The mild, open winter was followed by a glorious summer. Edward had had storms enough while trying to force the natural ramparts of Snowdon; once within it, even wave and wind seemed submissive.

XI

THE WILL OF THE CONQUEROR

"THE land of Wales, with its inhabitants," says Edward I., in the ordinance called the Statute of Rhuddlan, "had been subjected to us previously in feudal right. And now God, by His grace, all obstacles whatever coming to an end, has converted it totally and in its entirety into our own dominion, and has annexed it to the crown of the said kingdom as part of the same body."

The conquest brought into the king's hands the government of the principality of Llywelyn, and of those chieftains in South Wales—many of them of the royal race of Dynevor—who at various times had become Llywelyn's men. In all these lands, government by princes gave place to government by king's officials. Instead of tiny principalities, composed of commotes grouped differently at different times, there were to be shires with fixed boundaries; instead of ruling scions of the Welsh royal race there were to be a sheriff, coroner, and bailiffs of commotes in each shire.

Môn, being an island, was made into a shire by itself, called Anglesey. Its cornlands, and the peace which the sea ensured for it, made it the wealthiest part of Wales. It contained the four cantrevs of Rhosyr, Cemmaes, Talybolion, and Aberffraw—the last having within it the royal demesne of the princes.

The wild lands of Snowdon, the hitherto uncon-

CONWAY CASTLE.
(*From a drawing by Captain Batty.*)

quered home of Welsh independence, became the shire of Carnarvon. One of the parts of this shire was the cantrev of Arllechwedd, the western highlands of Snowdon, which had been seen spreading away in the distance beyond the Conway, and so rarely trod, by many an advancing English army. The little commote of Creuddyn, containing the historic

Deganwy, on the eastern side of the Conway, the spot from which the attack on inner Wales had been so often watched by English kings, was added to the same shire. The next cantrev to the west was Arvon, that great mass of mountains which overlook the isle of Anglesey, the promontory of Lleyn, and the Berwyn uplands which surround them. The third division of Carnarvonshire was the commote of Eivion and the cantrev of Lleyn, forming the promontory which runs from Snowdon to the western sea.

The rest of Llywelyn's land—partly Gwynedd, and partly portions of Powys that had been ruled by princes of the house of Gwynedd—became the shire of Merioneth. This shire was made up of two very distinct parts. One is the long coast land, from the foot of Snowdon to the river Dovey, consisting of the commote of Ardudwy and the cantrev of Meirionnydd, where a dialect akin to that of Gwynedd was spoken; the other is the upper valley of the Dee, the commotes of Penllyn and Edeyrnion, where the dialect of Powys was spoken.

These three shires were placed under the justice of Snowdon. The county court was to be held regularly in each, every month. Twice a year the sheriff was to make his turn through the commotes, to inquire into all the picturesque evils of mediæval Wales, from treason to the stealing of homing pigeons, from forging to shearing sheep in the folds at night, from arson to the collecting by night of the ears of corn in autumn.

East of these conquered mountains lay the four cantrevs which had been in the possession of Edward

before 1284, and which had risen in revolt because he had tried to introduce the shire system into them. The eastern portion was made into the shire of Flint, extending from Rhuddlan to within a few miles of Chester. It contains the cantrev of Englefield, and the lands of Hope and English Maelor. The sheriff of Flint was to attend before the justice of Chester, and to bring his accounts to the exchequer of Chester.

South of Llywelyn's old land, beyond the Dovey, were the possessions of the royal house of South Wales. In the heart of these castles had been built, and the castles of Carmarthen and Cardigan came into Edward's hands when his father gave him Wales. From them, also, he had tried to rule by introducing the English shire system.

The land between the Dovey and the Teivy, with Llanbadarn at one end and Cardigan at the other, became the new shire of Cardigan.

The land beyond the Teivy, including the royal residence of Dynevor, reaching the southern sea at one point, became the shire of Carmarthen.

These two southern shires had their sheriffs, their coroners, and their bailiffs of commotes, like the others, but were subject to a separate justice—the justice of South Wales.

In this re-organised principality of Wales, the justices and sheriffs were to administer the law of Wales, the old law of the land as amended by the king, in the Statute of Rhuddlan and in later ordinances. The ancient laws of Wales were recited before the king and his nobles at Rhuddlan. "We have

annulled some of them by the advice of the said nobles," Edward says; "some we have allowed to remain, some we have amended, and some others we have decreed shall be added." The Welsh custom of gavel-kind—the division of an inheritance among the male heirs—was retained; but with two exceptions—illegitimate sons could not have portions with their legitimate brothers, and women were to inherit on the failure of male heirs.

An inner circle of castles, each castle protecting an English town, arose round the northern and western sides of Snowdon. Edward's castles were built during the golden age of castle building. The Crusaders, who had seen the three concentric walls of impregnable Constantinople, had introduced great reforms in castle building into the west. The castles were no longer massive square keeps, with walls from ten to twenty feet thick, which could only be taken by mining under the walls or by reducing the garrison to starvation. They were no longer shell-keeps which crowned a hillock with walls. They were so constructed, that those who assailed the walls were commanded by round towers at the corners or by square towers which stood partly within and partly without the walls. They were concentric, that is, when the assailants had stormed one castle, they found that it was an outer case for a stronger castle within. In South Wales, Kidwelly had been made into something like a concentric castle; and Caerphilly, built by Gilbert of Gloucester in 1271, is the most splendid example—three castles presented themselves in succession to the assailant.

EAGLE TOWER, CARNARVON CASTLE
(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

At Conway, Edward found a rocky hillock rising from the treacherous sandy shore of the Conway. On this he built a castle, divided it by a cross wall into two unequal portions, and protected its vulnerable side by a number of great circular towers, with a slender watch-tower rising gracefully from each. On its vulnerable side an enemy would have to scale the town wall, to take the outer castle, and then the inner, before he would be master of Conway. At Carnarvon a tongue of land where the Seiont flows to the sea was utilised, and on it there rose in majestic beauty a castle which was divided, within, into two sections connected by an easily defended doorway. A great square tower defends the entrance; thirteen angular towers command every point where the walls can be undermined. Beaumaris was placed on a plain in a corner of Anglesey, Criccieth on a rock jutting into the sea on the coast of Eivionydd, and Harlech on the top of a precipitous mass of rock rising from the narrow sandy rim of land between the sea and the hills of Merioneth. Cricieth is a square shell on a rock almost surrounded by the sea; its gate was defended by a square tower. Beaumaris and Harlech are concentric. In the former a quadrangle with a tower at each corner rose in massive strength within a wall protected by ten Moorish towers. In the latter a great tower stands at each corner, and the gateway was defended by two more.

In the shadow of the castles, towns were erected or renewed, and charters given them. A hundred years earlier, Gerald had described the Welsh as a pastoral people, who paid no attention to ships, trade, or

manufactures. But he himself had seen Roman Caerleon still the home of a powerful Welsh chieftain, Carmarthen had been a port from time immemorial, and Carnarvon was connected by Roman roads with the west and the south.

The policy of the kings was to encourage the growth of towns in order to break down the tribal system which gave the chief his power. For this purpose charters were granted to a number of towns protected by Norman lords, who got a revenue from their markets. Among these were Cardiff, Cardigan, Builth, Montgomery, Welshpool, and Rhuddlan. Colonies of English merchants and loyal Welsh were sheltered by each of Edward's castles. Within his reign charters were given to Aberystwyth ; to Carnarvon, Conway, Criccieth, and Harlech ; to Caerwys, Beaumaris, and Newborough. Bala and Llanvyllin were given charters by Edward II. ; as were Cardiff, Usk, Caerleon, Newport, Cowbridge, Neath, and Cenfig.

These charters, like all Welsh charters, were copied from the charter of Hereford. The privileges given included the right of creating a merchant gild, the gild obtaining a monopoly of the trade of the district. The English character of Carnarvon, Beaumaris, and Conway was jealously guarded for political reasons. In the other towns, from Denbigh to Cardiff, Welshmen appear as burgesses from the beginning. The monopoly of the merchants was broken down by the king, however, long before the boroughs in Wales became Welsh in spirit. Until the middle of the last century, English was the language of the

WALES

After the Conquest by Edward I

I Anglesey
II Carnarvonshire
III Merionethshire
IV Flintshire
V Cardiganshire
VI Carmarthenshire
□ *Castles built by Edward I*

town and Welsh the language of the surrounding country.

Outside the new castles and privileged boroughs, conquered Wales was guarded by a semi-circle of Anglo-Welsh march lords. They could no longer defy the king, now that the prince of Wales had been crushed behind them. Their attempts at introducing primogeniture and their rapacity for land made their tenants always willing to welcome the king's interference. Still they retained much real power. Their lordships extended from the Clwyd to the Dee, from the Dee to the Severn, and from the Severn to the western sea, forming an outer circle of march land around the new Welsh shires, and separating them from the older English shires.

In the Vale of Clwyd, Henry de Lacy was granted the lordship of Denbigh, which cut Flintshire off from the other Welsh shires. He had the energy of his English father, and the courteous bearing of his beautiful Italian mother. He had taken an active part in the conquest of Wales. It was he who took Dolvorwyn Castle in 1277. He built at Denbigh the castle whose broken remains are still a conspicuous object from the cornlands around. While the Red Tower was rising, his eldest son fell into the well, and was drowned. Towards the end of his life—he died in 1311—his unwieldy form was the object of Gaveston's buffoonery. His wicked unfaithful daughter Alice married Thomas of Lancaster, the leader of the opposition to Edward's son.

Further east Roger Mortimer was in Chirk Castle, keeping one eye on the Dee and the other on the

Severn. In the valley of the Dee, the stronghold of Dinas Brân was but a poor protection to the young heirs of Lower Powys ; and the decline of the race of Owen Cyveiliog at Powys Castle was eagerly watched by many jealous eyes. Richard Fitzalan, first earl of Arundel, was the nephew of Roger Mortimer ; he was to take an important part in crushing rebellions and in sharing the spoil.

At Wigmore, further south, Roger's elder brother Edmund was zealous in his protests of loyalty to Edward, because he was now in the dangerous position of being the next heir to the Welsh crown.

Still further south, at Brecon, there was Humphrey de Bohun, earl of Hereford, with traditions of opposition to the king and of war, sometimes disastrous, against the Welsh. His father had been an ally of Simon de Montfort, his son was to oppose Edward II. After the conquest of Wales his chief aim was to humble his powerful neighbour on the other side of the Black Mountains, the red earl of Gloucester, Gilbert de Clare.

Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester and lord of Glamorgan, had taken a prominent part in the conquest of Wales, though he had been Llywelyn's ally during the earlier part of the Barons' War. After Llywelyn's fall, Gilbert tried to extend his dominions northwards, and came into collision with Humphrey de Bohun, earl of Hereford. Even during the reign of Edward I. these two powerful earls were able to wage private war. Gilbert de Clare had much trouble with his Welsh tenants in Glamorgan ; and the strong castle of Caerphilly, though it marked the

HARLECH CASTLE.

(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

perfection of mediæval castle-building, could not bend the men of Glamorgan to his will.

A close neighbour to Gilbert and Humphrey was John de Hastings, Baron Bergavenny. He had inherited Abergavenny from his mother's family. His father had led the Londoners at the battle of Lewes, and had fought for the barons to the last. This John claimed the throne of Scotland, for he was descended from David, brother of William the Lion. He had married Isabel, daughter of William de Valence.

In Pembroke, William de Valence, an ambitious foreign adventurer, had obtained extensive lands with his wife Joan, granddaughter of William Marshall. Insolent and boastful, he was the best hated of all the foreigners who opposed Simon de Montfort. His inordinate love of fighting attracted him to every tournament, and there were many who enjoyed his discomfitures. He was banished by the barons, but he came back to entice Gloucester to the king's side. He fought at Lewes and Evesham. His reward was not small. The boundaries of Pembroke extended rapidly. At one time he held Cilgeran and Abergavenny, and he fought all through the Welsh war, to retain and to extend his boundaries.

Gilbert de Clare, Humphrey de Bohun, and William de Valence died before the end of the century; their sons fought at Bannockburn—the young Gilbert was killed, the young Humphrey was taken prisoner, Aylmer de Valence fled.

These were the men who stood round the conquered Wales, and round the Welsh chiefs, like Rees ap Meredith, who had betrayed Llywelyn.

The king took possession of his new land; when he turned his back on Wales, his barons took possession of theirs in a way that caused his speedy return. Early in 1284 Edward began his slow progress through the conquered country. Already a new castle was rising at the mouth of the Seiont at Carnarvon—still the most beautiful of all Welsh castles. It was to be the noblest of the ring of castles that had been planned to stand as sentinels around Snowdon. While the new castle was rising the queen joined Edward at Carnarvon, her baggage being carried in carts drawn by four horses each. At the end of April the king's second son, Edward of Carnarvon, was born. A great discovery was made at Carnarvon—the body of the father of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, was found. Edward ordered it to be buried, with great honour, in the church. Though eminently practical and matter-of-fact, Edward's imagination must have been at a high tension in these strange lands, made almost mysterious by their association with Merlin and Arthur. And, among other jewels, Arthur's crown was given up to the king of England. "Thus," says the English historian, "the glory of the Welsh passed over to the English."

Later on, in the summer, Edward went to Lleyn, passing between the serrated Eivl and the sea. At Nevin, where he found a pleasant plain overlooking the sea, he determined to hold a tournament to celebrate the conquest of Wales. It may be that the finding of Arthur's crown had suggested to the king the holding of a "round table." A great number

of earls and barons and knights, and many foreign nobles besides, congregated at this distant little fishing village, on the first day of August, to celebrate, by brilliant feats and merry revelry, the conquest of the silent mountains around them.

In autumn the king passed on southwards to Cardiganshire. At the end of November he and Eleanor appeared at St. David's. He was welcomed by the Earl of Gloucester into Glamorgan, whence he passed on to Bristol to spend Christmas.

In the following May, a solemn procession passed through London on its way to Westminster Abbey. The archbishop of Canterbury and the clergy, in their most gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments, were followed by a great crowd of people. In the midst came the king, carrying the true portion of the Cross of our Saviour, adorned with ruddy gold and shining gems, which he had brought with him from Wales. He placed it on the great altar at Westminster with his own hands.

Edward I., when he left Glamorgan in 1284, left Wales in a sullenly peaceful state. The bards mourned for Llywelyn, but the corn ripened and the flocks prospered as before. Though the conqueror could never be regarded as an Arthur, wearing his crown at Carnarvon or conducting a knightly tournament at Nevin, there was something like a beginning of Welsh affection for the young prince born at Carnarvon. This prince was now the heir to the English crown, for his little brother Alfonso died in 1285, his body being buried at Westminster, and his heart being sent by his mother to lie among the

Black Friars. It was to this child, then eleven years old, that the honour was given of offering Llywelyn's coronet at the shrine of Edward the Confessor at Westminster.

Whether the conquest was to be succeeded by peace depended on the wisdom and moderation of the justices. In North Wales, the king ruled directly through mere officials, and kept a vigilant eye on the two brothers who were now heirs to the independence he had crushed—the wily Edmund Mortimer of Wigmore and the licentious Roger Mortimer of Chirk. But in the South, the justice Robert de Tibetot showed scant courtesy to the Rees ap Meredith who represented the royal line of South Wales, who had been the ally and the rival of Llywelyn, and who had helped Edward in order to become the chief prince in Wales. Rees was bitterly disappointed. He found his jurisdiction taken away from him, and his lands encroached upon by those who would sit in judgment on him. When he was summoned in 1287 to appear at the county court, before a justice whom he despised as a robber and hated as a tyrant, he defied the king's power. Edward wrote from Gascony, where he had been conducting different negotiations in spite of illness and news of the discontent of his barons at home promising all reasonable justice. Rees could not wait. He took possession of the home of his family, Dynevor; he took the castle at Llandovery, lower down in the valley of the Towy, and prepared to attack the justice at Carmarthen. The earl of Cornwall, who was regent, prepared to march against

him. Rees and his army refused to give battle, and the earl had to content himself with the laborious process of undermining otherwise impregnable castles. One undermined tower at Dryslwyn was unskilfully propped, and fell when it ought not to have fallen, burying many knights under its *débris*. The earl of Gloucester, fearing the rise of his own tenants, remained inactive, and the earl of Cornwall had to retire, leaving the Vale of Towy to winter and Rees ap Meredith. As soon as he had gone, disregarding the truce, Rees turned northwards and attacked the castle in Emlyn on the Teivy. The march lords were summoned, their armies closed round Rees, and his escape through Glamorgan into Ireland was probably connived at by Red Gilbert of Gloucester.

Tibetot obtained possession of the broken castles, and his administration was so unpopular that Rees, on his sudden re-appearance in 1290, raised the whole country against him. But the undisciplined rabble, as devoid of organisation as their leader was of political wisdom, were routed and slaughtered by the hastily levied forces of the justice. Rees was taken, and carried to York, where Edward was then staying on his way to Scotland, to summon the claimants to the Scottish Crown before him. The Welsh chief was hastily tried, and drawn at the tails of horses to his horrible death.

The country was, however, simmering with insurrection. The sheriff's insolence and the justice's injustice were followed by the new tax of fifteenth on movables, and the whole country broke out, in 1294, into wild, tumultuous revolt, either misguided or not

guided at all. Maelgwn, a young man, led the men of Dyved, who looked upon Pembroke and Carmarthen as the strongholds of their oppressors. Morgan, the dispossessed son of a freeman, led the men of hill and dale in Glamorgan, and Red Gilbert fled for his life. In mid Wales the insurrection was general; even the monks of Strata Florida were implicated. In the Vale of Clwyd, the men of the cantrevs were in revolt, and threatened Lacy's castle at Denbigh. Most formidable of all was the appearance of one Madoc, who claimed to be the son of Llywelyn.

There was a fair at Carnarvon. Suddenly Madoc and his followers burst into the town. Their two chief objects of hatred were the new castle and the residence of Sir Roger Puleston, sheriff of Anglesey, and collector of the new tax. The castle was stormed and the town left a smouldering ruin.

Edward was on the point of leaving for Gascony, but he had to spend all his energy on the re-conquest of Wales. Money was difficult to get. He demanded one half of the revenues of the clergy, on pain of outlawry. The dean of St. Paul's fell dead in his presence, from sheer fright. It was near the end of November before the king could reach Chester. Henry de Lacy marched into the Vale of Clwyd, to save Denbigh, but was hurled back in disastrous defeat by the Welsh. The king pushed on to Conway. The river Conway was crossed by part of his army in the teeth of fierce resistance, and with great loss of life and provisions. Then the king was menaced by the gravest danger. The Conway suddenly rose, and he found himself in his new castle, with a very

slender stock of provisions, closely besieged by the Welsh, while his army looked helplessly on over the now impassable Conway. The king had no better fare in that splendid banqueting-room than salt meat, stale bread, and water sweetened with honey. The river subsided, however, before the castle had been forced to surrender, and the Welsh retired before the advance of the main army.

The earl of Warwick gained much prestige during this war. A Welsh contingent he had surprised in a valley formed into a square, and with lances fixed defied the onset of his cavalry. By placing bowmen between the horses he broke the wall of lances and almost annihilated the Welshmen.

The king spent Christmas at Conway, directing the advance of his army into Carnarvon and Anglesey, and supervising the building of the new castle at Beaumaris, from which Anglesey was henceforth to be governed. Tradition will have it that there was to be one other great flare on the mountains, and the fight for Welsh independence was over. When Edward's army retired Madoc appeared again, an army gathered around him as if by magic, and he began to march towards England. Vague traditions of earlier and greater leaders were associated in a confused way with him. On his way through the march lordships, he was joined by the Welsh tenants, and his army increased as he defeated one lord marcher after another, took possession of Oswestry, threatened Shrewsbury. The march lords, fearing a rising of their tenants, made an effort to crush him. A bitterly-fought battle went against Madoc, and at

Cevn Digoll, haunted by so many traditions of lost battles and ruined causes, the last champions of Welsh independence were crushed. There can be no doubt of the fact that Madoc submitted or was captured, and that he was placed in the Tower of London ; and one chronicler states that the French, if they invaded England, intended to make him prince of Wales.

The meteoric advance of Madoc was watched with a suddenly aroused hope and with wavering loyalty by the chieftains of the principality as well as by the tenants of the marches. His disappearance made them fall back, in despair, to acquiescence in the new system of county court and taxation by sheriff. When Madoc passed into the Tower of London there seemed to be a kind of vague understanding between the two sides that the fight was now over.

On one side the king's measures became less harsh. It is true that there were some acts of blind ferocity. The burning of Strata Florida was an act committed in a rage against the stubborn resistance of Cardiganshire. The inhuman punishment of Maelgwn Vychan was probably due to the bitter racial feeling in Pembroke land. The king's prisons were filled with Welsh chieftains, but there was none of the wholesale confiscation and outburst of savage vengeance which followed the previous war. The king felt that there was no further danger. Gwenllian, the only daughter of Llywelyn, was safe at Sempringham. He need fear no other heir to the power or popularity of the lords of Snowdon. The castles, from Rhuddlan to Caerphilly, were as perfect as the military ingenuity

of the time could make them. Justice and sheriff kept an eye on the bard and on his now sorely reduced patron. And the Welsh had, in one case at least, preferred the king to their lord. The men of Glamorgan who had risen with Morgan submitted on condition that they were to hold their lands, not of the earl of Gloucester, but of the king himself.

The Welsh saw that resistance was hopeless. Llywelyn had left no heir, the birds of Savaddan knew no other Griffith or Rees, and who else could lead to anything but defeat? It was seen that, after all, the king might enforce justice. Years of plenty had followed the conquest. Commerce was growing; intercourse with England became more frequent. One can almost believe the English chronicler who said that the Welsh began to amass wealth and would not put it in jeopardy.

A fantastic plot, unknown to them, was made for the recovery of their independence. In spite of its early conquest by the Normans, Morgannwg remained as Welsh in spirit as any part of Wales. If less active in the way of rebelling and fighting battles, its poets gave its history a glamour that captivated its Norman lords. And it was Sir Thomas Tuberville that dreamt the last dream of Welsh independence. He was taken prisoner in Gascony, and carried by the French to Paris. There he promised to involve the king of England in war in the whole of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales at the same time. The French fleet was to seize a port that he would have ready. Tuberville's reward was to be the principality of Wales. He came to

England; his plot was discovered. He was dragged through the streets of London at the tails of horses to the gibbet, as Davydd had been at Shrewsbury and Rees at York, and his head was placed on the Tower of London.

The restless activity of the country, over-populated in so pastoral a stage, found employment elsewhere. The Welsh began to cross the borders and the seas in thousands. At first they did not gain a good name for themselves, or for their country. They became the mercenaries of the next two centuries, and they have been buried in hundreds on the battle-fields of France, Scotland, and England. They did not care for what leader they fought, or for what cause. They generally fought for the king of England, but would have preferred fighting against him. Their old faithful devotion to their own princes gave place to a wild spirit of adventure that was not trammelled by qualities that would spoil the career of a pirate or leader of mercenaries. Edward first discovered their value; he saw that their skill as bowmen and wielders of lances could be used to break the charge of mailed knights and to complete their discomfiture. The king was glad to be able to take them out of Wales; their departure lessened the power of the chiefs and ensured the peace of the country.

A great multitude of them relieved the English footmen who were besieging the castle of Edinburgh in 1296. In the following year they followed the king, a rebellious and undisciplined rabble, to Flanders. They wished to set Ghent on fire, but Edward

prevented them. They then spread devastation in the country around it. The king hanged some of them and imprisoned others. The Welshmen broke his prison, released their companions, and carried them in triumph on their shoulders. Edward, in a towering rage, wanted to surround and massacre them all, but wiser counsels prevailed. At the battle of Falkirk, in 1298, it was uncertain whether the ten thousand Welsh mercenaries would obey the order to attack Wallace, or passively watch the fortunes of the day, or point their arrows towards Edward. Finally, in spite of their sullen hatred for him who commanded, they attacked the retreating Scots, covering the ground with dead bodies "as thick as snow in winter."

It was from this disorderly crowd of Welsh archers and spearmen, however, that the art of the war of the next century was developed, with very important political results. The longbow, which had failed to preserve its independence for Wales, was to make the armies of England famous throughout Europe.

XII

AN ENGLISH PRINCE OF WALES

WHEN Edward of Carnarvon was made Prince of Wales and earl of Chester, February 7, 1301, an English chronicler wrote that the Welsh heard the news with great joy, comforting themselves with the thought that he was their lawful lord, having been born among them, and not their conqueror. They remembered Edward I. with his drooping eyelid and scowling suspicion, as the destroyer of their liberty; they knew the open countenance and easy good nature of his son, who had never done them harm. The old Edward, before his death, collected the chains and the manacles in the kingdom into a huge pile in the Tower of London ; to Welshmen, as to Scotchmen, his memory was connected with chains and slavery. But they looked upon young Edward as a generous prince, who would lead them into freedom. Edward believed that he was very popular among them. When he became king of England he reminded them that he had been born in Wales, and declared that it was his wish to win

the affection of his countrymen by granting them favours. He redressed many of their grievances; and, when fleeing from his impossible task, it was among them that he sought his last refuge.

In disputing the claim of Balliol to the throne of Scotland, John de Hastings, Lord of Abergavenny, another claimant, said that the Prince of Wales, in his time, held more freely of the king of England than the lords of Scotland did, "for he had coronation with the garland, and was placed in his seat by bishops." The new Prince of Wales was not a prince as soon as he was born, he needed creation and investiture. He was the heir apparent to the throne of England, so that Wales might always belong to the king of England, to be granted by him from time to time to his heir.

Between the time when he became Prince of Wales and his accession to the throne of England in 1307, Edward's life and that of his father were as unlike each other as the life of a butterfly and that of an eagle in Eryri. The wide scope of the father's activity is in strange contrast to the few anxieties of his son,—to get raisins in time for dinner, to get a white greyhound bitch, and to get Gilbert de Clare and Piers Gaveston as playmates. He was so thriftless that it is probable that his father did not allow him to squander much of the revenues of Wales. Of the stern determination of his father—shown in his conquest of Wales and in his injunction that he was not to be buried until Scotland had been conquered—Edward had but little. He pined alternately for the vocation of a smith or a thatcher

THE RUINS OF DENBIGH CASTLE.
(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

and for the splendour of a great court pageant He showed the stubbornness of a spoilt child in his affection for favourites and in his dislike for the nobles. He kept sight of his father's policy in a weak and irresolute way; but the nobles, almost as incapable as he and as selfish as his favourites, made it as impossible for him to rule England as it was to conquer Scotland.

It was a wonder to an English chronicler a hundred years later why Wales clung to Edward II. when Scotland had rebelled against him and when England had cast him away, why its poets had written elegies on him in their own tongue, and why it still remembered him with affection.

One reason, undoubtedly, was Edward's frequent boast that he was a Welshman. In sending Lewis of Evreux a fine trotting palfrey and harriers that could discover a hare sleeping, he offers to send him anything out of Wales, some of its wild people if he likes, who can well teach the management of horse and hound to the young sons of great lords. They played the crowth, they sang well, one of them was said to be so strong that he could straighten a horse-shoe. Sometimes Edward would reward them as Llywelyn or Rees would have done; sometimes he would send them to be an unwelcome charge on some monastery.

During the whole of his reign a struggle was going on in Wales between the new official class and the conquered people. When the king interfered it was in the interest of the Welsh freemen.

Fines were levied harshly and unjustly. The

amobr was the money due to a lord when a freeman's daughter was given in marriage, and it was also a fine for incontinence. The amount was defined by custom. In some parts it was very heavy, in other parts light, in Arvon it was not taken at all. No fine was so capable of abuse on the part of the officials, and no abuse was so bitterly resented. It was forced from those who had never paid it; it was made the excuse for extortion after a long time, when the accused could not prove his innocence. One of the ordinances of Edward II. enacted that the *amobr* claimed must be the customary sum, and that it must be claimed within a year.

Freemen were placed under burdens which were due only from villeins and outlanders. The villein paid a hereditary tribute, the stranger a fine in exchange for the prince's protection. The tendency now was to break down the distinction between freemen and strangers, and even between freemen and their own villeins. The levying of a tax by the sheriff from a freeman was, from the Welsh point of view, to put the burden of a serf on a free man. Edward ordained that the customary taxes due from villeins and strangers were to be taken as they were taken by the princes of Wales, and that freemen were not to be taxed unless the ordinary revenue was insufficient.

Welshmen were denied justice in civil matters, because the jury was English and ignorant of the customs of Wales. Edward II. ordained that suits between Welshmen must be decided by a Welsh jury and according to Welsh law; suits between Welsh-

men and Englishmen by a jury composed of an equal number of Welshmen and Englishmen; and suits between Englishmen as before.

The *gwestva*—the freeman's commuted obligation to maintain his lord when on progress—was made excessive. The bailiffs took, not what was offered, but what they thought ought to be offered. Edward II. enacted that the bailiff must either take what was offered or a fixed sum of five shillings.

The superabundance of bailiffs was a very heavy and a very unwelcome burden. Edward II. ordained that their number was to be lessened, and that the justiciar should fix upon the number of bailiffs that would be of most service to king and subject.

The disqualifications of English villeins were applied to Welsh freemen—their sons were not allowed to take orders without a licence. Edward ordains that any freeman, having more than one son, can allow one of them to take orders without licence from king or justiciar.

It is clear that the work of the king's officers in Wales was difficult, and that it opened up innumerable possibilities of abuse—from ignorance, want of tact, or dishonesty. The conquered people were exceedingly sensitive in their conservatism; the officials despised what they did not understand. In spite of all his follies, the Welsh of the principality remembered that Edward II., as prince of Wales and as king of England, had tried to get justice done.

Between the conquest and the reign of Henry VIII. Edward is the only king who summoned members from Wales to his Parliaments. In 1322, when he

was at the height of his power, twenty-four representatives were summoned from South Wales and twenty-four from North Wales. In his last Parliament in 1326, the three counties of North Wales were represented by eighteen Welshmen, and their boroughs by six Englishmen.

As Edward II. was looked upon as the protector of the tenant against his own officials, in the march he was looked upon as his champion against the Mortimers. At the beginning of his reign there were two Mortimers whose rapacious energy, insatiable ambition for power and land, mental power and licentious lives, made them the terror of the borderland. The uncle, Roger of Chirk, was old in crime. He had followed Edward I. to the Scotch wars, though the king knew him too well to trust him much out of his sight; at the accession of Edward II. he became justice of North Wales. The nephew, Roger of Wigmore, ran a wonderful career of danger, adventure, and crime; but the adultery and the murder which were the horror of even that callous age cannot hide the brilliant ability of this first earl of March, who dethroned a king, and ruled England in more than royal magnificence as the paramour of a queen.

The young Roger had been knighted at the same time as Edward II., and had ransomed himself from the wardship of Piers Gaveston. His wife brought him Ludlow, broad lands in the southern marches, and a claim to vast estates in Ireland. The energy with which he conquered territory was only equalled by the foresight with which he planned the extension

of the Mortimer interest by agreements and marriages. He was hated and feared on the Welsh borders by all who had privilege or land to lose, but by none more bitterly than by the Welsh tenants, whose ancient rights of pasture on the mountains and ideas of the ownership of land in the valleys, from Chirk to Ewyas Lacy, were ruthlessly disregarded by Roger Mortimer and his allies. He played his part in English policy so deftly until 1314 that the king did not interfere with him. But an event occurred in that year which brought Edward II. into closer contact with Wales, and which brought about a struggle between him and his powerful vassal for supremacy west of the Severn.

Of the companions of Edward's youth, those that played the most important part during his reign were Piers Gaveston, Gilbert de Clare, and Hugh le Despenser. Gaveston was the son of a Gascon knight, brave and not without ability; but his insolence and avarice united the barons in opposition to the infatuated king. When he had been beheaded on Blacklow Hill by the barons, in the summer of 1312, Gilbert de Clare protected the king from his angry opponents. After the death of Gilbert at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314, Edward's other favourite, Hugh le Despenser the younger, guided his policy. Gilbert was the king's nephew; Gaveston and Hugh le Despenser had married Gilbert's sisters, Margaret and Eleanor, daughters of Gilbert the Red.

Though he was but twenty-four when he died, Gilbert de Clare had shown ability, moderation, and consistent statesmanship that were very rare during

Edward's reign. As the grandson of Edward I., and heir to the vast estates of the earls of Gloucester in England and Wales and Ireland, Gilbert de Clare was one of the most powerful men of the time. With chivalry bordering on self-sacrifice, with loyalty to great traditions, with wisdom which sometimes made him hesitate from excess of caution and then plunge into headlong action when he felt his honour or sincerity doubted—the most striking figure of the reign is the last great lord of Glamorgan. He ruled Glamorgan wisely ; through the Welsh chiefs in the hilly districts of the north, and through the descendants of the Norman conquerors in the vale district of the south. He had led eight hundred men from Glamorgan to the Scotch wars when seventeen years of age ; he had moderated the policy of the lords who were appointed ordainers in 1311 to deal with the helpless king ; he had secured the return of Gaveston from exile and given him stern counsels of moderation ; he had established some kind of peace between the king and Lancaster, the leader of the barons. In 1314 he followed the king and his tame lion with a contingent of five hundred men to Scotland, where he led the vanguard of the army. On June 24 he advised Edward not to risk a battle until his troops had rested. Edward, seized by one of those fits of ungovernable fury which he had inherited from his father, taunted him with cowardice and treachery. Gilbert rushed into battle, and sacrificed in the shock of battle the life that would have been so valuable to the king. In the disastrous battle of Bannockburn the one cause of pride to the

southerners was the desperate stand made by the Lord of Glamorgan and his men.

Gilbert left no son; his heiresses were his three sisters—Eleanor, wife of Hugh le Despenser; Margaret, widow of Gaveston, now wife of Hugh d'Audley; and Elizabeth, wife of Roger d'Amory. While it was yet uncertain whether Gilbert would have a son, Glamorgan fell to the custody of the king. Edward appointed one of the lords of the Vale of Glamorgan, Payn Turberville, steward. No more unfortunate choice could be made, for Turberville immediately took advantage of his position to oust the Welsh chiefs from the north, and to replace them with Englishmen. Among those removed was Llywelyn Bren, the popular Welsh chief of Senghenydd. Llywelyn's heated protest was reported to the king as a threat of rebellion. He went to the king in person, and his reception by the hasty Edward was such that he returned to Glamorgan, and the Welsh of Glamorgan again rose in widespread revolt. Thousands of aggrieved freemen joined him. His first attack was on Caerphilly, the most elaborate of all the new castles, which overlooked the western plains of Glamorgan from a spur of Senghenydd. At the other end of Glamorgan the officials and English settlers fled to a man. Turberville looked helplessly from his castle at Coyty on the storm he had created. The rich vale was devastated, and the spirit of rebellion was embittered by memories of lost land and violated privilege.

The quelling of the rebellion was entrusted to Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford, who had led

CAERPHILLY CASTLE.
(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

the vanguard at Bannockburn with Gilbert de Clare, and who was lord of Brecon, being a descendant of Bernard and Nest. He was joined by the forces of all who had tenants in Wales—by the Mortimers, by Henry of Lancaster. Llywelyn Bren did not lead his followers into useless slaughter, he surrendered to the earl of Hereford, and remained in prison from the summer of 1316 to the summer of 1317. It is possible that, in view of future operations in Glamorgan, he was won over by his conquerors—Hereford, Mortimer, and Lancaster, and they made the king promise to deal mercifully with him. They were afraid that Despenser would get Glamorgan.

The younger Despenser, whose grandfather had died with Simon de Montfort on the field of Evesham, and whose father had stood by Gaveston, had become very faithful to the king when he saw that his brother-in-law's estates were to be partitioned. He was the companion of the king's childhood, and had been knighted on the same day. He had his eye on the rich lordship of Glamorgan, with its magnificent castles and abbeys. When he obtained it he saw all kinds of desirable Naboth's vineyards around it. He wanted the king to resume grants that had been made to the Mortimers. He wanted to take Gower from the husband of the heiress of William de Braose, because he had taken possession of it without the king's license—a robber's reason that was enough to band all the feudal lords of the kingdom in opposition to the king.

The Mortimers and the Despensers—now neighbours—were at deadly feud. Despenser remembered

his grandfather's death at Evesham through the treachery of the Mortimers; the Mortimers remembered how Despenser's machinations had robbed them of land. In the spring of 1321 the Mortimers invaded Glamorgan, and took Newport and Cardiff. Lancaster maintained their cause, and the barons dispossessed the Despensers of their land, and drove them into exile. Mortimer was now all-powerful in Wales.

The causes that had driven Glamorgan to revolt were also at work in distant Anglesey. The justice of Snowdon was Roger Mortimer, the third son of Roger Mortimer of Wigmore, and the uncle of the Mortimer who gives so much of its daring wickedness to the end of the reign of Edward II. He had built the castle of Chirk, overlooking the valley of the Dee on the one hand and the rich plain of Maelor on the other; and his sympathies, in spite of his descent from Llywelyn, was not with the Welsh, over whom he had such arbitrary power. Indignation at the disregard of privilege and new exactions, at favouritism shown to strangers and at the contemptuous treatment as slaves of men who had always been free, drove the farmers of Anglesey into revolt. Sir Griffith Llwyd, a descendant of Ednyved, the minister of Llywelyn the Great, and the chieftain of Trevgarnedd in Anglesey and of Dinorwic in Arvon, rose in revolt. As in Glamorgan, the power of the lords of the marches in the north was threatened by a revolt that had the bitterness of a social struggle and the enthusiasm of a national rising. Sir Griffith Llwyd had planned a great rising, and had made overtures

to Edward Bruce. He was crushed, however, by the lords of the marches, and the bards of Arvon bewailed his hopeless captivity at Rhuddlan.

In 1322 Edward II. had one of his sudden fits of energetic and determined action—the old Edward seemed to be aroused in him at times. Early in that year he approached Wales. He meant to enter Glamorgan, but he found the Severn guarded by the Mortimers—at Gloucester, at Worcester, at Bridgnorth they faced him. But Lancaster did not come to their help. The king crossed the river at Shrewsbury, and the Mortimers, not daring to oppose him, surrendered. Fortune favoured him at last. Hereford fell at the battle of Boroughbridge, Lancaster was beheaded at Pontefract, the Mortimers were put in prison. Roger Mortimer of Chirk died in the Tower; his nephew, imitating the attempt of Griffith, made a daring escape, and fled to France to work the ruin of the king.

Edward's policy, like that of his father, was to crush the power of the barons. His policy in Wales and Ireland gives some colour to the theory that he meant to base his power on his popularity among the people, and that he meant to substitute for baronial anarchy the rule of a strong minister—a Gaveston or a Despenser. Unfortunately his affection for his favourites blinded Edward to their faults as statesmen; and, if he had a policy, it was sacrificed without hesitation to the personal interests of his favourite minister.

In 1323, after the defeat of Lancaster and the barons at the battle of Boroughbridge, Edward's

new-born energy brought him again into the march of Wales, from Lancaster's tenants to those of the Mortimers. He passed from place to place, making inquiries as to public offenders, not forgetting the oppressors of the common people. But here, again, he sacrificed his own popularity to the interests of "a well-beloved valet" whose faithfulness was not to be unbroken; for in the summer of 1309, Griffith ab Owen, the last of the old princes of Powys, died. According to Welsh law, his uncle Griffith ought to have succeeded him. But he had left one sister, Hawys, and she was given in marriage to John Charlton, a Shropshire man, and a favourite of the king, who thus obtained Powys Castle and the regal rights of the old princes of Upper Powys. Griffith and a few jealous neighbours besieged him in his castle; but Edward came, and determined in favour of Charlton. At first Charlton imitated the policy of the king, and tried to conciliate the people of Welshpool and Machynlleth. Griffith clamoured for his inheritance to the day of his death; but Charlton, whether fighting against the king at Boroughbridge or supplying him with Welsh spearmen, managed to retain the magnificent dowry which Hawys had brought him. It may be that an effigy in the stained glass window in St. Mary's Church at Shrewsbury is a picture, dating from that time, of this first Lord Charlton of Powys.

The same baneful sacrifice of policy to favouritism is seen in the history of Edward in Glamorgan. His true policy towards Wales was laid down in the ordinances of 1315, in which he appeared as the

champion of the rights and privileges left to the Welsh under the Statute of Rhuddlan. He meant to conciliate the Welsh of Glamorgan; but the interests of Despenser intervened. During the struggle between the husbands of the three Gloucester heiresses, Despenser had probably suspected Llywelyn Bren of sympathy with the baronial enemies of the king, among whom Roger d'Amory fought against Despenser to the last. By a mad act of folly, when Glamorgan had become his in 1317, he fell upon Llywelyn, through whom the Welsh could have been easily conciliated, took possession of his estates, and dragged him through the streets of Cardiff as Davydd had been dragged through the streets of Shrewsbury to an almost equally horrible death.

When Edward was again a fugitive before the escaped Mortimer, now helped by the unfaithful queen, it was to Caerphilly and Neath, of all places—where Llywelyn's memory was most revered—that the king came to seek shelter and assistance. The men of Glamorgan, who had so readily followed Gilbert de Clare to his aid thirteen years before, now listened to his appeal with sullen indifference. Followed by the relentless Mortimer, the unpitying hate of his adulterous queen, and the subtle and revengeful Adam of Orleton, he wandered from place to place in Glamorgan until he was discovered by the new earl of Lancaster and a Welsh chief whose attachment had been sacrificed to the interests of Despenser. Welsh tradition makes him wander from hamlet to abbey, disguised as a Welsh peasant, until he gave himself up to save his friends. From the

castle of Llantrisant, which looks down on the Vale of Glamorgan, Despenser was sent to the queen at Hereford, who had him immediately executed. The unfortunate king was reserved for a more unhappy fate. Uncrowned, hurried secretly from place to place, ill-treated in a way compared with which murder would have been merciful, placed in a chamber made fœtid by the exhalation from dead bodies in a charnel house beneath, in those days of pestilence, he was finally murdered at Berkeley in a way that made his appalling cries—for he was tall and strong like his father—awake shuddering sleepers in the town below.

Gray makes the mythical bard who frightened Edward I. during his march in Wales, when Red Gilbert stood aghast and Mortimer couched his quivering lance, call upon the conqueror to

> "Mark the year and mark the night,
> When Severn shall re-echo with affright
> The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that ring."

But the bards of Wales, the bards whom Edward had threatened, mourned the fate of his son. To them he had been a just protector against the oppressors whom his father had placed over them. Had he the energy to crush the selfish barons who made good government impossible, from no part of his dominions could he have drawn more willing armies than from his native land. The incoherence of his life is, after all, more lovable than the supremely practical selfishness of the barons who tortured him in life as in death. His own folly made

his reign a strange succession of useless victories and barren defeats—no great measure followed his rise or fall. But still one associates dim visions of contented Welsh freemen, of prosperous English citizens, of parliament as a source of justice to high and low—visions like broken masses of clouds on his native mountains—with the first English prince of Wales.

XIII

THE LONGBOW AND THE BLACK DEATH

TWO events caught the imagination of Welshmen in the middle of the fourteenth century. One was the coronation of the Black Prince as Prince of Wales; the other was the coming of the dreaded Black Death.

The Black Prince was created Prince of Wales by his father, Edward III., in May, 1343. Edward III. was as popular in Wales as his father had been. His attack on Mortimer, and the terrible punishment he inflicted on his father's murderer, had pleased the Welsh, who remembered Mortimer's oppression on the marches. The new prince of Wales was regarded by them as the heir to the just and humane policy of Edward II. The ceremony of coronation took place in a parliament held at Westminster. The young prince—he was not quite thirteen—was crowned with a chaplet of gold made in the form of a garland, a gold ring was set on his finger, and a sceptre of silver was placed in his hand. His revenues were those of the principality of Wales; and he was to get

an army from Wales, of archers and spearmen who could be persuaded by love of adventure and of plunder to leave their native mountains, to bring down the pride of the steel-clad chivalry of the Continent.

The home of the longbow is the south-east corner of Wales, the well-wooded rolling plain of Gwent and Morgannwg. Gerald, who had a keen eye to everything relating to war in spite of his boasted devotion to Church and literature, saw instances at Abergavenny of the striking skill of the Gwent archers. Arrow-heads were still embedded in an oaken door, left there to prove the wonderful penetrating power of the shaft. Two soldiers had taken refuge in a tower, and the arrows which sped after them pierced oak planks four fingers thick. One of the knights of William de Braose had a narrow escape—the arrow penetrated through his coat of mail, through his mail breeches, through his thigh, and through his wooden saddle, pinning him to his mortally wounded horse. Another knight had his hip pierced, through his armour, by an arrow which went right into his saddle. Turning his horse round, another arrow passed through his other side, so that he was fixed to his saddle on both sides.

Skill in archery was universal in Wales. The Welsh crusader on the plains of Asia Minor, the Welsh student at Oxford, the Welsh poet on his journey from patron to patron, all carried the inseparable bow. The greatest Welsh poet of the fourteenth century describes himself sitting on a knoll, awaiting the coming of Gwen. Suddenly he

detected the shining red coat of a fox moving stealthily through the thicket. The poet thought he would tinge the bright red skin with a deeper red by means of a piercing black-tipped shaft from his bow. The bow snapped into three pieces, and the harmless arrow fell at the poet's feet. He consoled himself by putting into perfect verse a delightfully accurate description of the fox he had missed.

Gerald said that the bows he saw in Gwent, in spite of the great penetrating power of their arrows at short range, were made of rough ugly elm, and not of yew. The poet's bow was of yew, and of expensive workmanship. The yew bow must have been common throughout Wales. In the laws of Howel the yew is the most valuable of all trees; and, as late as Tudor times, Tudur Aled asks, in lamenting the death of a squire—

> "Who can repeat his exploits to-day?
> Who knows so well the strength of yew?"

The rapidity of the movements of the light-armed Welsh armies, the ease with which their horsemen dismounted and fought on foot, the deadly precision and power of the arrow, accounted for the great loss of life inflicted on heavily-armed, disciplined soldiers in the wars of independence. The lance and arrow had another advantage: they were so light that they did not impede flight, and they made pursuit dangerous. The hasty retreat of the Welsh when worsted in the shock of battle was excellently covered by the archers, and their skill in retiring accounts for

the small loss of life. They had too much sense of art to imitate the methods of a wild boar at bay.

Their tactics were at first despised by their enemies, and then adopted. The long bow was gradually introduced into the English army; horsemen were taught to fight on foot or to wait their opportunity behind the archers and spearmen. The victories of the Black Prince justified the innovations. The Welsh arrows had failed to save the cause of English liberty at Evesham and the cause of Welsh independence at Aberconway; they were to help Edward III. to hang the scourge of Heaven over the proud lords of France—

> "Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
> And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind."

Three thousand five hundred Welsh archers followed their Black Prince in the attack on France in the summer of 1346, and as many more came from the Welsh lordships. When the English army drew up on the gentle slope of Cressy and faced the vast French army, it contained five thousand Welsh archers and spearmen—one-fourth of the whole army. Many of them were with Mortimer in the rear division; but the majority were with the English archers in the division on which the first French attack would fall. Before the English and Welsh archers the Genoese crossbowmen withered away into a terror-stricken, disorderly remnant. The French chivalry, in charge after charge, went down on that day. King John of Bohemia and his knights alone succeeded, after a desperate attempt, in reaching

the Black Prince, to meet certain death. The longbow had enabled an army of men on foot to repulse three times their number of the best bowmen and cavalry that Europe could produce. The appalling loss of life among the French, compared with the trifling loss of the English, made the longbow dreaded in the remotest corners of France.

Once during the long struggle the Black Prince was thrown to the ground. It was the banner of Wales that was thrown over him while his men-at-arms hurled back the assailants who had escaped the deadly arrows of the archers. It was after this famous battle that the Black Prince gave his successors in the principality a crest and a motto. The three feathers were probably suggested by the ostrich feather or vulture wing on the helmet of the king of Bohemia, whom he saw leading the tumultuous mass of charging knights at Cressy. A Welsh poet who celebrated the exploits of Edward III., some thirty or forty years later, says that, at the battle of Cressy, the valour of the English army caused living vultures to perch on John of Bohemia. The Black Prince of Wales wavered between two mottoes—"*Houmout*" and "*Ich dien.*" The former means "high mood," the other "I serve." Both of them are in the language of his beloved mother's native Hainault. He chose the nobler motto.

All through the reign of Edward III., Welshmen in crowds fought in the French wars, with Sir John Grey of Ruthin at Agincourt, with Richard, earl of Arundel, and with John de Hastings, earl of Pembroke in many battles before he was taken prisoner by the Spaniards.

There were Welshmen fighting in France against the Black Prince. France has always been the home of exiled and irreconcilable British patriots, from Owen of Wales to Patrick Sarsfield. Owen of Wales had come to the king of France to complain of the injuries done to him by the king of England, who had put his father to death and had seized his possessions. He was retained in the French service, and his exploits are among the most interesting military movements of the Hundred Years' War. He had probably a good number of his countrymen serving with him as free lances, including a valiant priest. He fought at the battle of Poictiers, gave advice to Bertrand du Guesclin, and was employed in many important expeditions on land and sea. The great aim of his life was to restore the independence of Wales by the help of France and Spain. Twice at least he thought that his dream was on the eve of being realised. In 1369 he and John Wynn sailed from Harfleur with a fleet given by Charles V. of France, but very rough December weather drove them back. In May, 1372, Owen put to sea again from the same port. He now declared that he was going to wrest Wales, to the crown of which he was heir, from the king of England. A Spanish fleet was to join him in the channel. While waiting for the Spaniards, Owen attacked Guernsey, and reduced the island except Castle Cornet. Before the castle was reduced Owen was summoned back to France, and he departed, but he has a great place still in Guernsey legend. He was to blockade La Rochelle with two fleets. When going to Spain to lead the Spanish

ships he was told at a hotel at Santander that a famous English prisoner had just been brought into the house. Owen recognised the earl of Pembroke, and asked the captive bitterly, "Are you come to this country to do me homage for the lands you hold of me in Wales, of which I am the heir, and which your king has deprived me of, through the advice of evil counsellors?" While investing La Rochelle he landed with four hundred determined men, made a dash at the English army encamped at Soubise on a pitch dark night, and captured the Captal de Buch, the famous Gascon ally of the English. After the death of the Black Prince he helped Bertrand du Guesclin and Louis of Anjou to drive the English out of Gascony. When he was besieging Mortagne-sur-Mer, with an army of Bretons and Poitevins, an English spy called John Lambe came to his camp with pretended news from Wales. Having told Owen that his countrymen would rise and welcome him as their prince, Lambe assassinated him and made his escape into the beleaguered town. This was in 1378. Another leader was to dream the same dreams as the disinherited prince, Owen of Wales. But Owen Glendower was not more than nineteen years old at that time.

In a country like Wales, where the sheep-runs and pasture lands are so extensive and the wheat area so small, over-population, where no emigration is possible, is unavoidable. During the Hundred Years' War wages were lower in Wales than in England, but wheat was as dear at Caerleon or Cowbridge as it was at Oxford or London; and cattle and pigs

were as dear in Monmouth as they were in England, and horses not much cheaper. The people were thick on the land, and the foreign wars tempted thousands and thousands to follow each other to leave their bones on the pestilential battlefields or round the ruined castles of southern France. If a man became a tailor or a carpenter at Usk, his wage would be but twopence a day; if he threshed wheat at Llantrisant he got a halfpenny more; but the wage of the archer rose rapidly from twopence to fourpence, and from fourpence to sixpence, while a captain got two shillings a day. The king paid more to an archer for sleeping in the shade in his castle than he did to a mower who sweated in the hayfields of Dyffryn Clwyd. Why should a man toil on a hot day, mowing rye at Cilbebyll, if he could get better wages for dozing in a watch-tower at Haverfordwest? The mercenaries belonged to many classes—young men full of the spirit of adventure, men who escaped from the oppressive surveillance of the new bailiff, criminals who wished to escape before the sheriff's turn or to get rid of their outlawry by shedding the blood of the king's enemies.

The rule of the new officials tended to free the villein from his unwilling bonds to the freemen, as it gradually liberated the freeman from his willing bonds to his chief. Every new idea that the mercenaries brought from the wars, holy and unholy; every new way of earning money; the gradual growth of the prosperity of the towns—all tended to make classes more equal. But a more terrible liberator came with the returned archers to Wales.

The Black Death reached Wales in an almost incredibly short time after making its first appearance in England. The rapidity with which it spread was one cause of the terror which it had inspired, and which made its victims more liable to contract it. It only took fourteen years, in those days of slow travelling, to reach Europe from China. It appeared at Bristol in August, 1348, and in the following year it came to Wales. It could not have been mistaken for any other visitor: the dark blotches told the victim how soon he was to die. In Ireland, the Black Death mowed down the English, but at first spared the Irish of the hills. In Wales it was no respecter of persons. It left grass growing in the narrow streets of once crowded towns; it reached the breezy uplands of the Berwyn, and left deserted homesteads in the highest glens of the Aran.

The difference between freeman and serf had been gradually disappearing for centuries. The English Conquest had precipitated the development. Money payments were taking the place of service or food rents. In South Wales, with its greater complexity of life, commutation was almost universal. In the more conservative north, the serf was rapidly becoming free. Sometimes little communities of serfs would be enfranchised by charter, as was done by the bishop and dean and chapter of St. Asaph in 1335. But everywhere, in practice, the difference between native and stranger, between freeman and serf, was passing away.

In Wales, as in England, the scarcity of labour, caused by the ravages of the Black Death, sent wages

up This made the landowners insist on getting labour service where it was still customary, for the commutation money would not be enough to hire labourers at the increased wage. Attempts were also made to return to the old system of labour rents. The serfs had been willing to labour before they had known what freedom from everything but paying rent was. If they went back to their old labour duties now, they would find them less remunerative and more irksome: less remunerative because the price of labour had gone up, more irksome because freedom from them was possible.

The Norman Conquest and the English Conquest, while driving the iron into the soul of the freeman, had been a blessing to the serf. When the conquest was complete, he found himself free, with many a tempting career open to him. There had been a mighty silent influence at work, unheeded and not understood, all through the years when chieftain strove against chieftain, and prince against king.

That influence was the influence of money, in the form of coins. As long as the relations between freeman and serf were labour relations, the privileges of the one were secured, the slavery of the other hopeless. But as soon as the labour duties were expressed by mutual consent in terms of money, the serfdom of the serf was defined; when the money was paid he was free.

The labour duties were given their value in money when money was very scarce in Wales, and when there was great demand for it. During the wars against the Normans and the English, the Welsh

princes must have obtained vast sums of money. They had to pay for castle-building, they had to buy swords and coats of mail, they had to pay very heavy indemnities to the English kings—sometimes paid in cattle, it is true, instead of in marks. Their standard of comfort was rising, they bought gold ornaments and precious stones, and wine and other luxuries from abroad. They were very willing, therefore, to take money in lieu of serf labour whenever they could get it.

The labour due was fixed at a low rate. Then money flowed into the country—the hire of thousands of mercenaries, the price of corn and wool. The value of money, therefore, became less, and it became more and more easy for the serf to pay it. His rent was gradually becoming a merely nominal sum. For example, at the present day, there is a charge of a few pence on a farm; in those days it represented the full value of it. If, on the other hand, money had become scarcer after the fixing of the commutation for service, the serf would have been unable to pay it, and would have sunk back into hopeless slavery.

It is this mighty, silent revolution that is the most important part of history. While a king kills his child hostages, while a baron blinds his rival in a dungeon, while thousands are locked together in useless battle, while garrisons are put to the sword in blind fury or prisoners beheaded before besieged walls in cold blood, beneath all the insignificant facts which dazzle or attract or appal us in the sordid history of individual sefishness—the unconquerable

spirit of freedom was silently and irresistibly raising the weak and the wronged.

The suddenness with which its meaning was realised by lord and serf alike, is due to the Black Death. This terrible visitor awakened the lord to the fact that his power was in danger; it awakened the serf to the fact that he was free.

The longbow and the Black Death had their share in ushering in the new period. By means of the longbow, lord and peasant were made almost equal on the field of battle; the equality was perfected by the discovery of gunpowder a little later on. Before the time of the longbow, the castle was impregnable, and the coat of mail impenetrable; the lord could not be attacked by the peasant. When mailed knights went down before the longbow, and when later on the wails of castles could be battered by artillery, it was discovered that men are equal. The serf claimed to be free.

The Black Prince took away from Wales the strongest and the most adventurous; the Black Death came and took away the weakest and the most timid. The Death was the greater benefactor. A war, by taking away the strongest, degenerates the breed. It leaves a nation weaker, more impatient, in mental and physical decline. A plague, by taking away the weakest, improves the breed; the population increases rapidly, and the nation is filled with new energy and hope. After the Black Death we seem to be in a new world—the poet sings of the plough, the descendant of princes becomes the champion of the villein—in the days of Owen Glendower.

GATEWAY OF ST. QUENTIN'S CASTLE.
(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

XIV

THE RULE OF THE LORDS

AT the beginning of the fifteenth century there was much political and social unrest, and a great outburst of song in Wales. Political and social grievances were taking definite shape, the love song was passing away into the war song, gaining strength while the grace of the beauty of it perished.

The royal official, the march lord, the Welsh chief, the freeman, the enfranchised stranger, the serf—they all remained, all complained of their lot, and all were very busy. Great changes had come over the social system since the conquest, the new feudal institutions and the old tribal ones were mingled together in picturesque confusion. Something like the English manor seemed to be developing both from the free tribe and from the district conquered by a lord. But no two districts were exactly alike. Sometimes the same lordship would be divided into two parts, one under Welsh law and the other under English. Sometimes a compromise would be gradually and unconsciously established between the

two systems: the Welsh chief, on the one hand, would claim to own the land of his tribe in a district under Welsh law; English settlers, on the other, would base their privilege on ninth degree relationship within a district under English law. In the confusion of a period of transition there came the opportunity of the strong who could profit by the change, and the stubborn resistance of the weak, who clung to his ancient privileges.

The serf was emerging into political importance. His servitude had been defined; when he had paid his dues he was free. He could leave the land where his conqueror had placed him and where he had kept him in bondage from time immemorial. If he left the land he found that his wages had gone up enormously after the Black Death. If he remained on the land he got more for the produce. Holdings had been vacant after the Death, he had often made a change for the better. The sum for which his serfdom had been commuted was now but a trifle. But he had a long and a bitter struggle before him. The lord tried to force the labourer to work at the old wages; he tried to alter the commutation money of the villein, that is, he tried to raise the rent or to drive the peasant from his land. When the new revolt came, the peasant—the descendant of the serf who had patiently tilled the soil—was in it. Cruelties were perpetrated after battles, the struggle of interests took all the chivalry out of the struggle between races, the thought of Wales gradually became weaker, and the style of its literature was debased.

The freeman also had his grievances. The chief in

many cases was becoming the owner of the land, like a mere English lord, and ceasing to be the proud representative of a privileged tribe. The lord mercilessly crushed the freedom of the tribesman, disregarding the sacred privileges of kin, and stealing the land under the pretence of administering law.

In the Vale of Clwyd, the rapacious Reginald de Grey of Ruthin, in the prime of manhood, was engaged in two struggles. One was his famous law-suit with Sir Edward Hastings. On the death of John, son of the earl of Pembroke whom the Spaniards captured, in a tournament in 1389, the family honours of the earls of Pembroke were contested between Hastings and Grey. After years of ligitation Grey won, though one's sympathy remains with the obstinate, suffering Hastings.

His other struggle was with the Welsh chiefs whose lands Grey was wresting from them. He spent the last year or two of the century in trying to quell the rising discontent. He wrote to the king about "the riot," begging for a plainer commission to deal with agitators and to coerce officials who sympathised with the peasants, not only in his own lands, but in those of Arundel, Powys, and Mortimer also. On the day that he received the king's letter, he received another letter from one of the men who caused the trouble. Griffith ap Davydd ap Griffith took an interest in politics and in poetry, sold his services in time of war and redistributed property in Wales in times of peace. Grey calls him, in the summer of 1400, the strongest thief in Wales; Griffith describes himself as one who at that time had nothing particular to do, but he was

ready to take what God would ordain for him. At the end of his long letter, he tells him who administered justice—

"And hit was told me that ye ben in purpos for to make your men bran and sle in quadesover cuntre that I be and am sesened in. Withouten doute, as mony men that ye slen, and as many housen that ye bran, for my sake, as mony wol I brun and sle for your sake. And, doute not, I wolle have both bredde and ale of the best that is in your lordschip. I can no more; but Gode keep your worschipfull astate in prosperite."

The march lord's answer ends in rhyme—

"But we hope we shall do thee a pryve thyng,—
A roope, a ladder, and a ring,
Heigh on gallowes for to henge,
And thus shall be your endyng;
And he that made thee be there to helpyng,
And we on our behalfe shall be well willyng,
For thy lettre is knowlechyng."

On the other side of the Vale of Clwyd, Grey had a quarrel with a Welsh squire. They had a dispute about a mountain district. The Welshman suspected Grey of plotting his ruin. He found himself summoned through Grey to the Scotch war when it was too late for him to respond; and then found himself denounced as a traitor. Little did Lord Grey de Ruthin think that, within a very few years, his tenants would be collecting bad money, and the king contributing good money, to ransom him from the wronged squire's prison.

In the valley of the Dee, the Fitzalans, earls of Arundel, had obtained possession of the lands that had once been in the grasp of Roger Mortimer of

Chirk. The first earl of Arundel had fought for the king against Rees ap Meredith, and for his own lands against Madoc. The second earl, Edmund, had left the barons and joined the Despensers, and among his rewards had been the most fertile districts of Upper Powys. The feud between him and his old allies was embittered by his acquiescence in the death of Lancaster after Boroughbridge, and by his rivalry with Charlton of Powys, part of whose spoil he had received. Charlton captured him, and led him to Isabella at Hereford, who had him executed. His son Richard, third earl of Arundel, made his peace with Edward III. He obtained all the estates of his father, on condition of forgiving the blood feud with the Charltons. He served Edward III. all through the French wars, and his marriage with Eleanor, daughter of Henry of Lancaster, completed the reconciliation. His son Richard, fourth earl, is one of the most prominent leaders during the strange and stormy times of the end of the fourteenth century. When he was beheaded as a traitor in 1397, he left a determined avenger of his blood in his son Thomas Fitzalan. His two sons-in-law were of great political importance on the borders—William of Abergavenny and John Charlton of Powys.

Edward Charlton, the last lord Charlton of Powys, heir to the traditions of the poet-prince Owen Cyveiliog, succeeded his brother John. He was a tyrannical lord in the valley of the Severn and in the valley of the Usk, and looked with dismay and terror at the peasant rising around Welshpool and around Caerleon.

South of Arundel and Charlton, the heir of the conqueror and the heir of the conquered, stood the Mortimers, now heirs to the crown of England and to the coronet of Wales. Roger, the third earl of March, had married Philippa Clarence, grand-daughter of Edward III., and his children stood next to the Crown after the son of the Black Prince. His son Roger, able and licentious as any of them, had been hacked to pieces by the Irish in 1398; and had left four children—Edmund and Roger, Anne and Eleanor. Edmund was but seven years old when his father died; but his interests were jealously watched by his uncle Edmund. The great mass of the Mortimer tenants were Welsh; the old national love of independence was renewed by the growing social grievances. Hotspur had married Eleanor Mortimer, young Edmund's aunt. As custodian of the castles around Snowdon, it was his work to prevent a Welsh revolt. Another great family had become merged in the Mortimers. The Clares of Gloucester were represented in 1360 by an heiress who married Lionel of Clarence, son of Edward III. Clarence's daughter Philippa carried to the Mortimers the succession to the traditions of the Clares and a possibility of a succession to the crown of England.

Two great march families were becoming extinct. Grey and Hastings were wrangling over the succession to the earldom of Pembroke. The Bohuns were represented by an heiress, Mary. Their Hereford title was revived in 1397 for her husband, Henry Bolingbroke, who became duke of Hereford. On the death of his father, John of Gaunt, Henry claimed

the earldom of Lancaster, and Richard's refusal brought a claim for the crown that Richard wore.

It was these barons that were to fight, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, first against the king of England, and then against the awakened rebellious peasants of Wales. The Welsh peasants, free and bond, had learnt to look for protection against the march lords to the strong arm of the king. Gradually their ingrained loyalty was transferred to the king. The campaigns of the reign of Edward III., especially the victory of Cressy, had appealed greatly to the imagination of Wales. The national emblem—the red dragon—is closely associated with the battle of Cressy, as the leek is associated by tradition with the later victories of Henry V. The dragon has a place in Welsh legend, it is true, from time immemorial. The two dragons fight in the tale of *Lludd a Llevelys*, a collection of weird reminiscences of early heathendom. But it was probably the dragon on the standard of England, unfurled on the eve of the battle of Cressy, that became the favourite badge of Wales. Iolo of the Red Gown, who was to sing the stirring war songs of Owen Glendower later on, tuned his early lyre to celebrate the praises of Edward III., and to appeal to him to lead a new and a great crusade to the east.

The popularity of the Black Prince in Wales was inherited by his unfortunate son Richard II. He was created prince of Wales in 1376, the year of his father's death; and on the following Christmas-day, the king ordered his little grandson, who was eleven years of age, to sit at the king's table above his uncles

FLINT CASTLE.
(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, and Edmund Langley, duke of York. When Edward III. died in the next year, the boy prince became a boy king, to rule over a turbulent nobility and a peasantry on the eve of rebellion.

During his twenty years' struggle with the barons, Richard dallied with the newly awakened peasantry in England and with the commercial classes—the first poor law and the first navigation act belong to his reign—and probably aimed at establishing a popular absolutism. Among his opponents were Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, and Bolingbroke, duke of Hereford; and the final struggle took place in Wales.

Arundel opposed Richard II. consistently, and the political quarrel was embittered by strong personal hatred. During Richard's momentary triumph in 1397 he was brought to trial as a traitor, and executed. His son Thomas was placed in captivity, and every indignity that could wound his pride was heaped upon him. He escaped to the continent, and soon found himself the companion of another exile, the duke of Hereford.

Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Hereford, was banished by Richard. On the death of John of Gaunt, Henry's father, Richard refused to allow his cousin to take possession of the Lancaster lands. In February, 1399, Richard was urged to cross over from Ireland into Wales at once, for Bolingbroke and Arundel had landed at Ravenspur. Richard landed at Milford, Henry was making for Bristol. Richard determined to march rapidly to the northern part of his princi-

pality and to his earldom of Chester. He hurried northwards through Carmarthen, and reached Conway with a few followers. While Henry was advancing rapidly by way of Hereford and Shrewsbury, through the Mortimer and Arundel country, Richard wandered aimlessly, like a hunted hare, among the North Wales castles. He doubled back to Conway, and in August he met Henry at Flint. He was taken to England a prisoner, to share the fate of Edward II.; and Henry Bolingbroke became king as Henry IV.

What Wales wanted was a king strong enough to protect the peasant and the merchant, now rapidly becoming prosperous, against the tyranny and the unlaw of the great nobles. The new king's chief difficulties were in Wales. The castles were exceedingly costly; and soon the king had not even a hundred pounds that he could send to pay for manning and victualling them. The nobles began to revolt, and it was Hotspur, the custodian of the North Wales castles, that rose first. Mortimer and Arundel and Charlton of Powys were helpless, however, because of their dread of a Welsh rising. Mortimer joined the Welsh, Arundel became as poor as the king by opposing them.

The prosperity which preceded Glendower's revolt is seen by the activity of the towns. Charters had been given to many immediately after the Conquest, to encourage their growth; charters are now obtained in order to protect the privileges of prosperous citizens, by allowing them to form themselves into a gild which had a monopoly of all trade within the town.

In 1340 Hugh le Despenser granted a charter to Cardiff which allowed its merchants to form an association for exclusive trading. "We have granted unto our same burgesses that they and their heirs may make a gild among themselves, at what time and whenever they will, for their own profit." While granting the burgesses their ancient rights of cutting whin and digging turf, their lord prevents them—mercers, drapers, curriers, fell-mongers, glovers, and others—from selling their goods in villages and travelling along by-paths, in order not to pay toll. During the great fair, which lasted for fifteen days, the lord promises to prevent merchants from buying or selling outside of the fair. Places so far removed as Denbigh and Cenfig, Hope and Neath, Nevin and Llantrisant, Newport and Pwllheli, obtained privileges of market for their well-to-do merchants. Carmarthen was an important staple town, through which the wool of the country had to pass on its way to the sea. Some towns read into their earlier charters a right to form a gild, in order to escape any new payment to the king for the concession, and Conway, Carmarthen, Newborough, Harlech, Criccieth, and Bala, had to defend themselves before the king's justices. Swansea had a monopoly of trade in Gower since 1305.

While the merchants of the towns were extending and strengthening their monopoly, a reaction had begun to rise against their exclusive dealing. English and foreign merchants found the various districts monopolised by small unprogressive gilds of merchants. Edward III. had enacted in 1335 that every town or market was to be free to all merchants to sell

what they liked and to whomever they liked. The towns in Wales had not only been the seats of monopolist companies, they had been political garrisons as well. The new free-trade movement made it easier for Welshmen to enter the towns; and, with the exception of a few places like Carnarvon and Beaumaris and Conway, there was an increasing Welsh population in the towns of Wales. The very castles were manned by Welshmen, and often commanded by them. Between Llywelyn and Glendower a great change had come over the country. The Wales that rose in rebellion with Owen Glendower was partly the mediæval Wales of Llywelyn, but its disintegration revealed the political elements of the future in their crude infancy.

XV

BARD, FRIAR, LOLLARD

THE literary awakening of the second part of the fourteenth century brought with it a struggle between the bards and the friars. The bards represented, not only a rising national spirit, but a great reaction against the interference of the friars with private life. The two orders—the bards and the begging friars—wandered through Wales. Davydd ap Gwilym, the greatest of the bards, was welcomed in every town throughout Wales, from the hospitable homes of the chieftains of Anglesey to the court of Ivor Hael at Bassaleg in Gwent. But not a single instance of his perfect description of womanly beauty or of the beauty of nature found place in the collection of literature that monk and friar read. It was a struggle between the old condemnation of the world as sinful and the new delight in beauty—beauty of woman, of flower, of forest glade—which made Wales so joyous and so full of hope.

The friars were degenerating, their zeal for morality was regarded as a hypocritical and antiquated device

for the justification of their power and privileges. A hundred years before they had been the salt of the earth, in Wales as elsewhere. Their high ideals, their self-sacrifice, their zeal for morality, their devotion to the cause of peace and justice, their championship of the weak, and their sympathy with suffering, had appealed to Llywelyn as much as to Simon de Montfort. From pleasant Llan Vaes, by the Menai, where Eleanor de Montfort slept, to the leper-haunted streets of Haverfordwest, the friar passed through Wales on his exalted mission. At the end of the fourteenth century the friar still wandered through Wales as before. But his ideals no longer appealed to the best minds of the country, the conscience of a nation condemned the morality which looked upon beauty as a disgrace and upon love as a crime; the eloquence of the Dominican no longer carried conviction, the spell of the influence of the humane Franciscan had gone. "Three things," wrote a bitter satirist of women and priests and Englishmen in Coyty, "the less there is of them the better—the grunting of a sow on a windy day, the persistent coughing of a hag, and the sermon of a grey friar." "Three beings there are," wrote a poet; "woe to him who gets under their talons—a grey friar, a usurer, and an upstart lord of land."

The bard had taken the place of the friar as the exponent of the new period of thought. He longed for the ideals of the friar in the first blush of their sanctified beauty, and he humanised them. Mary, who had displaced Enid and Olwen, gave place in her turn to dark-eyed Dyddgu, or Morvudd with

hair like a shower of gold, or Llio, whose hair was like a flash of lightning against driven snow. The forest glade took the place of the monastery, the lark was now "the hermit chorister before God's throne." Love became true worship, better than a pilgrimage to Rome or Compostella. It was a sin, according to the poet's creed, to be a nun in spring; the vestments of the true religion of the spring and the cuckoo were not the black robe and the veil, but the flowing green mantle and the wedding-ring. The forest glade is described as a glorious cathedral, where God is worshipped in beauty of holiness—an earthly holiness sanctified by the touch of the spiritual.

The delight in the beauty of nature had the enthusiasm of a religion. The seagull, that lily of the sea, was "the nun that dwellest in the foam." The sea-swallow's wing, seen against the whiteness of the wave crest, was like the eyebrow of the poet's lady-love. The delight in colour—Davydd ap Gwilym's delight in the golden splendour of the broom on Cardigan hills, or Rees Goch's delight in the deep red of the primrose in the Vale of Glamorgan—is quite passionate.

The delight in the sensuous beauty of colour, and the adoration of woman, were, perhaps, the natural development of the Franciscans' own teaching. The Franciscan had laid stress on the humanity of Christ, and had introduced the adoration of the Virgin. He had made Mary, the mother of the Lord, the heroine of the Welsh peasant for two hundred years. Her worship exalted and sanctified the Welshman's passion; it remained as a delight in the beauty of

woman when the last friar had passed away. Flowers no longer reminded him of the miraculous beauty of Enid, though the lily of the valley still bore her name; and Olwen, under whose tread flowers had sprung up, retained but the bindweed and the clover. The flowers became the flowers of Mary. Hers were the centaury, the ashe-keys, the blue and scarlet pimpernel, the sweet gale, the lungwort, the common bugle. The cuckoo-flower was her mantle, the flowers of the purple digitalis were her gloves, the thrift was her cushion, the milk-thistle her comb, the calceolus her shoe, the great mullein her taper, the galingale her garland. The buttercup held her drops of sweat, and the cowslip her tears; the dewberry and the gooseberry were her berries, the heath shield fern and the sharp dock and the dwarf elder bore her name; the common toad-flax was her flax, the spikenard was her medicine, the meadow-sweet her favourite flower.

But the human passion, strong and tumultuous, which throbbed in the poet's lay, frightened the friar into a condemnation of his own teaching. The Dominican brought the chill touch of mediæval theology into contact with the new life. The Franciscan, though sympathising with the new thought, as well as with the political aspirations which were so closely connected with it, looked askance at the wandering minstrel. The monk of the thirteenth century had refused the greatest poet of the age a grave in Ystrad Marchell; the monk of the fifteenth century refused the odes of the greatest poet of the age a place in the Red Book of Hergest. But the

instinct of men refused to condemn naturalness and kindly humour; and growing patriotism gave the poet a more telling eloquence even than that given by summer and love.

The friar did not lose his supremacy without a struggle. He confessed that the bard thoroughly enjoyed himself in this world, yet would he not fare well in the next. "Alleviate, while it is time," he advised the bard, "the suffering in store for thee in the world to come. Cease thy love-singing, betake thee to thy prayers. It was not for a song that God ransomed the world. You entice men and women to a life of sin. Mortal praise is poorly earned by the loss of an immortal soul."

"God is not so cruel," answered the bard, "as he is described on monastic sheepskins. He will never condemn a man for loving a maid. My vocation is as sacred as thine. I must wander singing, as thou must wander begging."

They always leave each other in the same way—each certain of the other's final fate. The Dominican is to the poet a black crow wandering through Wales, making earth miserable by meditating on the peace of heaven. The poet describes in scathing satire the importunate tongue and the cold heart of the black friar who makes the path to heaven so narrow. He condemns with equal energy, though not with so much disdain, his more formidable rival for the favour of the people—the Franciscan who, like himself, had caught a glimpse of the beauty of this world and of the goodness that human nature still retained. The friar calls upon the maid to enter

heaven through the nunnery, and to beware of the alluring love of the bard. The bard summons her to the true worship of God in the glorious cathedral that He Himself has made, with its green steeple of leaves, and its floor of golden trefoils—

> "Maid of dark and glossy tresses,
> Humbly I request,
> In Dôl Aeron's green recesses
> Thee to be my guest."

The anchorite who translated the *Elucidarium* into melodious Welsh, at Llanddewi Brevi in the middle of the fourteenth century, applies to the Welsh bards the mediæval condemnation of the jongleurs. "With all their might they serve the devil; for of them it is said: 'They know not God; the Lord shall have them in derision.' They who deride will be derided." The translator of this popular summary of mediæval theology has doubts about the future of some, but none about that of the bards. "What hope is there for the merchants?" he asks. The answer is: "There is but little." "What hope is there for the bards?" "There is none."

The rebellion so sternly condemned was the revolt of the human heart against the unreal and chilling life of the cloister. The poet breathed the living breath of his own beloved month of May to the winter of mediæval thought. But the final struggle between bard and friar was prevented by the outbreak of the war in Wales. Monastery and friary were to suffer from the merciless sword of an orthodox persecuting king; the bards were to have an Act of

Parliament directed against them. The grey friar of Cardiff and the Cistercian monk of Strata Florida, as well as the bards of the Vale of Clwyd and of Glamorgan, welcomed Owen Glendower. It is worth noticing that the last defender of the friars was the Welshman Pecock, and that the last great Welsh mediæval poet was a Franciscan friar.

On the Welsh borders another protest, of a very different kind, was heard. In 1391 Walter Brute, one of the followers of Wyclif, pleaded for the simpler creed and purer religion of the future. For the authority of a degenerate church he wished to substitute the authority of the Bible, its true meaning revealed by God to each individual soul. Instead of the authority of the Pope, who had betrayed Wales so often in the interests of policy, in disregard of justice, the authority of Christ alone was to be recognised. The tawdry splendour of the ceremonies of the Mass was to give place to perfect simplicity; the mind was not to be distracted by earthly grandeur; it was to be self-concentrated in intense effort to realise the spiritual presence of Christ in the bread and the wine.

Brute's theology is at the same time clearer and more mystical than that of Wyclif. In it the great doctrine of justification by faith, that most revolutionary doctrine which makes all men equal before God, stands out clearly. To the Welsh mind religion must be either a sensuous delight in beauty and melody or an intense yearning for the severe beauty of the purely spiritual. Davydd ap Gwilym and Walter Brute, the

Cardiganshire poet and the Lollard of the march, placed the two ideals before fifteenth-century Welshmen. The poet idealises and humanises the religion of the Middle Ages, all the details of the complexity of its ceremonies, and describes the forest glade as the mighty cathedral of the worship of earthly love. The Lollard sternly condemns the sensuous worship of the poet, and calls his countrymen to the joy which justification from sin gave, and to the purely spiritual atmosphere in which Christ held communion with men. This duality, seemingly so inconsistent, has never ceased to exist in Wales; it is the blending of the two elements that explains one half of its history and the whole of its literature.

Bard and friar and Lollard, however, had one strong bond of union in their common patriotism. The Franciscan friars are soon to suffer for their support of Glendower; their priory of Llan Vaes, where slept Eleanor de Montfort, the last Lady of Snowdon, was pillaged and burnt. The poets left their love-songs, and sang of war and heroes again, as soon as they saw Glendower's star. Brute had tried to give even the religious revival a national aspect. The gospel had come to Wales, not in degenerate old age from Rome, but pure and young from its cradle in the East. "And thus it seemeth to me the Britons, amongst other nations, have been, as it were, by the special election of God, called and converted to the faith."

XVI

OWEN GLENDOWER

THE economic discontent, the hesitation of the Mortimers, the divisions in England, and the literary awakening in Wales, account for the appearance, as if by magic, of a prince of Wales exercising wider sway and wielding greater power even than Llywelyn the Great.

Owen Glendower was a scion of the old princes of Powys, and the new struggle for independence had its strength in the Berwyn as the old had had its strength in Snowdon. The home of Owen's childhood is that picturesque "glen of the sacred water" —Glyndyvrdwy—where the Dee passes through a deep woody ravine from Edeyrnion to the plain of Maelor. High above it, at the present day, the ruins of Dinas Brân look like a broken iron crown on the top of a conical hill; and the Cistercian monastery of Valle Crucis, a beautiful ruin, lies a little lower down the valley. In Dinas Brân had dwelt the descendants of Owen Cyveiliog, who ruled over northern Powys. After the conquest the country had

passed to the Mortimers, then to Arundel. Owen was one of the chiefs who were protected against the new lords by the devotion of their tribesmen. Beyond the Berwyn he had another home, looking towards distant England; and he had kinsmen and allies in many other parts of the country.

Owen had studied law at Westminster, had followed

VALLE CRUCIS.
(*From a drawing by Captain Batty.*)

Arundel to the Scotch wars, and had been squire to Henry of Lancaster before he became king. About 1400 Lord Grey probably feared his power, certainly coveted some of his land. Owen, by fighting in his own private quarrel, suddenly became the leader of a widespread revolt which, in the intensity of its brief duration, terrified all in authority at the time, and

left a more permanent impression on the legends of Wales than any other political or social movement.

The burning of Lord Grey's Ruthin was the signal. The chamberlain of Carnarvon saw the people selling their cattle in order to buy horses and war equipments. "Some of hem stelleth horse," he wrote to the king, "and some of hem robbeth hors, and purveyen hem of sadles, bowes, arrowes, and other harnys." Welsh labourers crowded home from England. Welsh mercenaries were coming home from France, and from the distant East. Welsh students hurried home from Oxford—Howel Gethin, bachelor-at-law; Master Morris Stove, of the College of Exeter; Ievan Clochydd, scholar; John Lloyd, dwelling in Cat Street; and Master David Leget Brith—he of the eyes of many colours. The bards welcomed the new leader; old Iolo of the Red Mantle, a chief of Dyffryn Clwyd, who had sung the glories of Cressy in immature verse, now welcomed the new leader in strains of perfect versification, full of enthusiasm which makes them real poetry sometimes—

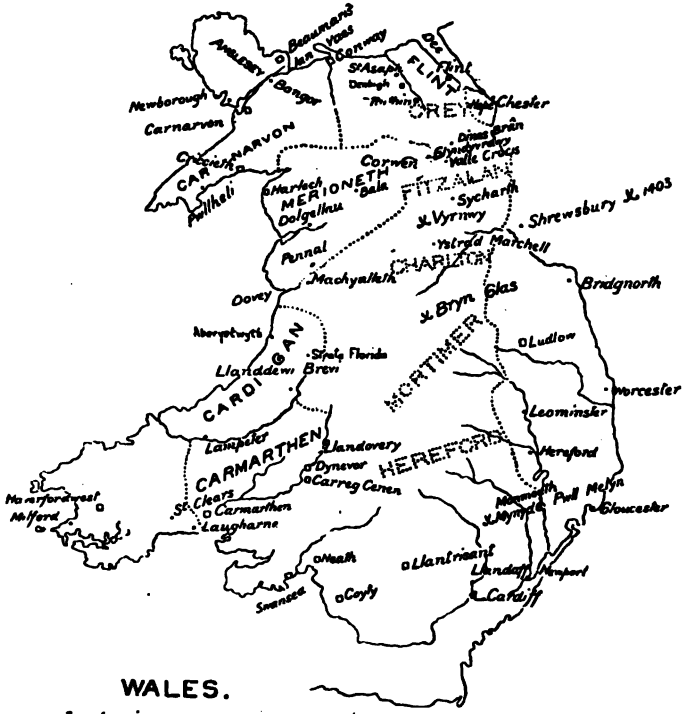
> "Many a time have I desired
> To see a lord of our own kin."

One of the rapid marches which characterise the first part of Henry the Fourth's reign brought him to Snowdon in the late autumn of 1400, before Owen had organised the revolt. He punished the Franciscan monks of Llan Vaes, in Anglesey, devastating their home with fire and sword. Apparently there was no excuse for the severity. The revolt had disappeared as if by magic, Owen was

nowhere to be seen, and winter was coming. The king hesitated whether he would pardon all except Owen and his nephews, thinking all was over; Wales was in a state of tension of mind, wondering where Owen would appear next.

On the morrow of Good Friday, 1401, the news was spread that Owen's nephews, Gwilym and Rees, had surprised and taken Conway. The castle walls were climbed by Gwilym and Howel Vychan and forty daring men while the garrison were in the town church. It was soon retaken, however, by Hotspur and Prince Henry. On the spot, they were alive to the danger of an extended revolt, and they allowed the brothers to leave their prize in peace. Henry, at a distance, said that the peace did them no honour. Percy went on to Carnarvon, where the men of Merioneth and Carnarvon came to cower before him and to thank the king for his gracious pardon.

But the capture of Conway had broken the spell of the terror of the new castles, and the unrest spread rapidly to the borders and to South Wales. While impulsive, hasty Percy, with Arundel, passed into Owen's own country, and won a victory under Cader Idris, Owen himself had appeared south of the Dovey, and there was no part of Wales in which he was not expected as a deliverer by an imaginative people in those days of comets, battles in the air, and appearances in many visible shapes of the Evil One himself. In spite of the appearance of the king on the borders, and of the attempts of Charlton and Arundel, and the Mortimers, to check Owen's advance, his supremacy was continually extending—and revolts of



WALES.

In the time of Owen Glendower

peasants, who burnt their lords' houses and shot their bailiffs under the very gallows, continually invited him further on. Lampeter was burnt in one direction, Welshpool was attacked in another, and it was reported that Owen had vowed to exterminate the English tongue.

In autumn the king came to Snowdon, passed southwards through Merioneth, and cruelly ravaged Cardiganshire. He made Strata Florida, the burial-place of the princes of the South, his headquarters. In the year that he had passed the statute *De Heretico Comburendo* as the champion of orthodoxy, he stabled his horses in Strata Florida, close to the high altar. Griffith Vaughan, of Caio, at whose table the red wine used to flow, was hanged and drawn and quartered for avowing his belief in Owen Glendower. The children of Cardiganshire, a thousand of them, were gathered together before the king at Strata Florida, to be carried into captivity. As Henry was devastating Cardiganshire Owen appeared, hung on the flank of his army, inflicted heavy losses on him, and captured the arms and horses and tents of the prince of Wales, which he carried to the fastnesses of Snowdon for his own behoof.

The energy of the king is reflected by the statutes passed in the English Parliament. No thorough Welsh were to purchase land in the border towns—Chester, Shrewsbury, Bridgnorth, Ludlow, Leominster, Hereford, Gloucester, or Worcester. Any one who took a Welsh tenant was made responsible for him, and Welsh refugees from England were to be summarily dealt with by the march lords. For three years

after the riot no Englishman was to be convicted in Wales, when accused by a Welshman, except by an English judge and an English jury. The pardon granted at the end of 1400 shows that the revolt had begun in the whole of North Wales and Shropshire. Lord Grey's advice was taken when it was too late. The castles were put in thorough repair, Welshmen were excluded from all the higher offices, the districts were made responsible for breaches of the peace, and the gatherings of bards were forbidden.

But difficulties were rising. The people and the clergy paid the costs of the war "with loud murmuring and inward cursing." The castles of the Snowdon districts, though greatly undermanned, were a drain upon the king's revenue that he could no longer meet. Hotspur had gone home, meditating treason. Some believed that Richard II. was not dead, all knew that the young earl of March was alive.

It is true that Owen Glendower had not done much in the winter of 1401; yet the very successes of his enemies but revealed his growing power. He had to retreat from the siege of Carnarvon with his standard, the golden dragon on white ground. Harlech was saved by the forced march of a small army of archers and men-at-arms from Chester. He had failed to win the support of the two bishops. But, through the length and breadth of the land, the smouldering fire of rebellion was ready to burst into a blaze.

With the year 1402 Owen appears in his true character. The guerilla leader of rebellion has become an organiser and a statesman. He tries to win over the English barons, he plans alliances with

the lords of Ireland and the kings of Scotland and France, he enters into negotiations with the English council. But his military activity did not cease. At the battle of the Vyrnwy Lord Grey was taken prisoner, and Adam of Usk heard at Rome that two thousand men had fallen. In summer Rees Gethin and a small army met the levies of the border counties at Bryn Glas. The Welsh borderers turned their arrows against their own army ; and the English army, which had hurried on for fear that the Welshmen would not give battle, broke into disastrous flight. The atrocities were like those committed after Evesham, and it shows that a class fought under Owen that had never fought under the Llywelyns.

The battle of Bryn Glas was very important in two ways. It showed that the Welsh would fight a pitched battle when necessary, it placed Edmund Mortimer in Owen's hands. The Mortimer lands had been spared, Edmund himself was treated with every consideration. Would he join Glendower against Henry, and claim the throne for his nephew, the rightful heir ?

The king led an expedition into Wales, in three divisions, along the three ordinary paths. But it led to nothing. "For diversity of rain and cold and snow, his host was nigh lost. In the vigil of the Nativity of our Lady, the king had pitched his tent in a fair plain. There blew suddenly so much wind, and so impetuous, with a great rain, that the king's tent was felled, and a spear cast so violently that, had the king not been armed, he had been dead of the stroke. There were many who supposed that this

was done by necromancy, and by compelling of spirits."

Magic or no magic, Owen's power grew. Lord Grey ransomed himself at a great price. Edmund Mortimer married Glendower's daughter; and when he came to the borders again, it was to tell his joyful tenants that he was in alliance with Glendower, who would restore King Richard to the throne of England; and, if Richard was dead, "my honoured nephew," the earl of March.

At the beginning of the year 1403 Prince Henry ravaged Owen's country—burnt Sycharth, the home on the slope of the Berwyn, whose magnificence had been described in one of Iolo's odes—and then penetrated through Glyndyvrdwy to Edeyrnion, which he described as "a fair and populous country," before he ravaged it.

In the summer Owen's march through South Wales was more like a triumphal progress than a conqueror's march. At the beginning of July he was at Llandovery; on the march to Carmarthen he received the allegiance of the whole country between the Towy and the sea, except the castles. While he was besieging Carmarthen, the frantic despair of the neighbouring castellans is shown in their letters clamouring for assistance. Jenkin Havard writes "in haste and in dread" from Dynevor, asking permission to steal away by night to Brecon. John Scuddamore writes from Carreg Cenen, reproaching the authors of the policy which gave offices to Welshmen and allowed them to Celticise the towns. The dean of Hereford writes in "great, great haste," that

the whole country will be lost unless the king marches night and day to save it ; he reminds the king of the dishonour of losing the country his ancestors had won, and adds : " P.S.—Carmarthen burnt."

After the fall of Carmarthen Owen went westwards to St. Clears and Laugharne, but a detachment of his army was defeated by the lord of Carew. In Morgannwg and Gwent the reception of the prince who appeared to his friends in sunshine, and to his enemies in storms of wind and rain and snow, was as enthusiastic as it had been in the Vale of Towy.

Rapid as his progress was, he did not arrive in time to join the Percies, whose army was routed at the battle of Shrewsbury by the king. But it was easier for Henry to make a forced march and win a brilliant victory than to face the enduring difficulties caused by an empty exchequer, by the growing discontent of the nobles, and by the silent but determined social struggle which was going on between lord and serf.

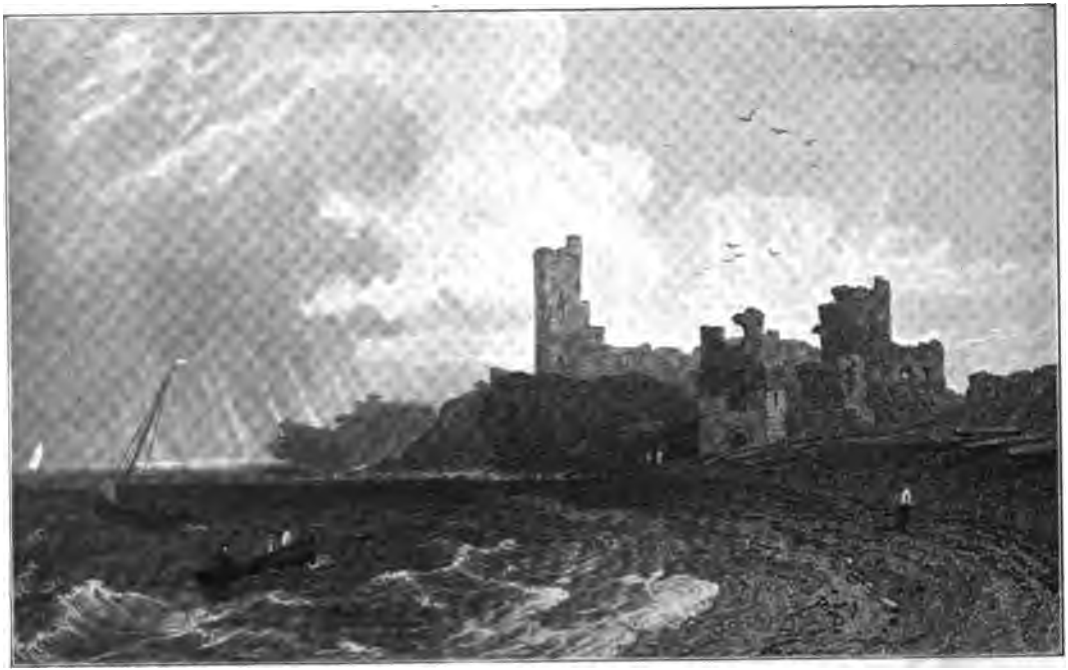
In 1404 Owen was left to rule Wales without interference from England. He besieged Carnarvon in January, with the aid of French and Breton allies, with "engines and saws and ladders." A woman made her way through the snow to tell them at Chester what desperate straits the heroic little garrison was in ; and a spy, a little man called Howel Vychan, said that the garrison at Harlech would soon yield the castle. Cardiff was captured ; but in the devastation the Franciscans lost nothing except their books and chalices, which they had sent to the castle for safety.

In the spring and summer Owen summoned a Welsh parliament to Dolgellau and Machynlleth, and described himself as "Owen, by the grace of God prince of Wales." By the end of 1404 he was at the height of his power. With the exception of a few castles like Coyty, he ruled, directly or through subject barons, over nearly the whole country west of the Severn. He had appointed Llywelyn Bifort bishop of Bangor; and John Trevor, bishop of St. Asaph, turned aside from the king "like a deceitful bow," and joined Glendower.

Owen was to get a fleet of Spanish pirates, and engines of war from France—his great difficulties being the English fleet and the Welsh castles. His envoys were received by the king of France as those of a sovereign king, his support was welcomed by the Avignon pope Benedict XIII.—the Peter de Luna whose career and end were so like those of Owen himself. At the beginning of 1405, the treaty of alliance with France was signed by Owen, at Aberystwyth, and a plot was being hatched to bring the young earl of March to him, to be placed on the throne of England. The ally of France and of the Papacy, with his own nominee as king of England, he would have leisure to realise his dream of an independent Wales, with a reformed church and a revival of learning.

Four years it took "our dread and illustrious prince" to become the reigning prince of Wales. Four years more, and his power was disappearing as rapidly as it rose.

Social discontent may smoulder for centuries, gene-



RUINS OF ABERYSTWYTH CASTLE.
(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

rations of peasants can win great triumphs by a passive hereditary resistance. But the flame of a peasant revolt is very short-lived. Still the Welsh revolt did not really fail. It had inspired the official rulers with a wholesome dread, and they dared not interfere so openly with customs sanctioned by customary Welsh law. Prosperity came, and the people who had risen in revolt against oppression, when their own daily life was interfered with, had no desire to fight in order to know whether Owen or Henry was the true prince of Wales. If birds sang once, and freemen rose, at the command of innate royalty—they would not do so now. In 1405, Prince Henry won a victory at Mynydd Pwll Melyn, in Gwent; but the storms which drove the king back from Glamorgan were supposed to have a connection with Glendower's magic. In spite of a hard winter which killed all the birds, and in spite of the difficulties in England, in 1406 and 1407, the lords marchers were able to regain lost ground. The struggle became less and less pronounced, everything settled down quietly, until neither Wales nor Glendower had a history. But the fact that Wales was still a safe home for Glendower shows that the rulers of the country had adopted a more conciliatory policy, and that the gratitude of the peasant to his benefactor was still a protection.

Owen Glendower's claims to greatness are not those of a successful or unsuccessful rebel. The revolt would have taken place in any case. The power of the king would have been broken by the nobles even if he had not wasted his energy and resources on the

crushing of Wales. One daring raid was enough to spread rebellion from the Dee to the Wye. What shows Owen's greatness was his attempt to create out of the disorder—with its endless conflicts of interests, with its chaotic law, with its angry passions, with its selfish aims—a nation with settled institutions and high ideals. We get a few glimpses of his political ideals before the wars of sordid interests come again.

In a letter sent to Charles of France in 1406, dated at Pennal, Owen Glendower states clearly what he was aiming at. First of all, he aimed at restoring the independence of Wales. Secondly, he aimed at restoring the independence of the Welsh Church. Thirdly, he wished to establish two universities in Wales, one in the North and one in the South.

The new independent Wales was to be ruled by a prince and a parliament. The parliament was summoned, apparently, at different times, to Dolgellau, Harlech, and Machynlleth. Like the older princes, from Maelgwn to Llywelyn, Owen Glendower looked upon the banks of the Dovey as the most central part of Wales. But the parliament which met at Machynlleth was very unlike the council that had gathered round Llywelyn the Great two centuries before. Instead of princes, summoned on account of their blood, four men were summoned from each commote in Wales under Owen's authority. It was, of course, an imitation of the English parliament; but its life was too short, though the matters submitted to it were of the greatest importance, to have any history.

In one point Owen's parliament was like Llywelyn's council—its existence and usefulness depended entirely on the personal influence of the prince. Any one might have risen in revolt; it was Owen alone who could lead in peace. Tradition speaks of an attempt on his life while his parliament was at Dolgellau. On the mountain side above the Wnion, Howel Sele turned his bow suddenly towards him and tried to pierce him with an arrow. Owen slew the traitor, and hid his body in the hollow of a great oak-tree, which was well known as the "demon's oak" until it fell, almost within living memory. At Machynlleth, Sir David Gam made an attempt on Owen's life. He was imprisoned, though the king was very anxious to ransom him. The attempts, and the deep impression they made on the minds of the next generations, show how great the importance of the personality of Owen was.

The revival of the independence of the Welsh Church was the old dream of Giraldus; but, though Llywelyn the Great had sympathised with the movement, no Welsh prince before Owen had thought of associating the Church with the State in Wales as it was associated in England. The fabulous metropolitanship of St. David's had become universally believed in. Gerald's struggle for its independence had given it pre-eminence in the popular mind. Its bishop protested against the claims of fussy, pushing Peckham to rule over the Welsh Church as archbishop of Canterbury. Iolo devotes his best ode to its saint, its sanctity, and calm retreat. It had become the favourite resort of pilgrims. What Snowdon

was to the political independence of Wales, St. David's was to the independence of its Church. Owen Glendower had seen the effects of the gradual conquest of Wales on the Church as a modern historian describes them—"The fearful abuse of spiritual powers and the exceeding worldliness of the Church, and especially in the monstrous wickedness with which excommunications and interdicts were scattered about at random; the commencement of the bane of the Welsh Church, the imposing upon it of a clergy that could not speak Welsh, and the treating its sees as mere pieces of preferment." The burning of Bangor and St. Asaph shows what Owen thought of the Church of his time; the independent Church of the future was to recall the memories of the Franciscan movement and to be more closely associated with learning.

The creation of Welsh universities was no visionary project. During Glendower's life more than a dozen universities were founded in Europe between Pesth and St. Andrews. Owen himself was well versed in the historical lore of the time; in his letters to Irishmen and Scotchmen the visions of the student of antiquity are in strange contrast to the definite plans of the practical statesman. The universities appealed to many of the supporters of Owen. He was the hero of the Welsh student. Strata Florida, the greatest and most influential of Welsh abbeys, supported him. The grey friars, as well as the bards, were his strong partisans. The university remained a mere dream, as it did for five centuries afterwards. The Church was not reformed or nationalised. Owen's

bishops fell on evil times. John Trevor, who had pronounced sentence of deprivation on Richard II., and who had been sent by Owen to Scotland to find out whether the rumours that he was still alive were true, died in exile at Paris. Llywelyn Bifort was taken prisoner in the last desperate battle of the Percies, but his life was spared because he carried no arms. He also died an exile, and the last glimpse we get of him is in the Council of Constance, still calling himself bishop of Bangor.

All his political ideals departed with Owen, except a vague kind of nationality, which was partly a reminiscence of the struggle against oppression, partly a reverence for the memory of its hero. It is not known when Owen died; it is not known where he is buried; in death, as in life, mystery has enshrouded him. Sycharth is now a farmhouse; of Glyndyvrdwy there is not a stone left. Owen himself lies probably at Corwen hard by, though there is a tradition that he found a grave at Monnington. None of his sons or daughters are prominent in later history.

Edmund Mortimer, Owen's most important ally, died at Harlech, where he was besieged. His wife, Glendower's daughter, and his children, died in captivity in London. His nephew, young Edmund Mortimer, died of the plague; his niece, Anne Mortimer, bequeathed to the house of York the power and the hatred which eventually destroyed the Lancastrians.

It is as difficult to get a definite idea of Owen's character from the bards who saw him and sat at his table, as it is from the English chroniclers who

associate him with storms and magic. It is easy to make a list of details—he was the people's golden sword, his gifts were coats of mail, he well understood the intricacies of alliterative song, stern was he towards those of alien tongue, but the defender of the oppressed men of South Wales. Iolo describes him while longing for his appearance to deliver Wales—for his tall form, for the three lions azure on his golden shield. But the personality of Owen remains far off and mysterious. His sons fought and fell in battle—he was at few battles, if at any. We see him in council, tall and majestic, but even there he is the personification of political dreams rather than a real man. It may be that he tried to surround himself with mystery; every disappearance as well as every appearance increased his influence. Had he the superstition which is the shadow of fatalism? He consulted a seer when at "Merlin's city, now called Carmarthen," and was told that he would be taken under a black flag. A soldier who helped to defend Calais, and who wrote a history of Wales in the turmoil of a busy soldier's life over a century later, came from the fringe of Owen's country. He gives the facts of Owen's life as they had been warped and confused by popular tradition, and the various popular beliefs about the causes of his disappearance—that he could not pay his mercenaries, that he really died, that he had lost faith in his mission. One early morning the abbot of Valle Crucis was walking along the hillside above the abbey, and praying. Owen Glendower appeared and said—

"Sir abbot, you have risen too early."

'No," answered the abbot; "it is you who have risen too early—by a hundred years."

And Glendower knew that he was not the Owen that prophecy had spoken of, and he disappeared.

In England Owen Glendower was known only from the descriptions of those that hated and feared him. One proof of his greatness is that in English tradition the prejudices against him disappeared. In Shakespeare his belief in magic remains; his boasts of a poetic gift which enabled him to frame to the harp "many an English ditty lovely well," and of his power to summon spirits from the vasty deep, are contrasted to his disadvantage with the rough manners of hasty, swearing Hotspur. But the final contrast is between the arrogance of the English custodian of Welsh castles and the dreamy, mystical leader of Welsh rebellion. On the one side there are—

> " Harsh rage,
> Defect of manners, want of government,
> Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain,
> The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
> Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
> Upon the beauty of all parts besides."

On the other hand, many of the best qualities of a ruler are described in the final English verdict on Owen Glendower—

> " In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
> Exceedingly well read, and profited
> In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,
> And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
> As mines of India."

XVII

MORTIMER AND TUDOR

THE peasant revolt under Owen Glendower had failed. The Lancastrian legislation against the admission of Welshmen to office and to the boroughs, passed in the heat of passion, remained on the statute book. Castle and town were to be pure English garrisons. Far on in the fifteenth century an attempt was made by legislation to prevent Welshmen from holding markets or fairs or to become citizens in towns. Under the last Lancastrian it was enacted that the king's villeins in North Wales were to be constrained to such labour as they had done before.

Such attempts at perpetuating race hatred between those who were brought into close connection with each other in their ordinary daily life, and such attempts at checking the mighty economic causes which were making the villein free, could have no great effect. But the immediate results of the war were deplorable. Neither the bard nor the Lollard entered into the heritage of the friar. The bard was persecuted, the Lollard burnt. The savage spirit of

war was added to the lust of land in Wales. Still there is a continuity of poets; the sky was never so dull and cold that no lark sang.

Prince Henry, who had burnt Sycharth and broken Glendower's power, had more happy connections with Wales. He had been born at Monmouth; he loved the harp. When created prince of Wales his sceptre was of gold, like the coronet and the ring, and not of silver as before. He had been in favour of moderation at the beginning of the Welsh war. Welsh soldiers followed him to France, and fought at the battle of Agincourt. David Gam, who had attempted to kill Owen Glendower at Machynlleth, was one of the few men of note killed on the English side.

The long French wars, and the gradually developing struggle between the nobles in England, made it impossible for the Government to interfere in Wales. And, indeed, interference was unnecessary. The turbulent element was got rid of, for crowds of mercenaries went to harry suffering, divided France. The Mortimers had acquiesced in the seizure by the Lancastrians of the crown to which they themselves were the heirs. Edmund Mortimer, whom Glendower had tried to get possession of, was a youth of a gentle and timid nature, and repaid captivity and wrong by absolute fidelity to Henry the Fourth and to Henry the Fifth. A plot was formed again in 1415 to carry him to Wales and declare him king of England. His brother-in-law Richard, earl of Cambridge, was put to death for his share in that plot. Edmund died childless before he was forty; and his land and

HARLECH CASTLE.

claims passed on to Richard, the son of his sister Anne, who had a father's death to avenge as well as a claim to prosecute.

Henry V. died young in the middle of his victorious career, and bequeathed the impossible task of retaining France and ruling the English nobles to a babe nine months old. So Henry VI. succeeded to the throne of England without being created prince of Wales. The story of his life is a sad one. The English barons, driven from France, brutalised and sullen, were paralysing the central government, substituting their own will for the system of justice, and gradually organising themselves, to avenge many feuds, into two definite parties. It was during the gathering storm, and during his father's madness, that the next prince of Wales was born. He was first seen in Wales in 1460, a child of seven, who had become prince of Wales before he was a year old. His mother, the heroic Margaret of Anjou, was bringing him to Harlech, fleeing in great tribulation before her victorious enemies, for the Wars of the Roses between York and Lancaster had begun. The little party of eight, tired and robbed, were pursued by the heir of the Mortimers; they were fleeing to the protection of the Tudors.

In the Wars of the Roses, the chief power of the final candidates in both houses lay in Wales. On the borders, with Ludlow as a centre, were the great Mortimer estates, from which the duke of York drew army after army. The White Rose candidate was Richard, duke of York, son of Anne Mortimer, descended from Llywelyn the Great.

In 1454 the two sons of the duke of York, Edward and Edmund, boys of twelve and eleven, were at Ludlow. They wrote a joint letter to their father in spring to thank him for their green gowns, and to ask for fine bonnets. In summer they wrote to say that they were studying diligently "in our young age," so as to get honour and worship in their old age. Their studies were soon to be cut short, however—one was to die a pitiful death, and the other to become king of England.

But the Red Rose found support in Wales too. Next to little Prince Edward, the Red Rose heir was a child of three in the faithful custody of Jasper Tudor, to whom Margaret was now taking her son. The rise of the Tudors had been a rapid one, though they traced their descent back through Cadwaladr to Troy. Owen Tudor, a gentleman from Anglesey, had married Catharine of France, widow of Henry V. Their children, Edmund and Jasper, were, therefore, half-brothers to Henry VI., and were created earls of Richmond and Pembroke. Edmund had married Margaret Beaufort, the final heiress of John of Gaunt. He died before his son was born in 1457, and the babe was placed under the care of Jasper Tudor. The prince of Wales who came to Harlech in 1460 for refuge, was not to become king of England; but the English throne was to be occupied by the grandson of Anne Mortimer as Edward IV., and by the son of Edmund Tudor as Henry VII.

The tempest of civil war, that had been gathering so long, broke upon England in 1455. The energy of the duke of York was in strange contrast to the

weak hesitation of the saintly Lancastrian king Henry VI., who stood calmly by the standard during the rush of battle, waiting for the arrows of his enemies to reach him, and wishing he was at his devotions. Henry pardoned wherever he was allowed to; he rode among his enemies crowned with straw as resignedly as he rode wearing his own crown. But his wife, Margaret of Anjou, carried their young son Edward, tracked by enemies and attacked by robbers, to a place of refuge in Wales; and, undaunted by defeat, brought army after army to defend his rights.

The tide of war was continually rolling nearer Wales. In 1459, the Yorkists defeated the Lancastrians in the running fight of Blore Heath, and mowed their nobles down around the king's tent in the short battle of Northampton. In 1460 the duke of York fell at the battle of Wakefield, and his head was sent around Yorkshire crowned in mockery with a paper crown. After the battle, his younger son Edmund, a lovable youth of fifteen, tried to escape. He was chased by Clifford, who said, as he stabbed him, "By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee."

The Mortimers held the central borders. North of them was Lord Grey of Ruthin, who had betrayed the Lancastrians in the thick of the battle of Northampton. South of them was Sir William Herbert, a staunch Yorkist. He was the son of the Blue Knight of Raglan, and the grandson of David Gam; and his service with Henry V. in France had given him an excellent military training.

But the west of Wales, from Pembroke to Anglesey,

was strongly Lancastrian. Old Owen Tudor left his retirement, the young Richmond followed the army which his uncle Jasper was drawing together in west Wales.

On receiving the news of the death of his father and brother at Wakefield, Edward, now the leader of the Yorkist party, gathered an army on the borders, which was supposed to be thirty thousand strong. The battle between the Welsh Yorkists and the Welsh Lancastrians was fought at Mortimer's Cross, in the Mortimer country, February 2, 1461. The day went against the Lancastrians, and Jasper fled. "And in that battle," wrote a citizen of London, "was Owen Tudor taken, and brought unto Hereford. And he was beheaded at the market-place, and his head set upon the highest step of the market cross. And a mad woman combed his hair, and washed away the blood from his face, and she got candles and set them about him burning, more than a hundred."

"This Owen Tudor," he adds, "was father unto the earl of Pembroke, and had wedded Queen Catharine, King Henry the Sixth's mother. He believed and trusted all the way that he should not be beheaded, till he saw the axe and the block. And when he was in his doublet, he trusted on pardon and grace till the collar of his red velvet doublet was ripped off. Then he said—'That head shall lie on the stock that was wont to lie on Queen Catharine's lap,'—and put his heart and his mind wholly unto God, and full meekly took his death."

The battle of St. Albans gave the Lancastrians their revenge. The little prince of Wales, eight years

old, was in the battle, wearing a pair of brigantines covered with purple velvet adorned with gold. He was knighted by his father when night had closed over the battle, and blessed by Morton. He knighted others, and sat in judgment on the prisoners. When asked by his mother what their punishment was to be he said that their heads were to be struck off. One of the Lancastrians, who had been lamed, made a grim little speech. "My lord," he said to the little prince who had just knighted him, "I have not deserved it, for I slew but fifteen men. For I stood still in one place, and they came unto me. But they abode still with me."

Throughout the dreary dynastic war Wales was divided against itself. Welshmen fell in hundreds on the English battlefields. The archers of Gwynedd, wearing the gold and crimson, and the ostrich feathers of their prince, pushed against the blinding snowstorm which enveloped the blood-stained field of Towton. The men of Harlech held out stubbornly for Lancaster against the Yorkist Herbert when every other castle had surrendered. "I held a castle in France," said the defender, "until every old woman in Wales heard of it; I will hold a castle in Wales until every old woman in France hears of it." The same Herbert led the men of Gwent to fall in crowds for the Yorkist king at Edgecote, where he himself pleaded in vain for mercy for his brother, on account of his youth, never thinking of any hopeless attempt at getting mercy for himself. Jasper Tudor hurried to join the Lancastrian army which, footsore and badly led, was driven panic-struck, with the prince of

Wales, to seek the useless protection of the sanctuaries of Tewkesbury. He heard of the disaster at Tewkesbury, and of the murder of Prince Edward, and returned to Chepstow, carrying with him Henry Tudor, now the heir to the throne. At Chepstow an unsuccessful attempt was made by the Yorkist Roger Vaughan to take them; the attempt cost Vaughan his life. They retired to Pembroke and were besieged there by the Yorkist Morgan Thomas, and kept in with ditch and trench; but were delivered by Morgan Thomas's brother David, who was a Lancastrian, and who put them on their way to their long exile in Brittany.

Jasper Tudor was faithful to the Red Rose all through, Sir William Herbert lived and died for the White. But the Wars of the Roses produced no hero; they helped to sear the conscience of the degenerate nobles that had very little of the heroic left in them. Far nobler than they was the nameless minstrel who first sang the national air of the "March of the Men of Harlech," if tradition is right in attributing its inspiring strains to this dead period; or the Reginald Pecock who, in those days of chilling superstition and brutal persecution, pleaded at the danger of his life for a policy of persuasion and reason.

The New Monarchy of the Yorkists took its spirit from the bitter dynastic war which gave being to it. Its aim was definite—to crush the nobles, and to restore the absolutism of the king. Its methods were those of the savage victor on the evening of battle—insolent, merciless, murderous. The conqueror became a tyrant, the conquered a traitor. But, while

the nobles were being crushed, the peasant became more prosperous, and commerce began to flourish under the protection of the strong Yorkist hand.

In Wales the war left many traces. It shattered the crumbling mediæval social system. The serf found himself practically free; the brigand found his occupation honourable. Noble fought against noble; each treasured up memories of wrongs, which made a fight inevitable wherever retainers met. The very poets had been divided by the war—Ieuan Deulwyn bewailed the slaughter of the Yorkist Herberts at Edgecote, Lewis Glyn Cothi wandered from one hiding-place to the other after the defeat of the Lancastrians.

To the borders of the wild country, full of strife and murder, came the new little prince of Wales to hold his court. Born in sanctuary, created prince of Wales by his father, Edward IV., when one year old, carried in the arms of Thomas Vaughan to witness ceremonies, Edward came to keep court in Wales in the third year of his life. The grants bestowed upon him by his father—castles from Narbeth to Presteign, the earldom of Pembroke, willingly given up by Herbert, the power of appointing the justices—almost make us forget that, when smothered in bed with his younger brother in the Tower of London ten years later, he was only a child of thirteen. Richard III., his uncle and his murderer, took his crown, and created his own son Edward, his only child, prince of Wales. This was in 1283, when Edward was ten years old. The child died in the next spring, before he could realise that an ominous calm in Wales foreboded a great storm.

The sleepless animosity of Morton, who had blessed Edward of Lancaster on the night of Wakefield, never allowed the embers of discontent to become cold. Buckingham, always splendid and scheming, had been entrusted by the new king with almost royal power in Wales. When they parted at Gloucester—the king returning to Warwick, gloomily determining on the death of his little nephew in the Tower, and Buckingham proceeding to Brecon—they already mistrusted each other. The king prepared a stock of Welsh bills, as glaives were called; Buckingham gathered a Welsh army beyond the Severn. From Brecon he marched on Weobly, in October, 1483, declaring for the young earl of Richmond. Followed by the Yorkist Tretower, he found it impossible to cross the flooded Severn in order to join the English Lancastrians and discontented Yorkists. His army melted away, and he came to Shropshire, not to summon the Talbots to arms, but a fugitive that was soon handed over to the brutal revenge of the angry Richard.

The abortive attempt called attention to the young exiled Tudor, and caused Richard to redouble his attempt to get the Bretons to give him up. Henry Tudor had two able plotters working for him—Bishop Morton, "who did far exceed them all in wisdom and gravity," and his own mother, now the wife of Lord Stanley. Their aim was to unite the Lancastrian and Yorkist opposition by proposing the marriage of Henry Tudor and Elizabeth of York, the sister of the murdered princes. The plot was made known to Margaret, Elizabeth's mother, by her Welsh physician,

Lewis, "a grave man and of no small experience." Bishop Morton escaped to Brittany; the two women were not punished, "forasmuch as the working of a woman's wit was thought of small account."

In 1484 an event occurred which spurred them on. During an eclipse of the sun, Anne Neville, Richard's queen, died. Even Yorkshire was shocked when it was rumoured that Elizabeth of York was to marry her uncle, and her brother's murderer.

The exile Henry Tudor, cold and reserved and suspicious in spite of his youth, was hardly a match for the daring and restless Richard III. But he staked life and everything on one bold attempt when he sailed from Harfleur in August, 1485, with Jasper Tudor and two thousand men, and made for a port in South Wales.

There was much searching of heart in Wales. The Welsh chiefs calculated whether Henry was likely to be successful; the bards tried to discover whether he was the deliverer that was to come. Henry had failed to win Walter Herbert, "a man of ancient authority among the Welshmen," or Herbert's brother-in-law, the earl of Northumberland. With many misgivings the exiles left Haverfordwest, near their landing-place, and moved northwards towards the Teivy. The Pembrokeshire men welcomed Jasper. But there were rumours that the Herberts were marching against them; and Rees ap Thomas, the practical ruler of Carmarthenshire, who divided the rule of South Wales with Herbert, gave no sign. At Cardigan they were cheered by the appearance of Richard Griffith and a little force. The cautious

lawyer, Morgan of Kidwelly, came to make terms for Rees ap Thomas; and when Rees declared for Tudor, the adhesion of nearly the whole of South Wales was secured. Henry followed the Teivy, and from Machynlleth he crossed into the valley of the Severn, taking Newtown and Welshpool on his way. Rees ap Thomas followed with the Carmarthenshire men. The gates of Shrewsbury were at first closed against them by the Myttons, and then opened. At Newport, the Talbots, their first English adherents, joined them. Everything now depended on the Stanleys, who held North Wales for Richard. They did not impede the advance of Henry. Lord Stanley pleaded the sweating sickness as an excuse for not joining Richard, and his son, Lord Strange, who was practically a hostage with Richard, was detected trying to escape. As Henry moved on to Stafford, Lichfield, and Tamworth, two armies were moving on Leicester at the same time. Lord Stanley and his brother, Sir William Stanley, with their army of Cheshire and Lancashire men, moved in two divisions, watching the two armies of Henry and Richard as they came nearer to each other.

On the 25th of August, 1485, Henry's army, under the red dragon standard and facing the sun, advanced up a gentle declivity in the country south of Bosworth, against the army of Richard. John de Vere, earl of Oxford, who had spent twelve years in a Yorkist prison after Barnet, led the right; Sir William Stanley, having decided at last to take part in the battle, took his place on the left. Henry himself led the centre against the centre of the king's

army, where Richard, anxious and determined after his night of dreams, was awaiting him. There were dark rumours of treason ; Lord Stanley watched at a distance, Northumberland stood still on Richard's right. But there was no hesitation in the middle of the field, where the two rivals, representatives of the bitter memories of half a century of feuds, sought each other. Richard fell, fighting to the last. He wore his crown in battle ; and, before the close of that decisive day, Lord Stanley placed it on the head of Henry Tudor.

The stripped body of the dead king was thrown in indignity athwart the back of a horse ; but the massacre of nobles which followed so many of the battles of the dynastic wars, did not take place after Bosworth. It was to be followed by the union of the roses, red and white, under the Welsh sovereigns who were to lay the foundations of the modern greatness of the British people.

TO THE MEMORY OF TUDUR ALED AND OTHERS.

(*From the sculpture by W. Goscombe John at Llansannan.*)

"Dead chief, the maiden loves
Thy grave's sod for thy sake."

XVIII

THE END OF THE OLD DAYS

THE accession of the Tudors marks the end of an old Wales, and the beginning of a new. The Wales of the princes disappears, the Wales of the peasant begins to take shape.

Henry the Seventh, a Welshman leading a Welsh army, had become king of England. The prophecy that a Welshman was to be king of England, which had brought Llywelyn a crown of ivy and which had deceived Glendower, was at last fulfilled. The Welsh ceased to be rebels: they entered heartily into the new life of the period, from its literature to its piracy. The perfect reconciliation between them and the English is shown in the plays of Shakespeare. The sympathy of the audience goes with the pedantic, but honourable Fluellen when he says to the Pistol he had forced to eat a leek—"When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em ; that is all."

The king of England crushed the Welsh nobles ruthlessly in the Star Chamber and Court of the

Marches, and they did not rebel; he asked them to change an old religion they loved for a new religion they did not understand, and they sullenly acquiesced. The Act which gave them representation in Parliament declared that their independence had been unreal and that their language was not the mother tongue of the isle of Britain; but they blessed the mailed hand that gave them the privileges of Englishmen so ungraciously.

They gained much, it is true. The power of the robber lords was broken, the country was cleared of brigands, representation in Parliament was granted, schools were founded, Welsh bishops were appointed. But they lost much as well. The Welsh nobles transferred their patronage from Welsh literature; and the peasants had two centuries of translations of dreary English theology. The continuity of national thought became an under-current only.

The religious enthusiasm which had been awakened by the controversies between Lollard and friar had died away. Sir John Oldcastle had held Builth against Glendower, though his tenants had taken the popular side. Soon, however, he was to be crushed by one of Owen's enemies, Lord Charlton of Powys, the agent of Lancastrian persecution in Wales. From his retirement in the hills of the Vyrnwy he was dragged to be hanged and burnt in London. But Lollardry did not die with him. In England the friars were told in 1461, even from pulpits, that Christ was poor and kept no treasure, and that he certainly never begged. When, later on, the Pope excommunicated those who wore shoes with peaks

longer than two inches, men said they would wear their fashionable shoes whatever the Pope said, and shocked the orthodox by saying that "the Pope's curse would not kill a fly." In Wales the Lollard feeling found expression in bitter triads. "Three things are subjects of derision—an old hag displaying her finery, an old man trying to show his agility, and an old priest drunk." "The three curses of a neighbourhood are—a navigable river, a poor monastery, and private war between lords of castles; for these will never be removed." One triad echoes the bitterness of the war, the affrighted conscience awakened by the Lollards, and the hatred of priests—"Three things there are which he who can may love—a fat priest singing mass, the cry of a soul in the clutches of the Fiend, and an English song."

The religious feeling subsided when the Tudors came. It left behind it no moral earnestness and no desire for reform; its degenerate strength ran to coarse invective and pessimistic satire. Bard and friar made up their quarrel as the Lollard disappeared. The poet sometimes tuned his lyre to the holiest of themes; and, perhaps in the next song, fell to a world of sensuousness that was tinged with sensuality. Gutyn Owen describes how the ruddy wine flowed at the feasts given to bards by the abbot of Valle Crucis; neither bard nor monk had an ideal exalted enough to quarrel about.

The golden age of Welsh poetry came to an end with the Eisteddvod of Caerwys in 1524, and the death of Tudur Aled. It had degenerated steadily for a century. It had developed from the strong and

realistic odes of the bards of the period of independence to the love-song of the fourteenth century, to reach the perfection of its beauty in Davydd ap Gwilym. It then began to decline; it became more artificial in diction, and less graceful in thought. The feelings aroused by the war of Glendower brought the rude shouts of battle into the once peaceful summer glade. Compared with Davydd's description of Maesaleg, Iolo's description of Sycharth is a mere inventory, his passionate lament for Owen Glendower is prosaic compared with the golden splendour of Davydd's lament for Ivor Hael. Lewis Glyn Cothi's bitter invective is only relieved by an occasional touch of poetry; and Ieuan Deulwyn's ode to Rees ap Thomas, if an example of the perfection of ingenuity, is also an example of a poetry from which the soul has departed. But a more potent cause of decline was the growing artificiality which froze thought into the rigid mould of the alliterative metres. The great decline was gradual, and not quite unbroken. Davydd Nanmor's lament for his lost love, where he describes the absence of the characteristic blush from the cold face, is worthy of the period at its best. And Davydd ap Edmund rises sometimes, in spite of the rules he was forming as shackles for the thought of many generations, to descriptions that recall the great Davydd himself; as where he describes the charm of the contrast of red and white in his mistress' beauty—the one like last night's snow, the other like a shower of roses.

The date usually given to the Carmarthen Eisteddvod is 1451. It was held, by permission of

Henry VI., under the protection of Griffith ap Nicholas, who died fighting for the Yorkists at the battle of Mortimer's Cross. An attempt was made to organise the bards into a self-respecting order, and to make them compose in certain complex metres. This was partly a result, and partly a cause, of the gradual degeneracy. With artificial metres and stereotyped sentiment, the bard's handicraft became a mechanical one; and the elegy became a careful catalogue of family virtues and a most valuable and careful narration of family history. An occasional touch of the old naturalness in Davydd ap Edmund, many an echo of the old melody in Tudur Aled, cannot hide the fact that the thought of the golden age was deteriorating, and was soon to end in pedigrees, grammars, and dictionaries.

The cause of the loss of national vitality, as shown in the gradual disappearance of strength of thought and beauty of diction, is the change that came over the character of the Welsh chiefs. In the earlier poets, the prince is a necessity; to the later triad writer, he is a necessary evil. In earlier times the chiefs had been the representatives of their kin; they were now the champions of their own personal interests against kinsman and brother. In the war of independence, the chief flung himself to certain destruction in blind loyalty to his prince; in the march to Bosworth, Sir Rees ap Thomas wrung promises from his prince on the eve of his last uncertain attempt.

The interests of the chief and the villein were no longer the same. In the Wars of the Roses Lewis

Glyn Cothi, though a Lancastrian, had echoed the earlier English praise of the plough and the ploughman; the sympathy for the peasant remained in the sixteenth century, but it was accompanied by a denunciation of the unscrupulous cruelty of the lord.

The "lord of land," as Welsh chief and English baron alike are called, had often ceased to be Welsh in sympathy. In the triads of the fifteenth century, the lord, who had ceased to take an interest in literature, is mercilessly attacked, not only for his arrogance and unscrupulousness, but also for his stupidity. In the sixteenth century, though men like William Herbert, earl of Pembroke, would speak nothing but Welsh to those who understood it, the burden of many a complaint is that the Welsh upper class had become neglectful of the language and literature of the country. In the seventeenth century, though a few old Welsh houses were still hospitable to the bard, Edward Morris bewails the fact that the Welsh muse had no patron left; and the bard turned sorrowfully from the old faithless patrons of song, and tuned his harp to peasant ears.

The lord had ceased to be the chief of the kin, and had become the lord of the land. Once his great aim was to be a worthy leader and a successful protector of his kin: now his only aim was to become the sole possessor of their land. Once he was chief of his people, bound to them by every tie of mutual advantage and mutual devotion, according to the laws of Howel; now his interests are not the same as theirs, he uses the new law to turn them adrift from the

land and from all privileges associated with their old relations to it. To the older bard the chief is the ideal of chivalry—generous, self-sacrificing, patriotic, a patron of sweet song and perfect tale. To the new triad writer he is selfish, grasping, miserly, and indifferent to literature. "Three things," he says contemptuously, "will make as good a lord of land as any—a calf's tail, a gate-post, and a hanging dog."

The introduction of the law of primogeniture into Wales made the lord all the more anxious to get the land into his own hands, and the separation of chief and kin more complete. Sir Rees ap Thomas, the greatest Welsh chief of Tudor times, was thoroughly hated by his weaker neighbours, for there was no land on Towy side that was safe from his unscrupulous cupidity. Nothing cared he for the old customs, or for the sighs of those that he dispossessed. Instead of the greatness of Llywelyn and the majesty of Glendower, the new times and the new law brought the rapacious landlord of the sixteenth century and the contemptible cavalier squire of the seventeenth. But the Welsh never lost entirely their love for the memory of those who, in days of independence and oppression alike, led them into so many honourable failures and suffered so much for them. They idealised their memory, and were willing to say of the lost chief, with Tudur Aled :—

> "Dead chief, the maiden loves
> Thy grave's sod for thy sake."

XIX

THE NEW SHIRES

THE Tudors traced their descent from Cadwaladr, the last British king. It is true that they had in them the royal blood of North and of South Wales. They had fought for Llywelyn the Great, they had representatives at Cressy and Agincourt, they had supported their kinsman Glendower, they had married into the French and into the English royal families. It was partly good fortune, and partly their own determination that their fortune should be good, that brought them to the brilliant position they occupied during the sixteenth century, and enabled them to become the creators of modern Britain in all the essential aspects of its history. Their own steady business-like career, their unwillingness to sacrifice and their lack of gratitude, the strong will which guided their country through so many momentous changes, the cool calculating spirit which enabled them to judge and to use the turbulent passions and the self-sacrificing virtues of their times—all these are in strange contrast to the passionate loyalty of

reformer and navigator and poet by which they were surrounded.

In Wales they rode rough-shod over all sentiment and tradition; and established, in their methodical pitiless way, a strong system of justice and a real political union with England. They were exceedingly popular, and Mary was not less popular than the others. Henry VII. could always call Rees ap Thomas with an army of archers to his aid. Welshmen flocked to the Court, from the Herberts and the Cecils, who gave the sovereigns counsel in building their absolutism, to the lowly family of brewers from whom came Oliver Cromwell to subvert that absolutism, and then to imitate it.

Of the five Tudor sovereigns, Henry VIII. alone was prince of Wales. Arthur, Henry VII.'s eldest son, was created prince when three years old; and, at his early death, Henry succeeded him, in the twelfth year of his age. Of Henry VIII.'s children, Mary alone held court at Ludlow, though she was not crowned princess of Wales.

The three most important movements in the Wales of Tudor times were the political reorganisation, the reform of the system of justice, and the religious reformation.

The political reorganisation was the work of Thomas Cromwell. The Act of 1535 united Wales to England, and declared that the union was to mean the abolition of Welsh customs and laws and the extirpation of the Welsh language. It shows an honest desire to extend to Welshmen all the political advantages then enjoyed by Englishmen;

but Cromwell's methods of carrying out his policy in Wales, as in Ireland, were very tyrannical, and unnecessarily harsh. He knew that he had aroused the hostility of the Welsh by his political and by his religious policy, and feared at one time that the high-spirited people, so unwillingly driven, would rise in favour of the old religion and Princess Mary.

The union of 1535 brought two great benefits to Wales—its march lordships became shire ground, and it was given representation in Parliament.

The king had entered into the heritage, not only of the old princes of Wales and the earls of Chester, but of the dukes of Lancaster and of the Mortimers as well. So it was easier for Henry VIII. than for any previous king to reduce the march lordships into shire ground.

We have seen that the western part of Wales, from the Conway to the Towy, had been turned into five shires by Edward I. after the fall of Llywelyn: Anglesey, Carnarvonshire, Merionethshire, Cardiganshire, and Carmarthenshire. Flintshire was formed at the same time of the district between Chester and Rhuddlan, which had been often conquered and had as often rebelled. Pembrokeshire and Glamorganshire were growing into shires too; they had been governed like shires by their English earls. Five new shires were created by the Tudors out of the march lordships. Denbighshire was formed out of two districts that are almost separated from each other where the boundaries of the older shires of Merioneth and Flint nearly touch. The first part is the hilly Hiraethog district, between the Conway and the

Clwyd, and the upper part of the Vale of Clwyd, over most of which the lordships of Denbigh and Ruthin extended. The second part consists of the plain of Welsh Maelor, in the lower valley of the Dee, and the northern portion of the Berwyn as far south as the river Rhaiadr.

South of this second portion of Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire was formed out of two very unequal portions. The first, being nearly all the country drained by the upper Severn and its tributaries, is the eastern slope of the Berwyn. It contains old Arwystli, and the castles of Montgomery and Powys. The second part is the eastern valley of the Dovey, including Cyveiliog and the old Roman town of Machynlleth.

South of the watershed of the Severn and the Wye, Radnorshire was formed out of the high moorlands watered by the upper parts of the tributaries of the Wye. It is made up almost entirely of the lordships carved out of Melenydd and Elvel.

Between the southern bank of the upper Wye and the southern watershed of the Usk, Brecknockshire was formed from the lordships of old Brycheiniog. It included the castles of Builth, Talgarth, and Brecon.

The lowlands between Brecknockshire and the mouth of the Severn became the new shire of Monmouth. It includes the greater part of Gwent and the Gwynllwg portion of old Morgannwg; thus extending westwards from the Wye and the Monnow, covering the rich land through which the red sluggish Usk flows to the Severn sea, to the Rumney. It

includes the castles of Abergavenny, Usk, Chepstow, and Newport. It has also Caerleon, the traditional capital of Wales; Tintern, the most beautiful of Welsh abbeys, where the daughters of William Marshall are buried; and Maesaleg, now called Bassaleg, the home of Ivor the Generous, so often described by Davydd ap Gwilym. Caerleon is now a small village, Tintern is a beautiful ruin, and the site of Ivor's home is a green glade.

Thus a continuous tract of march land, extending from the Irish Sea to the Severn sea, was formed into five shires, between England and the older shires of Wales. But a great number of march lordships were not included in these; they were added to the older Welsh shires, or to the English border shires.

So many were added to Glamorganshire and Pembrokeshire that, in both shires, the additions are far more extensive than the little shires then in course of formation around Cardiff and Pembroke castles. Glamorganshire became as extensive as the old Morgannwg; it had not Gwynllwg in the east, but it had Gower, which had not been part of old Morgannwg, in the west. Though its vale is almost dotted with castles, from Cardiff and Caerphilly to Neath and Swansea, the divisions of Morgannwg were still mostly the old tribal divisions, and not new districts formed around castles. Senghenydd, Miskin, Glynrhonddu, Talavan, Avan, Ogmore, Neath, Gower, Ruthyn, and others, still bore their old Welsh names.

Pembrokeshire was extended northwards to the valley of the lower Teivy, and the lordships between

it and the border of Carmarthenshire were divided between the two shires. In 1542 the lordship of Lacharn was transferred from Pembrokeshire to Carmarthenshire.

Pembrokeshire now included, not only the English district of Pembroke, but the half Welsh district of Haverfordwest and Narberth, and the purely Welsh districts from St. David's to Cilgeran.

Carmarthenshire was extended in three directions. By its getting Llandovery and Abermarles the Towy became a Carmarthenshire river from where it leaves the uplands of Plinlimmon to the sea. By getting Carnwyllion and Kidwelly, it spread to the sea in the south; and by getting Newcastle in Emlyn, it reached the middle valley of the Teivy in the north. It included Dynevor, the centre of Welsh resistance; and Carmarthen, the most important port in Wales in mediæval times.

To Cardiganshire were added lordships which made its boundaries perfect from a geographical and from a historical point of view. The lordship of Tregaron extended its boundaries over the whole of the upper valley of the Teivy, and the lordship of Geneu'r Glyn brought it to the Dovey in the north.

To Merionethshire was added the lordship of Mawddwy, in the upper valley of the Dovey, connected with it by two high passes, a veritable nest of brigands.

There were a few later changes, but the shire system of Wales may be looked upon as practically complete by 1536. A little later the subdivision of the new shires into hundreds or commotes was completed.

CADER IDRIS.

(*From a drawing by W. W. Goddard.*)

Merionethshire is a collection of mountain tops. No river flows into it. Its valleys open to every point of the compass, it has no real capital; its geography is that of Wales in miniature. It contains portions of Gwynedd and Powys; all the dialects of Powys, Gwynedd, and northern Ceredigion are represented in it. Gerald drew upon his imagination when he said that its inhabitants could ascend the mountains and confer with each other from the tops; but its geography is such that it was, at the best, an unsatisfactory unit for local government. Denbighshire is a collection of portions of valleys—of the Conway, the Clwyd, the Dee, and the Ceiriog; but the variety of dialects and character is not so great as one might be led to suppose by its extreme length and narrow middle portion. The various districts of Carnarvonshire are given a kind of unity by the presence of Snowdon, which overlooks them all; Montgomeryshire is the Severn land. Anglesey, as Môn is now officially designated, is made by the sea into the shire whose people have the most definite characteristics of dialect and character. Flintshire, from its small extent and featureless geography, is a compact territory between the watershed of the Clwyd and the estuary of the Dee. There is a detached portion of it, English Maelor, however, on the eastern side of the Dee.

Each of the shires of South Wales represents some old Welsh kingdom, and has the dialect and the characteristic of some old Welsh tribe, though the boundaries have been changed to some extent. Radnorshire contains the two districts of Elvel and

Melenydd, united by fierce hatred caused by many a family feud over respective rights to the moorlands and sheep runs of Plinlimmon. Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire are, respectively, Brycheiniog, Gwent, and Morgannwg; though the boundaries are not exactly the same, the new shire in each case has the dialect and the character of the old tribal kingdom. Carmarthenshire, which gave to old Wales so many of its princes and to new Wales so many of its leaders, is the old Deheubarth, though shorn of many fair districts. Cardiganshire, with its definite geographical unity mirrored in the strongly marked characteristics of its people, is the old Ceredigion. Pembrokeshire, divided then as now between two races which at first had very little in common, is the abiding part of old Dyved.

Many of the lordships of the march were added to the old English shires. The Red Cantrev of Gwent, all the land east of the Wye lower than Monmouth, was added to Gloucestershire. Ewyas and Wigmore, the homes of the Lacys and the Mortimers, were added to Herefordshire. A great part of eastern Powys, including Oswestry and Ellesmere, was added to the Shropshire whose county town was the old capital of Powys.

The Tudor legislation made fairly definite the boundary line between England and Wales that had been so indefinite before. It is quite arbitrary. There may have been an attempt to follow Offa's dyke, and to fix the boundary where the mountains cease and the plains begin. But the boundary lines of the tiny lordships which formed a fringe to the

mountains had also to be followed. Just outside the new boundary were the towns that had exercised most influence on Wales—Chester, from which the oppression and the justice of the northern part of Wales came; Shrewsbury, with more than half of its population still Welsh-speaking in Tudor times, the mart of central Wales; Hereford, the market-place of southern Wales and the model of all the Welsh chartered towns; Gloucester, from which Glamorgan was governed for so long.

The boundary line had, of course, nothing to do with race. It was not a language boundary either; it included many English-speaking districts in Wales, it excluded many extensive Welsh-speaking districts. It does not coincide with the ecclesiastical boundary line; Oswestry is still in the diocese of St. Asaph, and the diocese of Llandaff still includes Monmouthshire.

Monmouthshire was declared to be an English shire, and, for the purposes of the administration of justice, it was excluded from the Welsh system. In all other respects, Monmouthshire is still part of Wales. Its life is thoroughly Welsh. In the Middle Ages it shared with Glamorgan the enthusiastic praise of Davydd ap Gwilym, who spent much of his life in it; the great Welsh poet of modern times, Islwyn, was born in it and spent his life within it. "Part of Wales art thou still, my Monmouth," he sang, "the spirit of the mountains has not left thee, though thy name was once placed among those of the shires of another land."

The division into shires brought into Wales a

definite and uniform political administration. It gave Wales greater unity, it also bound it more definitely to England. The shire was the unit, not only for local government, but also for representation in Parliament. Edward II., the first prince of Wales, had tried to bring Wales into the parliamentary system more than two hundred years before, but had not succeeded. The English parliament taxed Wales and determined its levy of archers, though it was not represented. In 1535 its shires and boroughs were granted representation in Parliament. Every shire, except Merioneth and Monmouth, had two members, one for the shire and one for the shire town. Merioneth had only one member. Monmouthshire had three—two for the shire and one for the shire town. In 1542 Haverfordwest was made into a county in itself, and given one representative in Parliament.

With the exception of the period of the Commonwealth, the representation of Wales remained the same till 1832. Its members were, as a rule, heads of the chief Welsh families — such as Bulkeleys, Glynnes, Herberts, Lloyds, Mansels, Morgans, Prices Salisburys, Vaughans, Wynns.

XX

THE COURT OF WALES

THE chief aim of Tudor legislation with regard to Wales was to bring it under a uniform and efficient system of justice. Before the creation of the new shires, the march lordships, nearly a hundred and fifty in number, had their independent little systems of law, and their own courts; the law in each case being a development of Welsh and English law. The smaller lordships might become, as some of them did, a place of refuge for evildoers. Feuds fought out in private wars, murder, and arson were common in the wild Severn district; and the outlaws and fugitives were safe when they had crossed the river from one lordship to the other.

A special court for Wales had long been developing. Edward IV., the first of the New Monarchs, was the heir of the Mortimers; and he had determined to reduce the borders, which he knew so well, under the direct control of the king. He did not live to do much; but the queen and the little prince of

Wales were frequently at Ludlow, whence an attempt was made to use the new court in the marches as the Star Chamber was used in England.

Under the Tudors an energetic and a continuous policy succeeded in making the king's law supreme in Wales. Three institutions were used, the Star Chamber, the Court of the Council of Wales and the Marches, and the Great Sessions of Wales.

It was before the Star Chamber that the most powerful lords would be summoned—for conspiring against the king, for oppressing their subjects, or for waging private war. Private war was the cause of most cases of interference by the king in Wales. An eye-witness describes a scene between two lords in the Star Chamber in Cardinal Wolsey's presence. They were the two most powerful magnates in Wales—Lord Ferrers, the king's justiciar, and Rees ap Griffith, the young and popular grandson of Sir Rees ap Thomas, who had been justiciar. They happened to come to Carmarthen at the same time; a fight between their retainers ended in a quarrel between the two nobles. They retired to their estates, and began to prepare for a renewal of the struggle. The king heard of their doings, and they were promptly summoned to the Star Chamber. They hurled all kinds of accusations at each other in Wolsey's presence—of oppression of the people, and of the selling of justice. The accusations were such that "thousands of poor men," thought the eye-witness of the scene, "would not for any amount of wealth have had them brought against them." They were soundly rated by the Cardinal. Lord

Ferrers was told that, being old enough to be Rees' father, he ought not to have acted so violently and so foolishly. They were to depart arm in arm, and to make peace between their followers. A hundred years before, and the quarrel would have been fought out in a private war, in which the oppressed peasantry would have been forced to shed each other's blood in order to satisfy their lords' passionate desire for revenge. But both men knew the king too well to defy the Star Chamber. Rees' grandfather had done more than any one man to place Henry VII. on his throne and to keep the shaking throne steady; Rees' father had been too independent, and he had paid for his temerity with his head. It is no wonder that the Star Chamber was so popular in Tudor times. It saved Wales from what the triads regard as one of the three great curses of a country—a private war between lords.

The oppression of tenants, and crimes inadequately punished in the march courts, were gradually subjected to another court, the Court of the Council of the Marches of Wales. Its task had been begun by the Yorkists; Henry VII. made it a permanent court at Ludlow, and gave it definite work to do. It had jurisdiction, not only over Wales and its marches, but over the four old English border shires of Shropshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire. Its work was to execute justice on felons, to suppress riots, and to hear the complaints of all poor Welsh persons oppressed or wronged, as well as the complaints of the English in the English shires.

CAREW CASTLE.

Norman part looking east, Elizabethan part looking west.

(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

The first presidents of the Court of Wales were able and vigorous men, almost ruthless in their severity. The first was William Smythe, bishop of Lincoln, and founder of Brasenose College, Oxford. The second was Geoffrey Blyth, bishop of Lichfield, who had served on an embassy from the king to Hungary. The fourth was John Voysey, bishop of Exeter.

It was when Rowland Lee, bishop of Lichfield, became president that the real work of the Court of Wales was done. He was at Ludlow between 1534 and 1543, and so he ruled Wales during the time that Thomas Cromwell's indefatigable efforts made the king's power felt in every corner of his realm. Bishop Lee threw himself into his work with an energy that won Cromwell's admiration. He travelled through the districts of Rhaiadr and Brecon, and thoroughly enjoyed himself in the thick of the thieves. Not even death could snatch his prey from the relentless bishop ; dead bodies were brought in sacks on horseback to swing on the Ludlow gibbets. It was a wild superstitious neighbourhood, and the ghastly procession with the sack carried far greater terror than an army which could dispense a more summary kind of justice.

Bishop Lee was followed by Bishop Sampson, of Lichfield, who allowed a felon to escape ; and by the ambitious and unscrupulous earl of Northumberland, who was put to death by Mary. In 1550 William Herbert became president.

William Herbert, first earl of Pembroke, could neither read nor write ; though he signs his name—in

capital letters. It is said of him also that he only knew his own language well. It is to be supposed that the language was Welsh, for he would only speak that language to a brother Welshman. But the bony, red-haired Welshman, with his sharp eye and stern look, won the regard of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth successively; and he served them all faithfully and well. When so many men who could read and write lost their heads, Herbert rivalled Cecil as an adroit politician. He helped Henry VIII. to suppress the monasteries; he relieved Exeter with two thousand Welshmen during the Cornish rising against Somerset; he helped Northumberland to secure the succession of Lady Jane Grey; he carried the sword of state before Mary on her wedding day; he persuaded Elizabeth to take up a Protestant policy. He was the chief figure in all the sudden changes which brought so many men low, and he died in peace.

After Bishop Heath and Bishop Bourne and Lord Williams of Thame, Sir Henry Sidney became president in 1560, and held the office for more than a quarter of a century. Taking a keen interest in literature and education, sympathising with the poor and the oppressed, this high-souled governor took away the terror with which Bishop Lee had clothed his office, and made men revere it for its justice and for its mercy. "Great it is," he wrote, nearly at the end of his long term of office, "that, in some sort, I govern the third part of this realm, under her most excellent majesty; high it is,

for by that I have precedence of great personages, and far my betters; happy it is, for the goodness of the people whom I govern; and most happy it is for the commodity I have, by the authority of that place, to do good every day."

Sir Henry Sidney's labours deserved much of Elizabeth, and his wife had caught smallpox from the queen when trying to shield her from death. But he got nothing, not so much ground "as I can cover with my foot." All his fees amounted to less than a hundred marks a year. Yet he could point with pride to what he had done for the castles of Ludlow, Wigmore, and Montgomery. A more permanent and valuable work was the incorruptible administration of justice in that district of oppression and corruption. The people that brought their complaints before him were poor, some of them "very beggars."

The litigious spirit which filled Wales during the later sixteenth century was due to the change that was then coming over the system of land tenure. Primogeniture had been introduced to every part of Wales by the Act of 1535. The villein found himself driven from the land which he regarded as his own as long as he paid the money fixed upon as commutation for the ancient labour or food rents. It was difficult to know whether, by law, he owned his own land, or was a tenant who could be ejected at the will of a landowner. The lords hungered for land, the tenant clung to his homestead; and crowds thronged to Ludlow to demand justice.

Sir Henry Sidney's famous children—Philip and Mary—spent most of their childhood at Ludlow. Mary married Henry, earl of Pembroke, and it was at their home at Wilton that Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*. Henry succeeded his father-in-law and father as president of the Court of Wales. He had shown already, in a magnificent feast at Cardiff, that his policy was one of conciliatory moderation. Like his wife, he was a patron of learning, and he threw himself with ardour into the activity and hopes of that time of discovery of worlds and of truths. When the sixteenth century came to an end, Elizabeth was still wielding the sceptre of England; and at the Court of Wales there ruled Mary Herbert whom Spenser described as the ornament of womankind, whose youthful beauty Shakespeare saw mirrored in her son, and of whom Ben Jonson wrote—

> "Death! Ere thou hast slain another
> Wise and fair and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

During the seventeenth century the Court of Wales lost much of its importance. The most interesting facts about it are that Richard Baxter was the chaplain to it, and that Milton's *Comus* was written to be acted at Ludlow by the children of one of its presidents. It was abolished by the Long Parliament in 1642, restored in 1660, and finally abolished in 1689.

The Court of Wales had ceased to be important at the end of the Tudor period, partly because its

work was done by Bishop Lee and Sir Henry Sidney, partly because another institution had been created to take its place. The Tudors, in spite of their desire to assimilate Wales to England in every possible way, saw that two separate systems of law were necessary. The distance between Wales and Westminster was great, and Welsh litigants were poor. So, while making every effort, as in England, to secure efficient sheriffs and trustworthy justices of the peace and impartial jurors, Henry VIII. established high courts of justice in Wales itself. There had been a justice of Snowdon and a justice of South Wales since 1284; additional justices were now created to administer law in the march lordships that had been formed into shires in 1535.

In 1535 twelve Welsh shires were grouped in four circuits. In each of these, it was further enacted in 1542, a court was to sit twice a year. The courts were called the Great Sessions of Wales. The Justice of Chester kept sessions in Denbighshire, Flintshire, and Montgomeryshire; the Justice of North Wales in Anglesey, Carnarvonshire, and Merioneth; a third justice in Cardiganshire, Carmarthenshire, and Pembrokeshire; and a fourth in Glamorgan, Brecknock, and Radnorshire.

XXI

THE GREAT SESSIONS

IN Wales, as in England, there have been two great periods of the revival of local government—during the second half of the sixteenth century and during the second half of the nineteenth. But the revival meant more in Wales. It was more than the introduction of a better form of government; it realised a dream that had never been forgotten, and cannot be. Welsh independence, in a measure that would have satisfied Llywelyn, is being gradually restored in the form of local government. Under the Tudors the shire became a unit for local government; Wales had an independent system of law courts; and the towns, which had been in theory hostile garrisons, became the centres of national life.

At the end of the reign of Elizabeth, the court of the march lord, often a place of refuge for the worst criminals, and always an instrument of almost unchecked despotism, was a thing of the past. The Court of Wales had become useless with the disappearance of the old lawlessness; and those who

owed the peace of the new times to it, especially in the march districts, were beginning to clamour for its repeal. But the power of the local governors—justice, sheriff, and justice of the peace—remained.

The justice of the three shires held a court of Great Sessions in each shire twice a year. He sat for six days, and fifteen days' notice of his coming had been given to the people. The chamberlain kept the seals for the original writ which began the suit; the other seal, for the judicial writ which commanded execution, was kept by the justice. The attorney and solicitor, the proto-notary for recording judgments and fines in civil cases, and the clerk of the crown for recording in criminal cases, followed the justice. The marshal attended the person of the judge as he came into court; the crier called forth the persons required, and imposed silence on the people. All criminal cases, all civil cases, all questions relating to land, all rebellions against the law, came before the Great Session, which had in Wales the jurisdiction exercised in England by the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas and by the justices of assize. If there was such a multitude of pleas that the justice could not hear them within six days, those that were left over were tried before a deputy justice in petty sessions.

Of the Welsh justices the two best known are Bradshaw and Jeffreys. Bradshaw and Jeffreys, the one by his learning and the other by his natural ability, became famous in their professions. Bradshaw presided over the trial of Charles the First, and signed his death warrant in January, 1649; in the

following years he was on circuit in the upper Severn valley, from Llanvyllin to Llanidloes. Jeffreys was made justice in 1680, but the sphere of his chief activity was the neighbouring England, where he became Lord Chief Justice before he was forty years of age. He presided over the trials of the noble Algernon Sidney, the villainous Titus Oates, the saintly Baxter, and the misguided west country people who had risen in rebellion against James II. in favour of the worthless Monmouth. Bradshaw was buried at Westminster Abbey; but at the Restoration, his body was dragged thence on a sledge, with the bodies of Oliver Cromwell and Ireton, so that the partisans of restored monarchy might wreak their ghastly vengeance on the dead. Jeffreys rose to power as the instrument of that restored monarchy, in its most absolute form. He was often brutal and insolent, though not more so than contemporary judges generally. His great ability and energy were given entirely to the service of James II., and he died in the Tower at the Revolution of 1688. The vengeance of the mob was not wreaked on his body; it has been reserved for modern novelists and popular historians to make a monster of him.

Below the Great Session, each shire had eight justices of the peace. The favourite Tudor method of government was to substitute the justice of the peace, who looked upon his office as an honour conferred by the Crown, for the baron who held that his court was independent of the king. In Wales the number was restricted, probably in order that the body of justices might be autocratic enough. There

was no lack of those who desired the honour, "for, through the ambition of many, it is counted a credit to be burthened with the authority." Their commission gave them power to preserve the peace, and to resist and punish all turbulent persons. They held their sessions quarterly; and all proceedings before them were entered by the clerks of the peace. The power of the justice of the peace grew continually, especially during the later years of Elizabeth, when the parish system was revived and the relief of the poor organised.

The sheriff of each shire was the executive officer. He was selected for one year by the king out of three nominated by the president, council, and justices of Wales. Besides his executive work, he had judicial work in two courts. One was the sheriff's tourn, a circuit of his shire, in which he inquired in various places concerning breaches of the law. The other was the county court, in which small civil cases, under the value of forty shillings, were determined. The other shire officials were the escheator, who watched over the property and rights of the Crown; and the two coroners, elected by the freeholders to inquire why, and through whom, every person dying of a violent death came to his end.

The hundred, the subdivision of the shire, had its constables and its bailiffs; the former preserved the peace in each hundred, the latter attended the justices in session. In Wales, as in England, the parish system was revived, and the vestry became a little local senate.

The characteristic of the whole system is the use

made of the help of the people themselves. The justices of the peace, it is true, had interests directly opposed to those of the people they governed: they were often alienated from them by contempt for their race, and by ignorance of their language; but their appointment was the first stage in the development of that local government which the Tudors have made the characteristic of later British history, and which has given Wales self-government.

The work of the officials of the time is shown by the account that tradition has kept, with a vividness as if it had been an event of yesterday, of the death of Baron Owen in the autumn of 1555. Baron Owen lived at Dolgellau; he was one of the barons of the Carnarvon exchequer, sheriff of Merioneth, and one of the first representatives of his county in Parliament. The lordship of Mawddwy, whose romantic valley had just been added to Merioneth, is separated from Dolgellau by a bleak moorland. The old lordship contained a community of red-haired brigands, who had been the terror of the country, and Baron Owen determined to extirpate them. On a Christmas eve he and John Wynn, of Gwydir, surprised them, and put eighty of them to death. An old woman pleaded hard for the life of her youngest son and when the pitiless sheriff said that he must hang with the rest, she bared her yellow breasts and said, "These have given suck to those that will wash their hands in thy life's blood." When Baron Owen was returning from the sessions at Welshpool, his way led past the scene of the slaughter of the brigands. As he neared their home, a tree fell across the road

before him, and the maddened brigands rushed upon him and his retinue to avenge their kinsmen's blood. Two of them actually washed their hands in his heart's blood. The deed sent such a thrill of horror through the country, however, that the brigands dispersed, and lovely Mawddwy knew them no more.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the lawlessness of shire and march; the most striking collection of all being that of Sir John Wynn, of Gwydir, though it is probable that the peace of the new times made him exaggerate the turbulence of the old by contrast.

James the First, who contemplated the union of England and Scotland, was told that the recent union of England and Wales had brought "great peace, tranquillity, civility, and infinite good to the inhabitants of that country of Wales." It was true that the country was peaceful, and that the quarrels that were once speedily ended by the sword were now slowly and laboriously determined by an increasing host of lawyers. It was true that a country, once subjected to a conqueror, now had a share in government. The lord marcher and the brigand had given place to the justice of the peace and the elected petty official.

But the Tudors had attempted more. To them the customs of Wales were sinister usages, its language a curse, and its national life a dead volcano of treason. They were not content with introducing the law of primogeniture, which completed the destruction of the old social system. They had enacted, in the statute which united Wales with England, that all the sessions of justice were to be held in English,

that all oaths were to be administered in English, and that "henceforth no person or persons that use the Welsh speech or language shall have or enjoy any manner of office or fees within this realm of England, Wales, or other the king's dominion, upon pain of forfeiting the same office or fees unless he or they use and exercise the English speech or language."

The judges rarely knew the country; it was very rarely indeed that they knew its language. Of the two hundred judges of the Great Sessions of Wales, scarcely thirty knew the language which was the only language of the people in whose behalf they were appointed. Gerard, a broad-minded Englishman, who had served in Wales for twenty-two years, advised the ministers of Queen Elizabeth that it "were very convenient that one of the justices of assize did understand the Welsh tongue, for now the justice must use some interpreter, and therefore, many times, the evidence is told according to the mind of the interpreter, whereby the evidence is expounded contrary to the which is said by the examinate; and so the judge giveth a wrong charge." This reasonable advice was lost on Tudors, Stuarts, and Hanoverians alike. It was rarely that a Welsh-speaking Herbert or Kenyon, a Richards or a Lloyd, a Jenkins or a Gwynne, became judge; and the law remained to the people partly the will of a conqueror, partly a mysterious mass of chicanery by which the simple peasant could be tricked out of what was justly his. While English was the language of the courts, the wardens of the country parishes often kept their vestry books in Welsh, as the clerks of parish

councils do in this twentieth century. When a Welshman was hanged, his fate was duly entered in the English language; when a wild cat or a fox fell a prey to country justice, its end was recorded in the vestry book in Welsh.

The upper class obeyed the Tudors, and became English in thought and language. The lower classes remained sturdily Welsh. A cleavage was made between them. One man, profiting by his knowledge of English and of the law, obtained possession of land which, according to Welsh custom, ought to have belonged to many. The introduction of primogeniture brought with it a family pride that hungered for land. The enhanced price of wool and corn brought wealth to the landowner; the increase in the number of applicants for farms, caused by increase of population and consolidation of holdings, sent rents up. Economic causes had been working in favour of the villein for centuries; now, having made him free, they kept him poor. To him that had was given in those days, and from him that had not was taken away.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.
Ruins of the Bishop's Palace in the foreground.
(*From a photograph by Albert David, St. David's.*)

XXII

AN UNWELCOME REFORMATION

THE history of modern Wales is the history of the rise of a subject class to prosperity and to political power. They were in serfdom during the period of the princes; they prospered, so quietly that the gradual amelioration of their lot was not noticed, while the social system of which they formed part was crumbling; the freemen of old were hurled ignominiously into their ranks by mediæval lawyer and New Monarchy official; out of the tempest of war in which prince and poet were lost, they emerged free. They had little else than their freedom. Their rights to the land had gone, or were rapidly going. They had no literature; the mediæval ode had become a string of stereotyped alliterations; and when the richer class took to reading English or to reading nothing, Welsh literature died away. They had very little hope, they were thick on the land; their wealth lay in superstition and in the happiness of aimless indolence. Now, after three centuries, they are among the wealthiest and most industrious, and

among the best educated and most thoughtful peasantry in the world. It is interesting to trace the history of their development; it is still more interesting to see it mirrored in their literature.

They opposed every revolution that helped to make men free. They opposed the Reformation, they opposed the Puritan Revolution, they opposed the French Revolution, and every movement connected with them. But each revolution left among them a thought or a book, the legacy of one of their own number whose message during his lifetime had been like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, which, sooner or later, profoundly affected their life.

The opposition to the Reformation in Wales did not take the form of active rebellion, though rebellion was feared. The popularity of the Tudor king made the Welsh tolerate a movement they did not understand, and stand sullenly by while their monasteries were rifled and their relics cast in indignity out of their churches. Thomas Cromwell's Reformation policy was represented in Wales by men that had their master's energy, but whose unscrupulous methods and grasping avarice could not open the eyes of an unwilling people to the moral grandeur of a great religious reformation.

Bishop Barlow was to carry the Reformation policy of Cromwell out in St. David's diocese. His life is not an attractive one. He had become a Protestant too soon, and he grovelled before Henry VIII. in declaring his contrition for having swerved from the truth, "by the fiend's instigation and false persuasions," and to have erred "against the blessed

sacrament of the altar, disallowing the mass and denying purgatory, and outrageous railing against the clergy." But when he found that the king was won, "considering that where Rome, with all her Popish pageants (God be praised!) through the king's most prudent provision is exiled forth of England the unfeigned fidelity of mine allegiance enforceth me to wish all memorial monuments of her Popery in like manner to be banished out of Wales."

He did his best to ruin St. David's. The relics, including a "worm-eaten book, covered with silver plate," he sent to Cromwell. He worked hard to substitute Carmarthen for St. David's as the bishop's see, because of the innumerable associations of the latter place with the past. The power of St. David in Wales rose, he says, like the power of the Pope in Europe. He doubts, not only whether the saintly holiness of St. David was above suspicion, but even whether he ever existed at all; he might be something like Dervel Gadarn or Conoch, or such other Welsh gods, "antique gargles of ydolatry." It was useless to spend money, he thought, on ruinous buildings, "to nourish clattering conventicles of barbarous rural persons." He condemned St. David's in one letter because it was "in such a desolate angle, and in so rare a frequented place, except of vagabond pilgrims." In another he says that between three and four hundred people listened to a superstitious sermon. He thinks that the king will favour Carmarthen because it contained the grave of his grandfather, Edmund Tudor. "Moreover I might there, and God willing so I should, settle my con-

tinual consistory, assisted with learned persons, maintaining a free grammar school, with a daily lecture of holy Scripture, whereby God's honour principally preferred, Welsh rudeness decreasing, Christian civility may be introduced, to the famous renown of the king's supremacy."

While clamouring for more opportunities to raise the morals and to purify the religion of the people upon whom he had been thrust, this reformer robbed the Church in order to enrich himself and his relatives. He unroofed the palace at St. David's, beautiful still in its ruins, in order, it was said, to provide with a dowry some of his five daughters, who were all married to bishops. He also alienated the rich manor of Lamphey to his godson. It is certain that the Reformation did not gain much from being associated with Bishop Barlow, his unsteadiness in the cause of religion contrasted so glaringly with the steadiness of his pursuit of the earthly spoils of the Church.

Richard Devereux, bishop of Dover, travelled through the length and breadth of Wales, to destroy relics. His cold, hard nature, in spite of his vulgarity and insolence, is less hateful than the unctuous hypocrisy of Barlow. After a journey along the length of the country, he writes to Cromwell from Hereford that he has a collection of relics too cumbrous to send. While "bringing his purpose to pass" on the Grey Friars at Hereford, he describes what he found among the Black Friars at Bangor: "But the holiest relic in all North Wales I send to you here. There may no man kiss that but

he must kneel so soon as he see it, though it were in the foulest place in all the country; and he must kiss every stone, for in each is great pardon. After that he hath kissed it, he must pay a meet of corn, or a cheese of a groat, or 4d. for it. It was worth to the friars in Bangor, with another image, the which I have also closed up, twenty marks a year in corn, cheese, cattle, and money."

The Welsh agents of Cromwell were better, perhaps. A certain Price from the bleak highlands which look down on Betws y Coed, had been cross-bearer to Cardinal Wolsey. When Strata Marcella was dissolved, he obtained possession of the lands of the monastery in the upper districts of the Dee. His son-in-law, William Salesbury, translated the New Testament into Welsh; his son, Ellis Price, known to the Welsh as the "red doctor" from his D.C.L. gown, represented the Protestant Reformation in North Wales.

The good-humoured contempt with which Ellis Price regarded enthusiasm for the old or the new religion, the levity which hid much kindness, and the moderation which contrasts favourably with the brutal ruthlessness of some of the other agents of Cromwell, make him a little better than those who said they desired the reform of the Church, and showed that they hungered for its wealth. It was his task to take possession of one of the most famous of Welsh mediæval idols.

Writing to Cromwell as commissary-general of St. Asaph, he says that he was doing "my diligence and duty for the expulsing and taking away of certain

THE RUINS OF NEATH ABBEY
(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

abusions, superstitions, and hypocrisies used within the said diocese." There was one relic however, for dealing with which Price wanted special instructions. At Llanddervel, in the valley of the Dee, a little higher up than Glendower's house, there was a huge image of Dervel Gadarn, in armour, "in whom the people have so great confidence, hope, and trust, that they come daily on pilgrimage unto him, some with kine, others with oxen or horses, and the rest with money, insomuch that there were five or six hundred pilgrims, to a man's estimation, that offered to the said image the fifth day of the present month of April. The innocent people have been sore abused and enticed to worship the said image, insomuch that there is a common saying as yet amongst them that whosoever will offer anything to the said image of Dervel Gadarn, he hath power to fetch him or them out of hell when they be damned."

There was a prophecy in Wales that "Dervel the Mighty" would set a whole forest on fire. The image was carried to London, and was used as part of the fire which burnt the friar Forest for denying the king's supremacy over the Church.

Sometimes one sympathises with the reformers, sometimes with the relics they destroyed. It is a relief to turn from both to the Welsh bishop who suffered much in translating the Welsh Bible, to the young Nonconformist who gave his life for the new religion, and to the Jesuit priest who gave his life for the old.

The dissolution of the monasteries was followed by a scramble among the Welsh gentry for Church

property. The Church was pillaged and brought to extreme poverty by the Welsh landowner and the English bishop alike. Tithes were alienated to laymen in every direction, manors were given to bishops' relatives or sold for a mere song. With the exception of the poorer monasteries of Cwm Hir, Cymer, and Ystrad Marchell, all the Welsh Cistercian monasteries had a revenue just under £200. So they were confiscated with the lesser English monasteries. The ruins of some of them are still owned by the descendants of those to whom their sites were granted; an occasional relic, like the healing cup of Nanteos, escaped the destroying zeal of the reformer. Silence fell upon them all—Tintern, founded by a Clare; Whitland and Strata Florida, founded by princes of the Deheubarth; Ystrad Marchell, founded by Owen Cyveiliog; Aberconway, founded by Llywelyn the Great; Valle Crucis and Basingwerk, Margam and Neath, founded by the piety of Welsh chief or Norman baron. In the pillaged, poverty-stricken church, the clergy were poor and superstitious as their flocks; they had charge of too many parishes, they were badly educated, their lives were not above reproach. The wealth which might have given them culture had passed to the squire upholders of the Reformation, and to the relatives of reforming bishops. The religious convictions which might have made them a power among their people, in spite of their poverty, and almost in spite of their ignorance, had not yet come.

Mute, suffering Wales—apathetic while the world around was awakening to a brighter morning,

suspected by rulers who thought that its very patriotism was tinged with still smouldering rebellion, betrayed by the reformers whose selfishness and insolence had brought the spirit of the Reformation in a degraded form to its mountains—found burning utterance in the half-pleading, half-defying, addresses of John Penry to Elizabeth and her ministers. Penry had left his father's sheep on the high, green slopes of Mynydd Epynt, which rises between the valley of the Towy and the valley of the Wye, to seek learning at Oxford and Cambridge that would enable him to enter the Church. When he first came to Cambridge he retained his love for the old religion, and stole away to a midnight celebration of mass. But when he once saw the meaning of the Reformation, he threw himself into the movement with the whole fervour of his blindly passionate nature. He saw the power of the Press, and determined to use it to awaken Wales, and to interest the queen and Parliament on behalf of his countrymen. In eloquent appeals, he describes the condition of Wales—its unsympathetic and self-seeking bishops, its ignorant and unworthy clergy, its lack of preaching and education. He appeals to the patriotism of Parliament. The God who had become the God of England was knocking at the door of Parliament through him, Penry said, and demanding that Wales should be made part of His inheritance. He called upon the president of the Court of Wales, as he should answer before God in the day of last judgment, to remove the evils which made religious worship a farce. The fate of such appeals, made to lovers of

order like Elizabeth and Cecil and Whitgift, was not uncertain. Penry, when he saw that preaching in Welsh would not be provided, and that the Reformation must take its slow course while souls were being lost, defied Whitgift and the High Commission. He drifted further and further from the Elizabethan policy, and made interesting discoveries—that political unity does not presuppose unity of religion, and that a clergy can exist by the voluntary offerings of those whom they serve. It was he who gave his co-religionists a hint that they could get, in another land, the freedom of worship denied them in their own country. In May, 1593, Penry, still a young man of thirty-four, was hurried to a traitor's death, pleading to the last that he might preach the gospel in Wales.

In one of his appeals, Penry refers gladly to a rumour that the Bible would soon be given to Wales in its own language. Another Welshman was working in the solitude of Llanrhaiadr, a secluded village nestling in one of the romantic ravines which skirt the eastern slopes of the Berwyn. William Morgan, in spite of difficulties which were almost as great, though not so apparent as those of Penry, was engaged in translating the Bible into Welsh. Versions of parts of it had already been published, but the Welsh was so uncouth that they could never have become popular. Morgan represents, at its best, the prose which always comes at the end of a golden period of poetry. His style is natural and clear, and contains an echo of the departing music of the dying literature of the previous century. The new Bible was, in parts, a re-construction of the earlier

versions of William Salesbury, and Thomas Huet, and Bishop Richard Davies, and it was revised by Bishop Parry, when the new edition, still the authorised edition, was published in 1620. But it is substantially William Morgan's work ; and since its publication in 1588, its influence over the life and thought of every successive generation has increased until this day.

William Morgan was the son of a tenant who lived in one of the glens of the Conway, on the estate of Sir John Wynn of Gwydir. His devotion to his great task of translating the Bible at Llanrhaiadr, and his fearless championship of the Church against its spoilers as bishop of St. Asaph, contrasts forcibly with the apathy of the mass of the clergy and with the selfishness of many of the bishops of his day.

Morgan had to contend against those who believed that a Welsh Bible would perpetuate the Welsh language and the isolation of Welsh thought. The strong Protestantism of the middle part of Elizabeth's reign had partly overcome this opposition. Whitgift, the final representative of Elizabeth's policy, had condemned Penry, but made it possible for Morgan to give Wales a Bible.

The education of Wales had not been entirely neglected. An attempt was made in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. to save some small portion from the wreck of the Church for education. By the end of the reign of Elizabeth, schools had been established or re-organised at Brecon, Abergavenny, Bangor, Cowbridge, Presteign, Carmarthen, and Ruthin. They were, at first, to establish godly learning and virtue, and to destroy everything Welsh

But in the last school founded, the Ruthin School, founded by Dean Goodman in 1595, it was necessary that the master should be able to preach and teach in Welsh. A new power had appeared in the country, and the Tudor ministers saw that, unless they appealed to Welsh sentiment in the Welsh language in order to further the Reformation movement in Wales, the Jesuits would appeal to the longing for the old worship that was dying so hard in the mountains.

In 1583 the Jesuit John Bennett was tortured at Hawarden. He was a native of Flintshire and was educated at Douay. He came back to wander through North Wales, to strengthen the wavering faith of his countrymen, especially in the district of the famous well of St. Winifred, the praises of which had been sung by Iolo and Tudur Aled. He was caught and sent to Bishop Hughes of St. Asaph, who tried in vain to get him to change his religion. We are told that the worldly bishop took from him the relics he wore, and wore them secretly himself. When the judge ordered him to raise his right hand at Holywell, he raised both, and said in Welsh—"Behold my two hands against all the heretics of England." After laying ghosts on his way, he was taken to Ludlow. While he was on the rack, a Protestant clergyman carried on an argument with him; Bennett demanded, in order that the argument might be a fair one, that the clergyman should be put on another rack. He was exiled, and was not to return on pain of a horrible death. Back he came, and his work among the poor made the people of North Wales regard him as a saint. When the plague came to

London in 1625, he went to nurse the sufferers, an old man of eighty-five. He caught the plague, and died.

In 1595, Robert Jones, a far abler man, came to Raglan, and made it the centre of very active and successful Jesuit work. In 1609, he directed the

GATEWAY OF EPISCOPAL PALACE, LLANDAFF.
(*From a drawing by A. Salvin.*)

whole mission in Britain. Wales was a separate province, divided into two colleges; and, next to London, it was here that the activity of the Jesuits was greatest. From the storm of persecution which broke upon them after the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, to the still fiercer one which followed the "Popish

Plot" of 1679, Welsh Jesuits, educated at Rome, or St. Omer, or Valladolid, came back to Wales, and, while hunted from place to place with the sword hanging over their heads, they stole out in the dead of night to celebrate mass or to strengthen the faith of their converts. Their learning, their self-sacrificing zeal, their real philanthropy, won the regard of the people among whom they laboured; but the steady merciless persecution, which sent Philip Evans to the gallows and the hangman's knife at Cardiff and David Lewis at Usk, exterminated the mission upon which so many devoted lives had been spent.

The Jesuits had come too late. It was too late to arouse a national opposition to a Reformation which was a purely English movement. Wales had shared too fully the boundless hopes and adventurous spirit of England during that glorious Elizabethan period to welcome any appeal to a sense of the independence that had gone. Men like Roger Williams and Thomas Morgan were captivated by the struggles for freedom which followed the Reformation in many lands. The gilt armour of Thomas Morgan of Pencarn, in Glamorgan, was well known on the marshy flats of the Low Countries, for he led the first host of Englishmen to help William the Silent, in that home of European liberty. Not less known was the great plume of feathers rising from the gilt morion of Roger Williams in the thick of many a hard-fought battle. Roger Williams was of Penrhos, in Monmouthshire. He had been a companion to Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Though hot-tempered and impulsive, his wisdom was declared by Leicester and Henry

the Fourth of France to be equal to his valour. He fought for the Dutch in the Low Countries, he fought shoulder to shoulder with Breton Huguenots in France. He commanded the cavalry that was to oppose the Spaniards landed by the Armada; when he found that his services would not be needed in England, he led four hundred Britons to fight for Henry of Navarre. It was abroad, not at home, that Welsh blood was shed for the Reformation.

XXIII

BLIND LOYALTY

WALES had its full share of the unity caused by the patriotism of Tudor times; it had its full share also in the disruption caused by the struggle between political ideals in Stuart times. It was almost entirely Royalist. It was in the English parts only, especially in southern Pembrokeshire, that the Parliament had partisans.

From the king's march on Edgehill in 1624, with an army largely Welsh, to the capture of Harlech in 1647, the last castle to hold out for the king in the First Civil War, Wales was enthusiastically Royalist. The feeling of sheer, blind, unreasoning loyalty was strong among Welsh squires like Sir John Owen of Clenenau. The more thoughtful and moderate men, like Archbishop Williams, though they had been strongly opposed to the absolutism which had found exponents in the favourites of the first two Stuart kings, yet threw themselves entirely to the king's side.

The people followed the example of the gentry

in everything. The Tudor laws had placed them more than ever in the power of the great landowners. They had no traditional reverence for the privileges of Parliament. To them the Puritan Revolution was but an extreme form of the Protestant Reformation that had been thrust upon them. A real war caused a flutter of excitement among them, and aroused their dormant loyalty. The personality of Charles I. and the new palace built by Laud at Abergwili appealed to them; but they cared nothing for Pym's constitutional theories, or for Milton's belief in the independence of the individual mind.

It seemed at first as if the whole policy of Charles the First was to be shaped by a Welshman; but, to the misfortune of England, this was not to be. Lord Keeper Williams was probably the only man who could have averted civil war. His strong common sense kept him straight when others were lured by ideals into a mistaken foreign policy, or were blinded by passions which precipitated civil strife. His hatred of dogmatism made him oppose Laud's interference with ceremonies as well as the extreme Puritan's interference with freedom of thought. He was not blind to the beauty of worship for which Laud longed; he panelled the Jerusalem Chamber with cedar, and the fellows and undergraduates of Lincoln College, Oxford, still commemorate his munificence in building their chapel, "the beautiful house" with prophets and apostles in the fine glass of its windows. He objected to the illegal interference of the king with Parliament or with the liberty of the subject, as well as to the unconstitutional demands

JOHN WILLIAMS.

(*From the portrait at Lincoln College, Oxford, by permission of the Rector and Fellows.*)

of the Parliament. He opposed the degradation of the power of the crown by Buckingham, and he also condemned the armed resistance which Buckingham aroused against his unfortunate king. Kind-hearted and conciliatory, he saw good in his opponents; straightforward and conscientious, with the exception of one lamentable lapse, he knew well how to yield. He was quick to discover possibilities, and daring when occasion required. He knew men: he was among the first to estimate the political influence of Eliot rightly and to recognise the military genius of Oliver Cromwell. At the beginning of the strife, he showed that the path of peace and of gradual development of liberty was still open.

Born at Conway in 1582, educated at Ruthin, he followed Bacon as Lord Keeper. He preached the funeral sermon of James I., showing that Elizabeth had been the loadstar of his policy, and pointing to Charles as the "living statue" of the British Solomon. Charles the First, after making his first speech to his Parliament in 1625, entrusted further explanations to Williams. But his criticisms were too candid and too wise to please the king and Buckingham. "With Lord Keeper Williams," says the English historian of the period, "worldly wisdom departed from the councils of Charles." Had Williams been allowed to guide the policy of the king, the history of the seventeenth century would have been more prosaic, but England would have been far happier.

The Welsh members of the Long Parliament were nearly all Royalists. William Herbert (Cardiff), was

RAGLAN CASTLE.

(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

slain at Edgehill, Charles Price of Mynachty (Radnorshire) fell later. Ten fought for the king at Edgehill and Naseby and elsewhere—John Bodville (Anglesey); William Price of Rhiwlas (Merioneth); Richard Herbert (Montgomery); Henry Vaughan of Derwydd (Carmarthenshire); Francis Lloyd of Maesyvelin (Carmarthen); Sir John Stepney (Haverfordwest); Sir Edward Stradling (Glamorgan); Herbert Price (Brecon); and Richard Jones of Trewern (Radnor). Others suffered for their support of the king—William Thomas of Aber (Carnarvon); John Salisbury (Flint); Simon Thelwall of Plas y Ward (Denbigh); Walter Lloyd (Cardiganshire); John Vaughan of Trawscoed (Cardigan), who became Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas after the Restoration; William Morgan (Brecknockshire). John Griffith of Cefnamwlch, member for Beaumaris, died on the eve of the war, and his son was disabled to sit for Carnarvonshire at the same time.

Sir John Price of Newtown (Montgomeryshire) turned Parliamentarian after suffering much for the king; Hugh Owen of Orielton (Pembroke) changed more than once; Sir Thomas Middleton (Denbigh) was a famous Parliamentary general, but a garrison was placed in his Chirk castle in the Second Civil War. Henry Herbert (Monmouthshire) fought for Parliament, plundered Raglan, and was a member of one of the Protectorate Councils of State. So that two only declared for Parliament at the beginning of the war, and one only was faithful to it to the last.

The ruin of Raglan Castle is still the most striking object in the middle of the rich meadow lands of

Monmouthshire. The lord of Raglan, the Marquis of Worcester, was a Catholic, and it was his princely revenues that enabled the king to take the field. His son, Lord Herbert, threw himself with single-hearted devotion to the service of the king. He came to York, when the king was in sore need of money, with nearly a hundred thousand pounds. He left his steam engine unfinished, and consecrated his real genius to plotting for the king; and it was his success in Ireland that made Charles, in the darkest hour of his fortunes, look from the walls of Raglan for a Welsh and an Irish force that would change the fortune of the war.

After unfurling his standard at Nottingham, August 22, 1642, and casting the future of England to the fortune of battle, Charles moved westwards to Shrewsbury, where five thousand Welshmen were to join him. In October he commenced a march on London which he hoped would bring the war to a speedy termination. At Edgehill, Essex and the Parliamentary forces threw themselves in his way. The neighbourhood of Banbury, the scene of Edgecote, was not without its bitter memories to Welshmen; but on this occasion, in the disorganised fight, their side was not defeated. Though London was not entered, Charles occupied Oxford, upon which henceforth his forces in the west were to converge.

In 1643, the king's armies from Cornwall, Wales, and the North were to march upon London in different columns. Gloucester held the South Welsh back, and Essex, having slaughtered them at the battle of Highnam, shut them in their own country

by occupying Monmouth and Chepstow. In North Wales, Brereton held Cheshire for the Parliament, and Sir Thomas Middleton of Chirk was in command of the forces that were to win North Wales. Chester was Royalist, and it was of the greatest importance that it should be held, because it was the door to England from Ireland as well as from North Wales. In November, Middleton had taken possession of Wrexham, Hawarden, Holt, and Flint; but retired before an Irish force that landed at Mostyn, destroying Holt bridge behind him, and taking the lead of the organ of Wrexham church to make bullets. When the Irishmen saw that the communion table had been removed by Middleton's men to the middle of the churches, they swore that it was not in the right place, and set it close to the east wall. They masked Hawarden, and pushed on into Cheshire after Middleton, with four thousand foot and a thousand horse, boasting that he should not see Wales again "except on a map or out of Beeston Castle." But though Byron came to lead them and Monk to fire their enthusiasm, only a miserable remnant was able to escape from the battlefield at Nantwich to the protecting walls of Chester—"where we now are," wrote Byron, "in a sad condition, the enemy braving us to the gates of the city."

In 1644 Rupert of the Rhine passed on his way to the north, blazing away the king's powder, and alienating Royalist districts by his indiscriminate plunder. He left Sir John Mennes as governor of the three northern Welsh counties. Mennes knew much about Chaucer, chemistry, and pictures, but,

CONWAY CASTLE.

(From a Photograph by J. Thomas, Cambrian Gallery, Liverpool.)

"with his patience, industry, and fooling," he ruined the king's cause in North Wales. The castles were not provided with garrisons, Oswestry was taken, so that the only communication with Worcester was "through more unhallowed countries than the Alps." Mennes complained that the archbishop of York interfered too much. Archbishop Williams, sadly out of his element in war, still respected by both sides, had fortified Conway for the king. He had long seen that the king's cause was hopeless. He found that the Parliamentary fleet prevented the landing of ammunition from Ireland in Anglesey, he failed to run the blockade of Liverpool, he saw Brereton overrunning the Wirral, and the Royalists running away shamefully before Middleton in Montgomeryshire. He quarrelled with Mennes; but still tried to make Conway the stronghold of those who wished to remove their treasure from the way of the invading Parliamentarians. After the battle of Marston Moor, where the Scots joined the Parliamentarians, the Royalists retreated towards Wales in a disorderly host. Michael Jones, driving the Northern horse before him into Wales, so scattered them that "it will be no power but that of the last trump to call them together again." But the Scots did not come, and Montrose's success in Scotland gave the Royalists new life.

In May, 1645, the bells of Bristol pealed merrily and bonfires blazed to commemorate the success of the king's forces in Wales. Gerard, with a powerful army, had taken Haverfordwest, and had compelled his opponents to burn Cardigan and "to run away

by the light of their own fire;" he had routed the Pembrokeshire Parliamentarians, had taken Picton and Carew castles—all the castles of the country except Tenby and Pembroke. But the Royalists became very anxious when they thought of beleaguered Chester, the vulnerable heel of Achilles in Wales. Gerard's army was to relieve it as soon as it had finished its work in South Wales. Montgomery, which commanded Gerard's way to Chester, had declared for the king, and Sir William Vaughan was sent to take it. "If this succeed," wrote an enthusiastic soldier, "the king's condition is very happy, for hereby all Wales, which is the nursery of the king's infantry, will be again entirely in the king's obedience, except those crow's nests in Pembrokeshire."

In June news came of the crushing defeat of the king at Naseby. His army had been met by the New Model army, and the fate of the war in England had been decided in a pitched battle. Deserted by their cavalry, the Royalist infantry, mostly Welsh, were overwhelmed by the Parliamentary horse. After that decisive defeat, the king could only act on the defensive and prolong a hopeless resistance in the west.

Determined and still undaunted, the king rode away from the lost field. He came to Wales to get another army. In July he met the Monmouthshire squires at Usk. They promised to enlist the whole population of the county for defence, and nearly a thousand for service elsewhere. At Cardiff between three and four thousand men of Glamorgan met him

But the king was dismayed when, while he sat silently, Gerard and the Welsh gentlemen began to recriminate each other. The Welshmen wanted to serve under their own leaders, and to prevent the royal forces from plundering districts loyal to the king. A mistake had been made which was alienating Wales from the king. Professional soldiers, often overbearing and insolent, had been placed over them, chilling their enthusiasm and entailing great suffering on their country. In North Wales the professional English soldiers had found that the people "love not a stranger longer than he can tell them news." South Wales was full of discontent. The king tried to remedy the evil. He dismissed Gerard, and appointed Astley to command in South Wales. But Rupert and Gerard were too well remembered. The mischief had been done.

The Parliamentary party was wiser; and the success of Laugharne, of which the king soon heard, justified their policy. Sad at heart, Charles left Wales in August. In the next month the Scots retreated, and he was able to move southward again. The New Model army was besieging Bristol. They suddenly found themselves in great danger. The king was approaching, and they might find themselves besieged in turn. They got out of all difficulty by the midnight storming of Bristol. They scaled the walls, Hugh Peters and his Bible among the foremost, and gave little quarter to the Welshmen who tried to defend the ramparts of the extensive fortifications.

The fall of Bristol made Chester the only point of

CHIRK CASTLE.
(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

connection with Ireland. From Raglan the king sped back, through Presteign and Chirk, to relieve it, escaping from Poyntz by a night march. From its walls, he saw a sortie hurled back by the besiegers, while his cavalry was dashed to pieces by Poyntz's horse within sight at Rowton Heath. On the Welsh side of the Dee the king reorganised his shattered forces, sent five hundred Welshmen to defend the battered walls of Chester to the death, and made Denbigh his headquarters. The news of the fall of Montrose at Philiphaugh destroyed the king's last plans. In October little energetic Morgan captured Chepstow and Monmouth for Parliament, and Laugharne overran the whole of South Wales from Pembroke. Archbishop Williams made his peace with Middleton. All hopes of help that Glamorgan could send from Ireland were destroyed by the fall of Chester in February, 1646. With the surrender of Harlech to Mytton in March, 1647, the First Civil War came to an end.

A difference of opinion, which had been gradually growing among the Parliamentary party during the excitement of the war, became a great practical difficulty in the hour of victory. The Presbyterian wished to substitute a better religious unity for the old one; to him the granting of freedom of conscience or the liberty of the Press would be to allow Satan to walk about, seeking whom he might devour. The Independent objected to the domination of priest and presbyter alike, and demanded independence for the congregation and toleration for the individual conscience. The Presbyterian had Parlia-

ment on his side, the Independent the army. The principles of the Independents had already found a voice in John Milton; when Cromwell decided to lead them, their victory was assured.

The triumph of the Independent was regarded in Wales, as in Scotland, with fear. Middleton wished to give the Welsh another version of the Bible, Laugharne wished to extend the Presbyterianism of Pembroke over South Wales. When Poyer sallied from Pembroke Castle in March, 1648, and drove the Parliamentary army from the town, the fire of rebellion, now assuming a national character, spread through Wales with amazing rapidity and the Second Civil War began. The siege of Pembroke is the great central event of the new war.

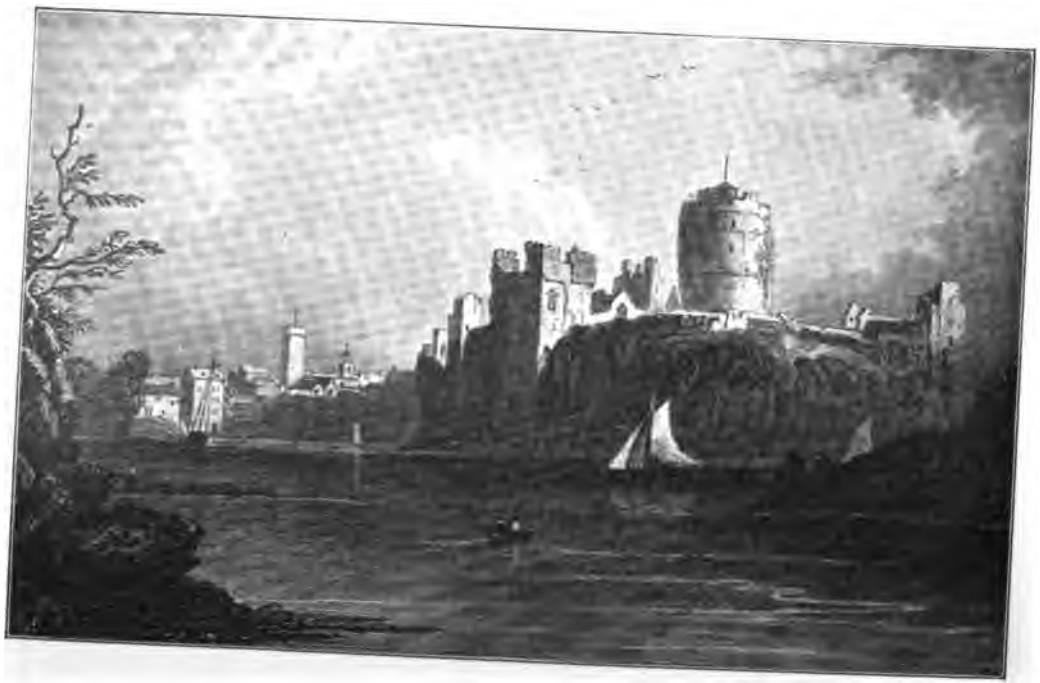
The New Model Army divided into two. One division, under Fairfax, chased the English rebels from Kent across the Thames and besieged them in Colchester. The other division marched towards South Wales. When Horton came to Neath to disband Laugharne's regiments, he found that they were rapidly melting away and joining Poyer. At the beginning of May, though he was able to defeat Laugharne at St. Fagans, near Cardiff, he had to face a determined rebellion into which smouldering discontent had now blazed.

A few days afterwards Cromwell appeared at Chepstow. The town was taken, but the castle was held by Sir Nicholas Kemeys, who had represented Monmouth in the Parliament of 1628, a man of gigantic stature and heroic courage. Leaving Ewer to attack the castle—in the defence of which Kemeys

died sword in hand—Cromwell pushed on to Glamorgan. Within less than a fortnight he had driven Laugharne, Poyer, and Powel into Pembroke. From the strongly defended town they defied him. He had no artillery; the ship which carried his siege guns had been driven ashore by a storm, and the guns had sunk into the sand.

The fortunes of England depended upon the length of the siege of Pembroke. The army was engaged in besieging Colchester and Pembroke, with the breadth of England between them. The Parliament was trying to come to terms with the king before Cromwell came back. The Scotch army was marching on London, and Cromwell could only spare Lambert and his cavalry to hang on their flank and impede their march. Could Pembroke hold out until king and Parliament had agreed, and until the Scotch had reached London?

Throughout June Poyer and Laugharne held out. But negotiations and the Scotch moved slowly. On the fourteenth of the month Cromwell wrote to Lenthall: "They begin to be in extreme want of provision, so as in all probability they cannot live a fortnight without being starved." He had heard that the men had mutinied and had said about their officers, "Better it were we should throw them over the walls." At the end of a month he knew Pembroke better. "Here is," he wrote to Fairfax, "a very desperate enemy, who, being put out of all hope of mercy, are resolved to endure to the uttermost extremity, being very many of them gentlemen of quality and men thoroughly resolved." The guns



PEMBROKE TOWN AND CASTLE.
(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau*)

brought from a ship lying at Haverfordwest by Hugh Peters—still following sieges, Bible in hand—were too feeble. The scaling-ladders were too short. The garrison made desperate sallies. The country around was seething with discontent. Cromwell remembered that Sir Trevor Williams, of doubtful fidelity, had a house near Usk, in his rear, "well stocked with arms, and very strong"; that Williams was a man "full of craft and subtlety, very bold, and resolute." He was arrested, however, without any difficulty. Cromwell sent driblets of cavalry northwards to join Lambert; and the burning of Royalist houses is still vivid in local traditions and in angry song. But he dared not send many; "the country, since we sat down before this place, have made two or three insurrections, and are ready to do it every day."

At the beginning of July, Cromwell's great guns began to play on the walls of Pembroke. On the eleventh, battered and famished, it surrendered. Seventeen of the officers had been on the king's side in the First Civil War; they went into exile. Three—Laugharne, Powel, and Poyer—had been on the side of Parliament, and Cromwell, after the weary and anxious siege, meant that they should die. "The persons excepted," he wrote to the Speaker of the House of Commons, "are such as have formerly served you in a very good cause; but, being now apostatised, I did rather make election of them than of those who had always been for the king, judging their iniquity double; because they have sinned against so much light, and against so many evidences

of Divine Providence going along with and prospering a just Cause, in the management of which they themselves had a share."

The Parliament determined, however, that one only should die. Poyer had been the soul of the revolt at first, and it was he who had kept up the flagging spirit of the garrison during the weary watching and the gnawing famine of the long siege. But it was left to fate to decide which of the three was to die. Three slips of paper were prepared; on two was written, "God giveth life," the third was blank. A child drew the lots; and the blank paper was drawn for Poyer.

Wales had been overwhelmed in its attempt to prevent the English army from determining the fate of principles and nations. It was to be the turn of Scotland next. Cromwell hurried northwards, and the disaster of Preston drove the Scots back, a beaten and a broken remnant, to the impossible task of defending their own country.

The First Civil War had bound the three countries—England, Scotland, and Wales—together in a struggle, which divided each of them, for or against political principles. The Second Civil War had become a war of the smaller nations against the dominant English army. When the Commonwealth was established, it owed nothing to Wales. Laugharne had nearly wrecked the cause for which he once won South Wales; Middleton had sulked in Chirk Castle while the tide of war, in spite of Lambert's gallant fight against overwhelming odds, had been rolling nearer North Wales. So their

country was looked upon as the home of disaffection and superstition.

During the war the spirit of the Puritan Revolution had appealed strongly to a few Welshmen. Morgan Lloyd's dreamy mysticism, in which the new revolutionary ideas were expressed by the help of Welsh proverbs that were welcome to every peasant, had already appealed to a chosen few. Some had fought for the Parliament. Two—John Jones, of Merioneth, and Thomas Wogan, of Cardigan—signed the king's death-warrant. But the typical Welshman, to Cromwell's mind, was the turbulent Sir John Owen, of Clenenau, who would gladly have raised a new rebellion for his king every day of his life; or Judge Jenkins, who defied the House of Commons from its own bar, as a den of thieves, responding to its threat to hang him by saying that he would hang with the Bible under one arm and Magna Carta under the other.

LLANRWST BRIDGE.
Supposed to be built by Inigo Jones, 1636.
(*From a drawing by H. Gastineau.*)

XXIV

THE RULE OF THE PURITAN AND THE WHIG

In August, 1643, two men went to visit St. David's, then far removed from the Civil War which was raging in England and on the borders. They may be taken to represent the two spirits in conflict in the Great Civil War. One represented the belief in the beauty of the well-ordered worship which Laud, as bishop of St. David's, wished to introduce into Wales; the other represented the burning desire to reform morals which characterised the Puritan party. One was Morgan Owen, the bishop of Llandaff, who built the porch which still stands before St. Mary's at Oxford, with an effigy of Mary and the infant Christ on the top of it, her head covered with an earthly coronet. He was descended from the doctors of Myddvai, whose skill in medicine had been inherited from a fairy ancestress who came from the Van lake to marry a mortal. He had been imprisoned by the Long Parliament, and had retired to his home, to die, it is said, of a broken heart.

The other was Rees Prichard, of Llandovery,

known in every Welsh home to the present day as the "Old Vicar." Vicar Prichard, like the bishop, was a Royalist; but it was the light of his "Welshmen's Candle" that introduced the spirit of Puritanism into every corner of Wales. The good Old Vicar's stanzas were short; he meant them, not for a book, but for the memory and the conscience of his people. They are homely and earnest; they are full of English and colloquial words that every writer before him would have avoided; there is no attempt at grace of diction, every canon of form and taste that had been evolved by the critics, the guardians of the refinement bequeathed by a long series of poets, were by him utterly disregarded. The highly artistic alliterative ode gave place to simple stanzas of the most primitive construction.

But it was the beginning of a new literature, and of a new life. In it the sensuous beauty of the Laudian movement was to be united with the strong Puritanism of Prichard and the mysticism of Morgan Llwyd. It had found expression in George Herbert before the war, and was to find expression again in Henry Vaughan when the war was over. But the new life was not to become the dominating life of Wales for a long day. The Puritan and the Whig were to rule.

In the Agreement of the People, the voice of the victorious army in 1649, it was proposed to give Wales thirty-five out of four hundred representatives. Monmouth, Glamorgan, and Pembroke were to have four members each; Montgomery, Cardigan, Carmarthen, and Brecknock three; Anglesea, Carnarvon,

Merioneth, Denbigh, and Radnor two; Flint one. In the Assembly of Nominees of 1653 Wales was represented by six members — Bussy Mansel, of Briton Ferry, who had fought for Parliament throughout the war, and who represented Cardiff later on; Colonel James Phillips, of Tregibby, known on account of his activity in the redistribution of property and on account of the poems of his wife, the "matchless Orinda"; John Williams, a captain of horse; Hugh Courtenay, very active on both sides of the Menai, but afterwards dangerous to the State; Richard Price, of Montgomery, who had shown his zeal on battlefield and in seizing estates; and John Brown, a Shropshire captain of dragoons. In the constitution formed by the Instrument of Government in 1653, Wales is given twenty-eight members out of four hundred. Monmouth had three, Merioneth one, and the other counties two each. Cardiff and Haverfordwest had one member each.

Wales can hardly be said to have been represented at all during the Commonwealth. It was led and ruled with a rod of iron. Its members of Parliament were generally strangers, some of them having risen from the ranks during the wars. Their ability and their energy were beyond question. The characteristic charges brought against them were, not timidity or lack of ability to govern, but the exuberance of masterful activity, even highway robbery. John Jones, of Merioneth, threw the whole strength of his life to what he regarded as the predestined regeneration of Wales, and laid his life down at the Restoration for the old cause. Sergeant Glyn, of

Glyn Llivon, gave the Commonwealth the service of his long political training under Pym; Colonel Thomas Madryn, to the disgust of the Welsh poets, associated with the new rule a descent from the princes of Wales. Philip Jones, of Llangyvelach, the representative of Glamorgan, united the two qualities that were most required in those stormy times—the energy of a successful soldier and the wisdom of a successful ruler. Algernon Sidney, who sat for Cardiff, represented the new republican theory in loyalist Wales. They introduced into Wales the political ideas of the Puritan Revolution, which were to take strange and evanescent forms in such uncongenial soil. At the Restoration some of them died on the scaffold, some lingered in prison, some returned to the humble duties of farmer or gardener. Some, like Glyn and Algernon Sidney, maintained their old theories against the new generation represented by Williams and Jeffreys. But, all through Commonwealth times, the instincts of a Celtic peasantry revolted against what they regarded as upstart English officials and renegade Welsh squires. That mysterious kingdom of Christ, the advent of which was hailed by Morgan Llwyd, had never been associated by them with the rule of an army of saints.

The type of the Puritan ruler of Wales was not a Herbert or a Glyn, but Harrison. His enemies described him as the son of a Newcastle butcher, who preached that other saints should be content with wisdom and piety, while he himself loved gold and silver and worldly bravery. His strong, energetic nature showed to great advantage in difficulties and

adversity, and his imagination caught easily at that theocracy which was so perfect as an ideal and so impossible as a practical solution of Cromwell's difficulties. Harrison became commander-in-chief in South Wales in 1649, and in 1650 he was entrusted with others with the enforcing of the "Act for the better propagation and preaching of the Gospel in Wales." Around him there formed a little company of men who believed that God had given them power to enforce Puritanism on Wales. The energetic Vavasor Powel, the dreamy Morgan Llwyd, the soldier Hugh Prichard, helped to develop his political ideals, and regarded him as their strong right arm. Gradually Oliver Cromwell, guided by the strong common sense which showed England how much was possible, and Harrison, guided by the enthusiastic Welshmen who saw the kingdom of Christ near at hand, became unintelligible to each other. Cromwell was regarded by the Welsh Puritans almost as the type of earthly sovereignty, Harrison as the leader of the saints in the formation of a new state of heavenly birth.

The joy with which the small number of Puritan visionaries in Wales hailed the triumph of the English army is echoed by Morgan Llwyd in rough-hewn English verses in the spring of 1648:—

"All English swans that are alive,
And Scottish cuckoos sing,
And some Welsh swallows chirp and chime
To welcome pleasant spring.

A spring in spring,
Poor birds now sing;
Our head is high,
Our summer nigh."

Then came the task of Harrison and the Welsh saints. The squires and peasants rebelled against them, their own troops mutinied for earthly pay. Their brethren were tempted by worldly power and pomp and wealth. The mute ministers of religion they ejected were popular; the zealous and unlearned ministers they substituted were often disappointing and untractable. The longed-for summer did not come gently; it gradually dawned upon the Puritans' mind that a treacherous spring was giving place to an unnatural winter. The reign of Christ, so near in 1648, is hidden by a cloud of fantastic phantoms in 1654. Harrison's poet then sums up what had been done, and shows how vague the future was:—

"The Long Old Parliament
Plucked off an ancient crown;
And, prospering in that intent,
Brought one Tyrannus down.

The hot young Parliament
Would pull all mountains down;
Christ being the Heir by right descent,
Yet they got small renown.

The third slow Parliament,
They look about and frown,
Not knowing well what any meant,
Nor who shall wear the crown.

But the Protector, he
The first old House did scour,
The second House he lets go free,
And on this third doth lour.

Ask now what shall be next,
The folks have many minds;
Few can expound this knotty text,
So various are these winds.

But this is very plain,
All, all must shortly down,
Returning to their dust again;
And One shall wear the crown."

The restoration of the king in 1660 caused great joy in Wales. The voices of the Puritans were silenced. The college projected by John Lewis of Aberystwyth and Richard Baxter was forgotten, the religious organisation laboriously formed by Vavasor Powel crumbled into despised fragments. The great dreams of a new Wales disappeared, and the memories of them became the heritage of some family of peasant poets or of some tiny congregation of persecuted religionists. The ordinary voice of Wales was heard again—the squire dispensed justice, the parson preached loyalty, the bard in remote Nannau praised the life of Charles the First and bewailed his death, and the peasant was told that the world was put right again. But if the energy of the Cavalier found a warped continuation in the daring piracy of a Henry Morgan, the religious earnestness of the Puritan period was stored for other generations in Henry Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans," in Rees Prichard's "Welshmen's Candle," and in Morgan Llwyd's "Book of the Three Birds."

In the struggle between Whig and Tory, which culminated in the Revolution of 1688, Wales took a prominent part. It was Tory. It furnished each party with some of its ablest leaders, and it gave England the service of a host of able lawyers. In the trial of Algernon Sidney by Jeffreys a Welsh

ON THE EDGE OF THE GREAT COAL BED.

(*From a drawing of Caerphilly, by H. Gastineau.*)

judge condemned a Welsh member of Parliament. Welsh lawyers were the most unscrupulous and the most able instruments of the tyranny of the restored Stuarts; Welsh lawyers, on the other hand, helped to secure the independence of jurors and to draw up the Bill of Rights.

Political feeling in Wales at the beginning of the eighteenth century can be seen from two books, which have to this day universal popularity in Welsh peasant homes. Ellis Wynn's "Visions of the Sleeping Bard" appeared in 1703, and the first edition of Theophilus Evans' "Mirror of the First Ages" in 1716.

Ellis Wynn gave the affrighted Welshmen so realistic a description of hell that it has haunted the imagination of the country ever since. Its scenery is Welsh — the scenery of that wild Merioneth mountains which rise in terraced grandeur above the home of Ellis Wynn, and of the regicide John Jones. Among its inhabitants are statesmen closely associated by Welsh peasants for a century with the evil one. Its gaping jaws had already received Oliver Cromwell; they were hungering for Louis XIV. The grasping landlord and the indolent tenant, the unworthy minister and the seditious sectary, all that were condemned by the conscience of the time, find a place in the loathsome dungeons or on the hot, lurid precipices of the poet's hell. Ellis Wynn's heaven is less like Wales, and has not been found so interesting. The book helped to give Wales the politics of the moderate Tories of

the reign of Queen Anne—that the queen maintained right and the Church truth, that France ought to be feared, and that dissenters, especially Quakers and Independents, should be the care of the justice of the peace.

Theophilus Evans, in a style that gradually attained the perfection of homely simplicity, told his countrymen their early history, how great they had been, how many lands they had governed, and how much they had lost. The imagination of children by many a mountain hearth was fired by the visions they saw in the Mirror. The supine inaction of the first half of the eighteenth century was the seed time of many ideas. Meanwhile, two false reports took wing. One was the Welsh belief that the Englishman had the ingrained insolence of a guilty robber. The other was the English belief that Taffy was a Welshman, and that Taffy was a thief.

With the eighteenth century and the Hanoverians apathy fell upon the land. A few Welsh squires risked all for the Pretender, one suffered a traitor's death; but the great mass were too cautious to embrace any more lost causes, and too rich to be chivalrous. The bishops became political Whig bishops, who despised a country they did not try to understand, and fleeced flocks they could not feed. One does not know whom to despise most —the English bishop who divided the revenues of his bishopric into two unequal parts, giving the larger half to members of his own family and the smaller half to the rest of the clergy of his diocese; or the Welsh clergyman who divided his time, except

the time he was forced to be in church, between the pothouse and Welsh poetry, always artistic, and generally decent; or the English Government which tried to transfer the revenue of a whole Welsh diocese to a prosperous and wealthy English town.

XXV

THE AWAKENING

FAIRLY early in the eighteenth century Griffith Jones of Llanddowror, a clergyman, realised how ignorant the Welsh peasants were, and discovered that they were anxious to learn. The modern system of Welsh education, which found its completion in our own day, has its beginning in a little country school in Carmarthenshire, maintained by the pence offered by the poorest of the poor at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. "The first attempt this way," wrote Griffith Jones in 1738, "was tried about seven or eight years ago, with no other funds to defray the expense of it than what could be spared from other occasions out of a small offertory by a poor country congregation at the blessed Sacrament, which, being laid out to erect one, and then a little time afterwards two Welsh schools, answered so well that this gave encouragement to attempt setting up a few more."

Though Crown ministers and bishops thought it were better for Welshmen to lose their souls than to

be taught in Welsh, many English influences helped the religious awakening which so profoundly affected the national character before the century was to end. Rowland Vaughan had translated the "Practice of Piety" before Bala Lake had mirrored the flames of his burnt Caergai in the First Civil War; Stephen Hughes had, among other labours of his industrious life, given Wales the "Pilgrim's Progress"; every call to the unconverted and description of the whole duty of man was translated for the benighted Welshman's good. The itinerant schoolmasters sent by Griffith Jones were welcomed by many a pious clergyman. Dissenting ministers preached a calmer theology to flocks that tended to dwindle as toleration became more practical.

The life forces that were drawing men irresistibly to the whirlpool of the French Revolution failed to attract Wales. A deaf ear was turned to Iolo Morgannwg's advocacy of the brotherhood of men; and Davydd Ionawr, who represented the spirit of the eighteenth century, and whose "Ode to the Trinity" runs to more than thirteen thousand lines, slammed his door in the face of Jack Glan y Gors, the representative of the new political life in Wales.

Wales was awakened by the trumpet voice of Howel Harris. His home, Trevecca, is between the ruins of Talgarth Castle and the legend-haunted Savaddan Lake. He was a man of stormy passions and of unconquerable will; and to him was revealed the eternity which surrounds man's little span of life. His life was made up of attempts to bend his will to the will of God; his thought was a lifelong, pas-

THE ARAN OVER BALA LAKE

(From a drawing by S. Maurice Jones.)

sionate pleading for the sanctification of his soul. His genius was of the creative kind; his visions were so strange that it required almost superhuman determination and a most enthralling eloquence to carry them out. At one time he saw the Welsh a military people, setting what was wrong in the world right; and on many a British battlefield were his religionists found. At another time he planned an industrial community, in which the ideas of Christian communion are in prophetic union with modern economic schemes. He travelled from one end of Wales to the other, and his powerful eloquence and strange message aroused a half-educated, semi-superstitious people into a frenzied attempt at solving, in a religious form, the deepest problems of human life. Hosts of preachers, men of daring imagination and of real dramatic oratory, echoed his voice. And when English tourists, full of the new discovery of the beauty of wild nature, came to the mountains, they found a people, that had once been happy in their thoughtless indolence, now in the agony of mental doubt or hushed by a great and mysterious terror.

The thoughts gained during the period of awakening were perpetuated in song. There is one thing in Welsh literature that is more perfect even than the love-song, and that is the hymn. In the hymns of Williams Pant y Celyn, in moods as various as the passions of a fickle human heart, the mighty thoughts of a period of engrossing mental activity were given an utterance so melodious that they became a lasting heritage. Equally popular among Welshmen in every

WALES.

After Tudor times
Chief Coal districts shaded

part of the world are the hymns of a Montgomeryshire peasant girl, caught from her lips as she sang them at her spinning-wheel.

The awakening intensified the desire for education. Gradually a system of schools was organised; and on Sunday the whole country was turned into a school, where all taught and were taught in turn. The first period of awakening had discovered men of powerful oratory; the second discovered men of quiet thought, of great power of organisation, with the gift of the teacher as well as of the writer, of whom Charles of Bala was the type.

Developing side by side with the religious awakening, but quite distinct from it at first, there was a strong literary awakening. Goronwy Owen spent most of his life in England pining for a living in his native Anglesey, and finally crossed the Atlantic, a human wreck, to die in the wilds of America. His longing for his country, and his echoes of its life, were the material of many odes; the majestic thoughtfulness and artistic diction of these odes raised Welsh poetry to life again. Lewis Morris appealed boldly to his countrymen in favour of the Welsh literature he himself had done so much to revive. From generation to generation the works of the older poets had been diligently copied; they were now imitated, and soon surpassed.

The Sunday School found a counterpart in the Literary Meeting, which became a centre of education in most districts. A national united literary meeting takes the form of an Eisteddvod. Pretending hoary antiquity, possessing innumerable opportunities for

NEWPORT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

guiding and shaping the national taste, the Eisteddvod has become a necessary part of Welsh life. Long before it took final shape, the religious and literary movements had merged into each other, and the strength of the one and the grace of the other found expression in the nineteenth century in the lyrics of Ceiriog and the odes of Islwyn.

The awakening was a peasant awakening, and had no political significance or aim. The squires regarded it with unconcern. They thought it was the duty of the peasants to educate themselves; their own duty was to legislate in Parliament, to supervise the poor laws, and to administer justice. But, should an industrial or a political revolution take place, a people had been educated to partake of the wealth of the new period with moderation or to partake of the self-government of the new period with wisdom.

NANT Y GLO.

(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

XXVI

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

THE Reform Act of 1832 had very little effect on Wales. The enfranchisement of the small freeholder, the leaseholder, and the large farmer, did not alter the tone of political thought; and the increase of the number of representatives, men without any deep sense of the particular needs of Wales, from twenty-seven to thirty-two, had no appreciable effect on anything. The leaders of the religious awakening were apathetic where not actively opposed to political reform. The literary awakening had given the peasant other interests. Gradually, however, there appeared signs of a coming political war. Great landlords tried to force their tenants to vote in the old way, and the country was aroused to the presence of a keen struggle, not unembittered by social and religious elements, from the wheat farms of the Towy to the sheep runs of Merioneth. The Chartism of the tiny manufacturing towns of the upper Severn, and of rising Merthyr Tydvil and Newport, showed that ideals of political reform had an attraction for

A CORNER OF BLAENAU FFESTINIOG.
One of the chief slate quarrying centres.

Welshmen. The Rebecca riots all over South Wales showed the existence of widespread agrarian disaffection. The discordant voices of discontent found coherence in the Welsh newspapers begun by Roger Edwards and Gwilym Hiraethog.

The second Reform Act, of 1867, brought an exceedingly bitter struggle between landlord and farmer. By the time of the third Reform Act, which enfranchised the agricultural labourer and the country artisan in 1885, political thought was as intense in Wales as in any other part of the kingdom. Slowly the revolution, during which many various aspects of political life were discovered—say the incisive political thought of a George Cornewall Lewis or the single-hearted devotion of a Thomas Ellis—entirely changed the voice of Wales in the British Parliament.

The cause of so great and so rapid a change is a very definite one. It is the rise of the great industries. Wales had been a pastoral country. The Cistercian monk had discovered the value of its mountain-sides as sheep runs, to the mediæval poet the wealth of Glamorgan was in its cornland and its glory in its primroses. The population increased rapidly; the distance between the landowner and the farmers and labourers who lay so thickly on his land was continually widening. It was only the bravest among a timid home-sick people that could brave the long voyage over the Atlantic to be lost in the wilds of America.

Almost suddenly the vast mineral wealth of Wales was discovered. It is stated that, at the present day, while England and Scotland produce minerals to the

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The University College of Wales, and Aberystwyth Castle.

(*From a photograph by E. R. Gyde, Aberystwyth.*)

value of about £2 per acre, the produce of Wales is over £4 per acre. The Romans may have found gold in Merioneth, and copper in Anglesey; London obtained its water supply by means of wealth got out of Cardigan silver mines. But it was in the nineteenth century that agriculture became less important in Wales than the mining and manufacturing industries. The slate and greenstone quarries of Arvon and Merioneth, the copper mines of Anglesey, the zinc mines of Denbigh, the lead mines of Flint and Montgomery, the gold mines of Merioneth, and the silver mines of Cardigan, the iron furnaces of Glamorgan and Monmouth, and the great inexhaustible coal mines—their history is crowded into the nineteenth century.

The effects of the industrial revolution are apparent everywhere. By the mountain dingles and on the edges of the moorlands ruined cottages peep out of a wilderness of ash and willow, and flowers run wild and the solitude deepens every year in glens once full of children who were born heirs to health and contented poverty. From North Wales the human stream flows continuously to the slate quarries of Arvon and Merioneth, to the coal mines of the lower Dee, and to swell the great Welsh population of Liverpool. From every part of Wales the peasant trudges to the valleys among the Glamorgan and Monmouth hills or to the great seaports on the South Wales coast, all teeming with people. Coal and steel and tinplate, of world-wide reputation, have given energy to the labour once bestowed indolently on peat and sheep and homespun. While the popula-

tion of the central shires is stationary or declining, that of Glamorgan and Monmouth has increased fivefold within sixty years. From Newport to Swansea the Severn sea is covered with ships carrying to all parts of the world the wealth of the inexhaustible mines in the mountains; Cardiff stands second among the ports of the kingdom, and third among the ports of the world.

Trained by their self-education in religious and literary matters, enfranchised when the new wealth gave them political independence, the Welsh people were peculiarly adapted for local government. In no part of the kingdom have the local councils—the County Council established in 1888 and the District Council and Parish Council established by the Local Government Act of 1894—been so welcome and so active.

The year 1894, which gave a measure of local government to the Welsh ratepayer, also brought the University of Wales. However strong the Welsh claim to self-government has been, the desire for becoming capable of self-government has been stronger. The development of education has at least kept pace with the growth of wealth and of political power. In primary education the itinerant and intermittent system of Griffith Jones gave place to the organised and successful work of the rival Welsh Education Committee and Cambrian Education Society—the beginning of the Voluntary and School Board systems respectively. The Sunday schools caused a demand for a better educated ministry, and schools like Ystrad Meurig and Castell Hywel and

Llandovery prepared the way for the Theological and University Colleges. Sir Hugh Owen connects the movements for primary and for higher education. His share in the rise of the training colleges gave him the experience that guided so wisely the development of higher education. He saw the establishment of the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth in 1872. In 1883 the University College of South Wales was established at Cardiff, and in 1884 the University College of North Wales at Bangor. In 1889 and the following years the system of intermediate schools between the primary schools and the colleges was organised. Lord Aberdare, the first President of the University College of Wales, lived to be the first Chancellor of the University of Wales. At the installation of the Prince of Wales as Chancellor of the University a little later, every class was represented at Aberystwyth, united in welcoming the realisation of the dream of so many centuries.

MENAI BRIDGE.

(From a drawing by H. Gastineau.)

XXVII

CONCLUSION

My story is at an end. My task is to relate, not to condemn or to justify.

The development of Wales has been twofold—in national intensity and in the expansion of imperial sympathy. From Cressy and Agincourt to Albuera and Inkerman, its levies and regiments have done their duty; from David Gam and Roger Williams to Picton and Nott, its sons have been where the surge of the advancing British wave has beaten fiercest. To the cause of capital it has given a Lord Overstone, to the cause of labour a Robert Owen. If its best and strongest thought has been given to Welsh literature, it has given to England thoughts that have not been entirely forgotten, from George Herbert to Henry Vaughan, and from John Dyer to William Morris. In the development of British art it is represented by Richard Wilson, John Gibson, and Burne Jones.

The life of Wales, in the intense conservatism of its unbroken continuity, has not been selfish. The desire to give has been as strong as the desire to retain. No

colonist throws himself more readily into the life of his adopted country, but the new country will have an Eisteddvod and a Sunday school. His conservative desire for independence is strong enough to send him to almost superhuman toil in inhospitable Patagonia, and to maintain Welsh newspapers and magazines, full of old-world poetry and half-legendary history, among the modern and practical organs of the opinion of the United States. But the reminiscences of the old life are but a recreation of mind. In the struggle for American Independence, in the developing patriotism of the British Colonies, the Welshman has been among the foremost in devotion and energy. The first period of Welsh history ends with the poet's lament for its fallen princes; the second ends with the poet's vision of a future of more self-conscious life and of greater service. The motto of Wales is to be that of its prince—"Ich dien."

INDEX

[Welsh *dd* = *th* in "breathe"; *f* = English *v*; *ff* = *f*; *w* = *oo*. The Welsh *f* is written *v* in this book. Welsh *c* always = *k*.]

A

Aber, "of the white shells," 140, 159, 185, 190
Aberconway, 141, 143, 157, 159, 175, 193, 239, 346; *see* Maenan
Aberdare, H. A. Bruce, Lord, 401
Aberdaron, 62, 64, 75, 76
Aberdovey (Aberdyvi), 133, 141, 144
Aberffraw, 37, 60, 196
Abergavenny, 97, 98, 111, 140, 206, 237, 314, 349; *see* Hastings
Aber Gwili, 30, 355
Aberlleiniog, 57, 64, 66
Abermarles, 317
Aberystwyth, 72, 77, 83, 129, 130, 178, 179, 279, 401
Acts—
  Education, 401
  Local Government, 400
  Propagation of Gospel, 379
  Reform, 395
  Repression, 274–5
  Union, 311, 327, 335
Adam of Usk, 276
Aelfgar of Mercia, 41
Agreement of the People, 376
Agricola, 23
Alexander of Scotland, 73
Alexander of Bangor, 112
Alfred, King, 34
Alice, d. of Henry de Lacy, 204
America, 348, 397
Amicia, 103
Amobr, a fine, 222
Anarawd ap Griffith, 82, 83
Anarawd ap Rhodri, 35
Angharad, d. of Meredith, 40
Angharad, w. of G. ap Conan, 64
Angharad, d. of Lord Rees, 94
Angles, 17, 26, 28–30, 40
Anglesey, 12, 13; *see* Môn; 196, 213, 261, 312, 317, 329, 363, 390
Anian, bp. of St. Asaph, 171
Anne Neville, w. of Richard III., 299
Aran, mountain peak, 5, 244
Ardudwy, 197
Arennig, mountain peak, 13
Arllechwedd, 196
Armada, Spanish, 353
Arthen, Gwent chief, 112
Arthur, 29, 30, 109, 112, 208; crown of, 31, 190, 208
Arthur, s. of Geoffrey, 103
Arundel, FitzAlans of, 357
Arundel, Edmund FitzAlan, second earl of, 253
Arundel, Richard FitzAlan, first earl of, 205

Arundel, Richard FitzAlan, third earl of, 253
Arundel, Richard FitzAlan, fourth earl of, 253, 257
Arundel, Thomas FitzAlan, fifth earl of, 253, 257, 258, 270, 272
Arvon, 3, 8, 51, 187, 197
Arwystli, 51, 56, 73, 88, 313
Assembly of Nominees, Welsh members, 377
Asser, biographer of Alfred, 35
Astley, Sir Jacob, 365
Aulus Didius, 20
Aulus Plautius, 18
Avon (= river), 114

B

Bacon, Stephen, 164, 166
Bala, 202, 259
Baldwin, archb. Canterbury, 105, 123
Bangor, 92, 119, 121, 129, 284, 342, 349, 401
Bangor, diocese, 17, 118
Bards, 215, 234, 261–268, 299, 308, 378
Bardsey (Ynys Enlli), 64
Barlow, bp. St. David's, 340–341
Barmouth (Abermaw), 118
Barry, 113
Barons' War, 169
Basaleg (Maesaleg), 260
Basingwerk, 86, 91, 92, 178, 346
Battles—
  Aber Gwili, 40
  Agincourt, 403
  Albuera, 403
  Bannockburn, 215
  Bloody Acre (Gwaed Erw), 52
  Bosworth, 300
  Bron yr Erw, 52
  Bryn Glas, 276
  Cardigan, 78–79
  Chester, 29
  Conway, 35
  Cressy, 239, 240, 255, 271, 403
  Deorham, 29
  Edgecote, 245, 297
  Edgehill, 354, 359, 360
Battles (*continued*) :—
  Evesham, 170, 230, 239
  Fethanlea, 29
  Grosmont, 140
  Highnam, 360
  Inkerman, 405
  Llandeilo, 188
  Moel y Don, 187
  Mortimer's Cross, 294
  Mynydd Carn, 54
  Mynydd Pwll Melyn, 281
  Naseby, 359, 364
  Northampton, 293
  Pencader, 41
  Rhyd y Groes, 41, 42
  St. Albans, 294
  St. Dogmels, 55
  St. Fagans, 368
  Shrewsbury, 278
  Tewkesbury, 296
  Towton, 295
  Towy, 41
  Vyrnwy, 276
Baxter, Richard, 328, 332, 381
Beaumaris, 201, 202, 213, 260
Beavers, 117
Bede, 29
Belesme, Robert of, 57, 63, 67–70, 122
Benedict XII., 279
Bennett, John, Jesuit, 350
Bernard of Neufmarché, 55, 59, 65, 110
Berwyn, 3, 17, 19, 89, 244, 269, 313
Bible, Welsh, 348–350, 368
Bifort, Ll., bp. of Bangor, 279, 285
Birds, 109, 116, 121, 263, 281
Black Death, 244–247
Black Mountains (Mynydd Du), 6, 7, 15, 17, 35, 136, 205
Black Nations, 33
Black Prince, 236, 239–241, 247
Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, 43–50
Blue Knight of Raglan, 293
Blyth, bp. Geoffrey, 325
Bodville, J., one of Nominees, 359
Bohun, Humphrey de, earl of Hereford, 205

Bohun, Humphrey de, earl of Hereford, 206, 227
Bourne, bp., 326
Bow (long, short, cross), 112, 213, 237–239, 241, 247, 295
Braose, Giles de, 134
Braose, John de, 136
Braose, Matilda de, 170
Braose, Reginald de, 135
Braose, William de, 97, 98, 102–104, 110–114
Braose, William de, 137
Bradshaw, Judge, 331–332
Brecon (Aberhonddu), 56, 103, 136, 178, 205, 313, 325, 349
Brecknockshire, 313, 318, 329, 376
Brereton, Sir William, 361, 363
Bretwalda, 26
Brian of the Island, 111
Bridgnorth, 68–70, 231, 274
Bristol (Bryste), 43, 244, 257, 363, 365
Britain, 27, 147; crown of, 31
Britons, 23, 29, 31, 76, 147, 353
Brittany (Llydaw), 54, 100, 278, 296, 298, 353
Brown, J., one of Nominees, 377
Brute, Walter, 267, 268
Brycheiniog, 5, 35, 40, 50, 55, 65, 79, 103, 108, 313
Bryn = hill
Brythons, 12–17
Buckingham, Duke of, 298
Bulkeleys, 320
Builth, town (Llanvair Muallt) and district (Buallt), 136, 138, 168, 183, 202, 304, 313

C

Cadell ap Griffith, 87, 93
Cadell ap Rhodri, 35
Cader Idris, 1, 5, 272
Cader Vronwen, 5
Cadogan (Cadwgan) ap Bleddyn, 65–73
Cadwaladr, king of Britons, 29, 31, 310
Cadwaladr ab O. Gwynedd, 81–85, 87–89, 91, 92, 121
Cadwallon, 29
Cadwallon ap Madoc, 95
Caer, *see* Chester
Caereinion, 72, 164
Caerleon (Caerlleon ar Wysg), 23, 112, 202, 253, 314
Caerphilly, 171, 199, 205, 227, 233
Caerwys, 157, 202, 305
Caio, 115
Camalodunum, 21
Cambridge (Caergrawnt), 347
Canterbury (Caer Gaint), 126, 243
Cantrev, division of land, 148
Cantrev Coch (Red Cantrev), 318
Cantrevs, Four, 161–163, 166, 169, 171, 179, 181, 186, 197
Cantrev Mawr, 115
Caradoc of Gwent, 54
Caratacus (Caradog), 19–20
Carausius, 27
Cardiff (Caerdydd), 7, 55, 59, 97, 114, 130, 140, 202, 230, 233, 259, 278, 314, 328, 352, 364, 377, 378, 400, 401
Cardigan (Aberteivi), 72, 78–79, 91, 94, 101, 137, 202, 263
Cardiganshire, 198, 200, 214, 274, 312, 315, 318, 329, 376
Carew, 57, 278, 364
Carmarthen (Caer Vyrddin), 23, 24, 77, 82, 84, 115, 132, 137, 140, 164, 178, 202, 212, 258, 259, 277, 278, 286, 301, 317, 322, 341, 349
Carmarthenshire, 198, 299, 300, 312, 315, 318, 329, 376, 386
Carnarvon (Caernarvon), 23, 24, 119, 201, 202, 208, 212, 260, 275, 278
Carnarvonshire, 196, 272, 312, 317, 329, 376, 399
Carnwyllion, 317
Carreg Cenen, 277
Castell Hywel, 400
Catuvelauni, 19
Ceawlin, Saxon leader, 28
Cecils, 311, 326, 348
Ceiriog, river, 89
Ceiriog (J. C. Hughes), poet, 393

Celt, 12–15
Cemmes, 57–59, 132
Cenarth, 71
Cenfig, 59, 202, 259
Cenwulf, king of Mercia, 33
Ceredigion, 5, 15, 30, 35, 41, 50, 57, 69, 71, 73, 77, 81, 84, 88, 96, 129, 163, 169, 178, 181; *see* Cardiganshire
Ceridwen, 30
Cevn Digoll, 214
Charles I, 355, 357, 364, 365
Charles II., 381
Charles VI. of France, 282
Charles, Thomas, of Bala, 390
Charlton—
Edward, 253
John, 232, 253
John, 253, 258, 272, 304
Chepstow, 96, 296, 314, 361, 367
Chester (Caer), 23, 24, 29, 46–49, 56, 63, 73, 86, 89, 91, 100, 121, 150, 163, 166, 175, 181, 184, 212, 274, 278, 319, 361, 367, 390
Chester, earldom of, *see* Hugh the Wolf, Roger, Ranulph, Hugh Cyveiliog, Simon de Montford, Edward I.
Children, 114, 131, 274, 285, 372
Chirk (Castell y Waen), 204, 225, 357, 367
Christiana, w. of O. Gwynedd, 125
Christianity, 20, 24, 28, 30, 125, 268
Chronicle of the Princes (Brut y Tywysogion), 31, 102, 147, 175, 180
Church, Welsh, 107, 112, 125–126, 146, 182, 183, 282–284, 304, 385
Cilgeran, 57, 91, 117, 207
Cil Owen, 86
Cistercians, 30, 92, 102, 131, 143, 146, 148, 193, 212, 267, 346
Clare, 136, 146, 254, 346
Clare, Eleanor de, 225
Clare, Gilbert de, 72, 73, 96
Clare, Gilbert de, the Red, earl of Gloucester, 169–172, 188, 199, 205, 207, 209, 211, 215, 234
Clare, Gilbert de Clare, 207, 219, 225, 233
Clare, Roger de, 88, 93
Clare, Richard de, of Gloucester, 96, 103, 111
Clare, Richard de, of Pembroke, Strongbow, 94, 96
Claudius, emperor, 18
Clergy, Welsh, 118, 121, 183, 223, 346, 380, 384
Clifford, Roger, 169, 185
Clifford, Walter, 88, 93
Clwyd, Vale of (Dyffryn Clwyd), 7, 48, 121, 179, 212
Cole, Coilus, 30
Coleshill, 121
Colleges, proposed, 381; theological, 400; University, 401
Colonisation, 397, 402
Commote, division of land, 148
Conan ab Owen Gwynedd (Cynan), 82, 85, 86
Conan ap Rhodri, 32–34
Conoch, 341
Conway, Conwy, river, valley, town, 3, 34, 129, 157, 158, 162, 178, 184, 189, 193, 201, 202, 212, 272, 357, 363
Cornwall, 29
Coroners, elected by freeholders, 333
Corwen, 56, 89, 93, 285
Council of princes, 133, 143, 144–146, 149, 167, 175, 189
Count of the Saxon Shore, 26
County Council, 400
Court, County, 333
Court of High Commissioners, 348
Court of the Marches of Wales, 303, 321–330, 347
Court of March lordship, 321, 330
Courtenay, Hugh, 377
Cowbridge (Pont Vaen), 59, 202, 349
Coyty, 59, 227, 262, 279
Creuddyn, commote of, 196
Criccieth, 154, 168, 201, 202, 259
Cromwell, Oliver, 13, 311, 357, 367–373, 379, 383

Cromwell, Thomas, 311–312, 325, 340–341
Crug Mawr, 117
Crusades, 99, 108, 112, 114, 117, 121, 123, 186, 255
Cunedda, family of, 27
Cwm Hir, 141, 188, 346
Cymbeline, 19
Cymer, or Vanner, 157, 346
Cymru (Wales), 3, 147
Cymry (the Welsh), 147
Cynddelw, 92, 99, 101, 124, 146
Cynddylan, 30
Cynog, saint, 107
Cynwrig ap Rees, 118
Cynwrig ap Rhiwallon, 50–52
Cyveiliog, 88, 183, 313

D

Danes, 17, 34, 39, 40
David (Dewi), patron saint, 30, 341
David Gam, Sir, 283, 289
David Leget Brith, 271
Davies, bp. Richard, 349
Davydd ab O.Gwynedd (Davydd I.), 86, 93, 100, 119, 121, 125, 128
Davydd ap Llywelyn (Davydd II.), 143, 150, 153–159
Davydd ap Griffith (Davydd III.), 160, 167, 173, 175, 178, 182, 183–186, 189–193
Davydd ab Edmund, 306, 307
Davydd ap Gwilym, 261, 263, 266–268, 306, 314, 319
Davydd Benvras, 147
Davydd Ionawr, 387
Davydd Nanmor, 306
Decangi, Cangi, 15, 19
Dee (Dyvrdwy), 1, 3, 41, 48, 89, 122, 164, 252, 269, 367
Devereux, bp. Richard, 342, 343
Deganwy, 27, 33, 53, 57, 64, 66, 129, 157, 161, 164, 166, 169, 197
Deheubarth, 40, 41, 50, 54, 76, 78, 178, 318
Deheudir, *see* South Wales
Deities, Celtic, 30
Demetæ, 15
Denbigh (Dinbych), 3, 161, 179, 189, 202, 204, 212, 259, 367; dogs of, 13
Denbighshire, 312, 317, 329, 377
Dermot, 96
Dervel Gadarn, 341, 345
Despenser, Hugh le, 225, 229, 233, 234, 259
Dialects, Welsh, 8, 197, 317–319
Dinas Brân, 164, 205, 269
Dinas Dinlle, 15
Dingestow, 98
Dinorwic, 230
Dissenters, 384, 387
District Council, 400
Dôl = meadow
Dôl Aeron, 266
Dolbadarn, 190
Dolgellau, 282, 283, 334
Dolvorwyn, 178, 204
Dominicans, 262, 264, 265
Dovey (Dyvi), 5, 118, 272, 313
Dragon Standard, 255, 275, 300
Dryslwyn, 211
Dublin (Dulyn), 34
Dumbarton, 34
Dux Britanniarum, 26
Dyddgu (" Fair as day "), 262
Dyer, John, 403
Dyffryn = valley
Dyffryn Clwyd, *see* Clwyd, Vale of
Dynevor, 37, 53, 60, 76, 115, 164, 168, 210, 277, 317
Dyserth, 164, 169
Dyved, 35, 53, 57, 60, 65, 68–70, 79, 91, 94, 132, 136, 137, 164

E

Eadgyth, w. of G. ap Llywelyn, 42
Eadric the Wild, 46
Edeyrnion, 56, 197, 269, 277
Edmund, *see* Tudor
Edmund of Lancaster, 178
Edmund of York, 292, 293
Edynved Vychan, 100, 154, 156
Edward I., 160–168, 170, 172–203, 208–217

Edward II., 208, 209, 218–235
Edward III., 236, 239, 255, 257
Edward IV., 292, 297, 322
Edward V., 297–298
Edward VII., 401
Edward, Prince of Wales, 291–296
Edwards, Roger, 395
Einion, 154
Einion, poet, 147
Einon, 88
Eisteddvod, 101–102, 305–307, 390–393, 404
Eivion, Eivionydd, 3, 197, 201
Eivl, "Rivals," mountains, 208
Eleanor, w. of Llywelyn the Great, 176
Eleanor, w. of Llywelyn ap G., d. of Simon de Montfort, Lady of Snowdon, 175, 177, 180, 268
Eleanor, w. of Edward I., 193, 209
Eleanor, d. Gilbert the Red, 225
Elen of the Legions, 24, 30
Elidir, 147
Elidorus, 114
Elizabeth, queen, 326–328, 347
Elizabeth of York, 151, 298
Elizabeth, "the Welshwoman," 193
Ellesmere, 318
Ellis, Thomas, 397
Elucidarium, 266
Eluned, feast of, 109
Elvel, 5, 59, 102, 103, 108, 313
England (Lloegr), 5, 66, 82, 84, 137, 169, 348, 352, 372, 397
England, New, first hint of, 348
Englfield, Englefeld (Tegeingl), 88, 198
English, 92, 384
Enid, 262
Epynt, mountains, 99, 348
Eryri, Snowdon range, 3
Essex, Earl of, 360
Ethelfrith of Northumbria, 29
Eva, w. of Strongbow, 96
Eva, d. of Madoc, 99
Evans, Arise, 13
Evans, Philip, Jesuit, 352
Evans, Theophilus, 383–384
Ewer, Col., 368
Ewyas Lacy, 225, 318
Exeter, 326

F

Fairies (Tylwyth Teg), 114
Faulkes de Breauté, 130, 139
Feathers, Prince of Wales', 240, 295
Ferrers, Lord, 322
Flemings, 70, 72, 77, 79, 82, 88, 115
Flint, 3, 84, 87, 178, 184, 361
Flintshire, 198, 312, 317, 329, 377
Flower-Aspect (Blodeuwedd), 30
Flowers, named after the Virgin, 264
Flowers, Vale of, *see* Strata Florida
France, 216, 239, 241, 276, 278, 279, 289
Franciscans, 146, 170, 262–271, 278, 342
Friars, 262–268, 304–305, 345; *see* Dominicans, Franciscans

G

Gavel-kind, 199
Gaveston, Piers, 204, 219, 225, 226
Geneu'r Glyn, lordship of, 161–162, 164
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 113
Gerald of Windsor, 65, 70–72, 77, 116
Gerald the Welshman, *see* Giraldus
Gerard, of Court of Wales, 336
Gerard, Col. Charles, 363–365
Gibson, John, sculptor, 403
Gildas, 28
Gild Merchant, 258–260
Giraldus Cambrensis, 105–123, 124–126, 146, 201, 237, 283, 317
Gladys, d. of G. ap Rees, 95, 97
Gladys Ddu the Dark), 151, 159

Glamorgan, *see* Morgannwg, 97, 113, 132, 164, 169, 170, 205, 209, 212, 226, 234
Glamorganshire, 314, 318, 329, 364, 369, 376, 378, 398–400
Glamorgan, Vale of (Bro Morgannwg), 7, 8
Glamorgan, Earl of, 367 ; *see* Herbert
Glasgwm, 108
Glevum, 19 ; *see* Gloucester
Gloucester (Caerloew), 29, 32, 231, 274, 319, 360 ; earldom of, *see* Robert of G., Clare
Gloucestershire, 323
Glyndyvrdwy, 269, 277, 285
Glyn of Glyn Llivon, 377
Glynrhonddu, 314
Goidels, 12–17, 23
Goodman, Dean, 350
Goronwy Owen, 12, 390
Gower (Gwyr), 82, 115, 136, 229, 259, 314
Gregory X., 175
Grey Friars, 284, *see* Franciscans
Grey, Reginald de, second lord of Ruthin, 182
Grey, Reginald de, third lord of Ruthin, 251, 270, 272, 293
Grey, Sir John, 240
Griffith = Gruffydd
Griffith ab Owen, 232
Griffith ap Conan (Gruffydd ab Cynan,) 51–56, 63–66, 68, 70, 73–76, 78–80
Griffith ap Conan ap G., 118
Griffith ap Davydd ap Griffith, 251, 252
Griffith ap Griffith ap Rees, 117, 129, 130
Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn, 155, 157, 164, 167, 169, 172, 173, 175, 177, 183
Griffith ap Llywelyn, king, 41–43
Griffith ap Llywelyn the Great, 138, 142, 150, 153–156
Griffith ap Madoc (Gruffydd Maelor), 99, 102, 122
Griffith ap Madoc (lord of Bromfield), 155, 157, 164, 165, 167, 172
Griffith ap Meredith (Gruffydd ab Meredydd), 181–183, 188
Griffith ap Nicholas, 307
Griffith ap Rees (Gruffydd ab Rhys), 63, 76–79, 109–110, 117, 118
Griffith ap Thomas, beheaded, 323
Griffith of Pool, 232
Griffith, Ellis, soldier, 286, 322
Griffith, John, of Cefnamwlch, 359
Griffith Richard, Lancastrian, 299
Griffiths, Anne, hymn-writer, 390
Gunpowder, political importance of, 247
Gurth, son of Godwin, 41
Gutyn Owen, poet, 305
Gwalchmai, 87, 92, 101, 148
Gwendolen, w. of Lord Rees, 107
Gwenllian, d. of G. ap Conan, 78, 115
Gwenllian, d. of Lord Rees, 100
Gwenllian, d. of Madoc, 101
Gwenllian, d. of Llywelyn, 185, 214
Gwen, "the white one," 237
Gwent, 12, 15, 24, 35, 40, 59, 65, 98, 111, 237, 260, 278, 313 ; *see* Monmouthshire
Gwenwynwyn, 102, 128, 129, 131, 133
Gwerthrynion, 95, 107, 163
Gwestva, a tax, 223
Gwilym, nephew of Glendower, 272
Gwilym Hiraethog, 395
Gwledig, 26
Gwydion ab Don, 30
Gwynedd, 5, 15, 37, 40, 41, 46, 53, 56, 68, 74, 78, 82, 118, 128, 133
Gwynllwg, or Gwenllwg, 113, 313
Gwynne, Judge, 336
Gwys, 137

H

Harlech, 201, 202, 259, 275, 282, 285, 291, 294, 295, 304, 367 ; crows of, 13

Harris, Howel, 387–388
Harrison, 378–380
Harold, 41–43, 122
Harp, the, 101, 289
Hastings, Sir Edward de, 251
Hastings, John de, second Baron, 207, 219
Hastings, John de, 251
Havard, Jenkin, castellan, 277
Haverfordwest (Hwlffordd), 115, 136, 137, 262, 299, 320, 363, 371, 377
Hawarden (Penarlâg), 184, 350, 361
Hawys of Powys, 232
Hay (Gelli), 169
Heath, bp., 326
Henry I., 68–78, 116
Henry II., 9, 85–95, 112, 113, 116, 121
Henry III., 135, 153, 164, 165, 168, 171, 172
Henry IV., 229, 254, 256, 258, 270–278
Henry V., 272, 281, 289–291, 321
Henry VI., 291–295
Henry VII., 292, 294, 296, 298–301, 310, 323
Henry VIII., 151, 329
Henry of Navarre, 353
Henry de Bohemond, 77
Herberts, 311
Herbert, George, poet, 376
Herbert, Henry, earl of Pembroke, 328
Herbert, Henry, Parliamentarian, 359
Herbert, lord of Raglan, earl of Glamorgan, 360, 367
Herbert, Mary, Countess of Pembroke, 328
Herbert, Walter, 299
Herbert, Sir William, Yorkist, 293–297
Herbert, William, earl of Pembroke, 308, 325–326
Herbert, William, Royalist, 357
Hereford (Henffordd), 32, 42, 49–51, 122, 202, 274, 294, 319
Herefordshire, 318, 323
Hiraethog, mountains, 161, 312
Hirlas horn, 99
Holt, 361
Holyhead (Caergybi), 40
Holywell (Treffynnon), 129, 351
Hope (Estyn), 182, 184, 198, 259
Horm, Danish sea-king, 34
Horton, Col., 368
Hotspur, 254, 258, 272
Howel the Good (Hywel Dda), 35–37 ; *see* Laws of Howel
Howel, bp., 155
Howel ab Edwin, 41
Howel ab Owen Gwynedd, 82, 85
Howel ap Griffith ap Conan, 141
Howel ap Rhodri, 32, 33
Howel Gethin, 271
Howel Sele of Nannau, 283
Howel Vychan, 272
Howel Vychan, spy, 278
Hubert de Burgh, 139–140
Hubert's Folly, 139
Huet, Thomas, 349
Hugh Cyveiliog, 100, 102
Hugh of Chester, the Wolf, 48, 53, 57, 63, 66, 119
Hugh the Red, *see* Montgomery
Hughes, bp. of St. Asaph, 351
Hughes, Stephen, 387
Hundred system, 333

I

Iâl, Yale, 86
Iberian, loose meaning of term, 10, 12–14
Ich dien, 240, 402
Ida, the flame-bearer, 28
Ievan Clochydd, 271
Ieuan Deulwyn, 297, 306
Independent, 367, 368
Innocent III., 131, 134
Innocent IV., 156–157
Instrument of Government, 377
Iolo Goch, Iolo of the Red Gown, 240, 255, 271, 277, 283, 286, 306
Iolo Morgannwg, 387
Iorwerth ab Owen, 95
Iorwerth ap Bleddyn, 68–72

Ireland, 15, 34, 51, 64, 66, 76, 87, 91, 94, 96, 106, 116, 117, 137, 224, 236, 244, 276, 367
Irish, 52, 254, 361
Iron, magic properties of, 13, 24, 397
Irvon, river, 188
Isabel, d. of Strongbow, 96
Islwyn, 11, 319, 393
Ithel ap Griffith, 46
Ivor Hael (the Generous), 261, 314
Ivor the Little (Ivor Bach), 113

J

Jack Glan y Gors, 387
Jacobites, Welsh, 384
James I., 335
Jasper, *see* Tudor
Jeffreys, Judge, 331, 332, 378, 381
Jenkins, Judge, 373
Jesuits, Welsh, 345, 350–352
Jews, 182
Joan, w. of Llywelyn the Great, 128, 130, 140
Joan, heiress of Pembroke, 182 ; *see* Valence
John, king, 103–106, 128–134, 144
Jones, E. Burne, 403
Jones, Griffith, Llanddowror, 386–387
Jones, Col. John, Maes y Garnedd, 373, 377, 383
Jones, Col. Michael, 363
Jones, Col. Philip, Swansea, 378
Jones, Robert, Jesuit, 351–352
Jones, R., of Trewern, 359
Judges, Welsh, 336–337
Julius Frontinus, 23
Jury, 222, 223
Justice, of Chester, 198 ; of North Wales, 349 ; of Snowdon, 197, 329 ; of South Wales, 198, 329
Justice of the peace, 331–333

K

Kemeys, Sir Nicholas, 368, 369
Kenilworth, 176, 177, 185
Kenyon, Judge, 336
Kidwelly, 58, 59, 77, 79, 94, 115, 132, 138, 199, 317

L

Labour, 244–247, 250, 271, 281 288, 308, 337, 403
Lacharn, lordship of, 317
Lacy, Henry de, 204, 212
Lake legends, 13, 374
Lambe, John, assassin, 242
Lampeter (Llanbedr Pont Stephan), 118, 274
Lamphey, 342
Lancaster, *see* Henry IV.
Lancastrians, 285, 294
Lance, the, 119, 213, 216, 238
Langley, Geoffrey, 161–162, 164
Laud, archbp., 355, 375
Laugharne (Talachorn), 278
Laugharne, Major-Gen. Rowland, 365–368, 371, 372
Laws of Howel, 37–39, 40, 183, 187, 232, 308
Lear, king, 30
Lee, bp. Rowland, 325, 326, 329
Leek, the, 255. Some take the daffodil as the national flower. The Welsh word *cenhinen*, pl., *cenin*, is the same for both
Leominster (Llanllieni), 122, 274
Lewis, wise physician, 381
Lewis, David, Jesuit, 352
Lewis, George Cornewall, 395
Lewis Glyn Cothi, 297, 306, 308
Lewis, John, of Aberystwyth 381
Liverpool, 7, 165, 363, 397
Llanavan, 107
Llanbadarn, 118
Llanberis, 4
Llanbleddian, 59
Llandaff, diocese of, 17
Llandderfel, 345
Llanddewi Brevi, 118
Llanddowror, 386
Llandeilo, 188
Llandovery (Llanymddyvri), 77, 88, 210, 277, 317, 401
Llandudno, 27

Llandyvrydog, 66
Llangorse, 204
Llanidloes, 332
Llanrhaidr ym Mochnant, 348, 349
Llan Rhystyd, 84
Llanstephan, 82
Llantony, 111
Llantrisant, 234, 259
Llan Vaes, 140, 185, 262, 271
Llanvaes (Brycheiniog), 108
Llanvyllin, 202, 332 ; deer of, 13
Llech Lavar, 116
Lleyn, 3, 51, 53, 179, 197, 208
Llio, 263
Lloyd, F., of Maes y Velin, 359
Lloyd, John, student, 271
Lloyd, Morgan, *see* Llwyd
Lludd a Llevelys, romance, 255
Llwyd, Morgan, o Wynedd, 373, 376, 378–381
Llwyn Pina, 86
Llywelyn ap Griffith, 159–192
Llywelyn ap Iorwerth (the Great), 126, 127–151
Llywelyn ap Seisyll, 40
Llywelyn Bren, 227–228, 233
Lollardry, 267–268, 304–306
London (Caer Ludd), 21, 28, 45, 150, 180, 188–189, 219, 285, 345
Longbow, *see* Bow
Lord Rees (Yr Arglwydd Rhys), *see* Rees ap Griffith
Lud (Lludd Llaw Arian), 30
Ludlow (Llwydlo), 122, 139, 224, 274, 291, 311, 323, 327, 351

M

Mabel, of Montgomery, 49, 57
Mabel, d. of Fitz Hamon, 97
Mabinogion, Welsh tales, 124
Machynelleth, 232, 282, 283, 313
Madoc (Madog) 212–214
Madoc ap Meredith (Madog ab Meredydd), 78, 85, 88, 89, 99, 100–101
Madoc ap Rhirid, 71–73
Madryn, Col. Thomas, 378
Maeldav the Old (Maeldav Hen), 27
Maelgwn ap Cadwallon, 141
Maelgwn ap Rees (Maelgwn ab Rhys), 117, 118, 119, 126, 129 131–133, 140
Maelgwn Gwynedd, 27, 133
Maelgwn Vychan, of Dyved, 212, 214
Maelor, Vale of (Dyffryn Maelor), 3, 29, 158, 269 ; Welsh Maelor (Maelor Gymraeg), 313 ; English Maelor (Maelor Saesneg), 198
Maenan, 193 ; *see* Aberconway
Maesaleg, 306, 314 ; *see* Basaleg
Maesyved, *see* Radnor
Magna Carta, 126, 132–135, 142, 373
Magnus, 66, 119
Manorbier, 105, 116
Mansels, 320
Mansel, Bussy, 377
Margam, 97, 114, 346
Margaret, d. of Llywelyn, 136
Margaret, d. of Gilbert the Red, 225
Margaret of Anjou, 291–293
Margaret, w. of Edward IV., 298
Margaret, Lady, Beaufort, 292, 298
Marriage customs, 14
Marshall, Richard, 140
Marshall, Walter, 154
Marshall, William, earl of Pembroke, 96, 135–137
Marshall, William (younger), 134, 137–140
Martin of Tours, 57–59
Mary, the Virgin (Mair Vorwyn), worship and flowers of, 262–264
Mary, queen, 311, 312, 327
Mary, heiress of the Bohuns, 254
Mathraval, 37, 130
Maud de St. Valérie, 103, 104
Maud Longespée, Countess of Salisbury, 198
Maurice Fitz Gerald, 94
Maurice of London, 79, 115
Mawddwy, lordship of, 315 ; brigands of, 334 ; gadflies of, 13

Meilir, a prophet, 113
Meilir ap Rhiwallon, 51, 54
Meirionnydd, 52, 82, 94, 128, 138, 163, 197 ; *see* Merioneth, Merionethshire
Melenydd, 84, 95, 108, 313
Menai, 21, 84, 119
Mendicant Orders, 156 ; *see* Dominicans, Franciscans
Mennes, Sir John, 361, 363
Mercia, 32–42, 47
Meredith (Meredydd ab Owen), 40
Meredith ab Owen ap Howel, 46
Meredith ab Owen of Ceredigion, 163, 167, 172
Meredith ap Bleddyn, 68–74
Meredith ap Conan (Meredydd ab Cynan), 128
Meredith ap Griffith (Meredydd ab Gruffydd), 46
Meredith ap Griffith ap Rees, 84, 93
Meredith ap Madoc, 146
Meredith ap Rees (Meredydd ab Rhys), 163, 164, 167–168, 171, 172 ; sons of, 181, 182
Meredith ap Robert, 141
Merioneth, 24, 119 ; *see* Meirionnydd
Merionethshire, 197, 272, 274, 312, 315, 320, 329, 377, 383, 400
Merlin (Myrddin), 30, 113, 115, 117, 188, 208, 286
Merthyr Tydvil, 394
Mervin (Mervyn Vrych), 33
Mervin ap Rhodri, 35
Middleton, Sir T., 359, 361, 363, 367, 368, 372
Milford (Aberdaugleddau), 257
Mineral wealth of Wales, 24, 395–400
Milo, of Hereford, 109, 110
Milton, John, 328, 355, 368
Miskin, 314
Mold (Wyddgrug) 84, 85, 129, 169
Mon, 3, 7, 21, 24, 27, 34, 51, 57, 64, 66, 84, 87, 119, 158, 164, 178, 179, 187, 196; *see* Anglesey
Monasteries, dissolution of, 345–346
Monks, *see* Cistercians
Monmouth (Mynwy), 170, 289, 361, 367
Monmouthshire, 313, 315, 319, 320, 364, 376, 378–399
Monnington-upon-Wye, 285
Monnow, river, 313
Montfort, Amaury de, 177, 185
Montfort, Eleanor de, *see* Eleanor, Lady of Snowdon
Montfort, Guy de, 176, 185
Montfort, Henry de, 170
Montfort, Simon de, earl of Chester, 102, 168–170, 175
Montfort, Simon de, 176, 185
Montgomery (Trevaldwyn), 50, 65, 171, 177, 183, 202, 213, 327, 364
Montgomery, Arnulf of, 57, 69, 116
Montgomery, Hugh of, the Red, 57, 66, 119
Montgomery, Roger of, 49, 50, 57
Montgomeryshire, 313, 315, 329, 363
Morgan ap Caradoc, 95
Morgan ap Howel, 157
Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd, *see* Llwyd
Morgan of Kidwelly, 300
Morgan of Morgannwg, 212
Morgan, Henry, buccaneer, 298
Morgan, Thomas, of Pencarn, 352
Morgan, Col. Thomas, 352
Morgan, bp. William, translator of Bible, 345, 348–349
Morgan, W., m. of Long Parliament, 359, 367
Morgannwg, 15, 35, 40, 50, 59, 70, 73, 113, 136, 237, 278, 313 ; *see* Glamorganshire
Morris, Edward, of Perthi Llwydion, 308
Morris, Lewis, of Môn, 390
Morris Stove, graduate, 271
Morris, William, 403
Mortimer, Anne, 151, 254, 285, 291

Mortimer, Edmund, of Wigmore, d. 1304; 205, 210
Mortimer, Edmund, 258, 276–277, 285
Mortimer, Edmund, earl of March, 275, 277, 289
Mortimer, Eleanor, w. of Hotspur, 254
Mortimer, Ralph, 134
Mortimer, Roger, 94, 98, 102
Mortimer, Roger, of Wigmore, d. 1282; 163, 168–170, 172, 177, 178, 188, 234
Mortimer, Roger, of Chirk; d. 1326; 204, 210, 224–225, 230–231
Mortimer, Roger, d. 1330; first earl of March, 214–231, 233–234
Mortimer, Roger, d. 1360; 239
Mortimer, Roger, d. 1381; third earl of March, 254
Mortimer, Roger, d. 1394; fourth earl of March, 254
Morton, Cardinal, 295, 298
Morvudd, 262
Mostyn, 361
Murtagh, of Ireland, 68
Music, Welsh, 101, 296
Myddvai, doctors of, 375
Mytton, General Thomas, 300, 367

N

Nannau, Sion Davydd Las, bard of, 381
Nanteos, healing cup of, 346
Narberth, 77, 137, 317
Neath (Castell Nedd), 59, 97, 114, 202, 233, 259, 314, 346, 368
Nest, d. of Rees ap Tudor, 70–72, 76, 87, 116
Nesta, w. of Bernard, 110
Nevin, 119, 208, 259
Newborough (Rhosyr, Niwbwrch), 202, 259
Newcastle Emlyn (Castell Newydd Emlyn), 167, 211, 317
New Monarchy, 296
Newport, Mon. (Casnewydd), 202, 230, 259, 394, 400
Newport, Pembrokeshire (Trevdraeth), 59, 164
Newport, Salop, 300
Newtown (Drevnewydd), 300
Nicknames, 13
Nonconformists, 345
Normans, Norsemen, 17, 33, 67, 44–60
Northumberland, earl of, 325, 326
Northumbria, 32, 47
North Wales, 101, 130, 210, 224, 244, 258, 275, 282, 343, 361
Nott, 403

O

Offa, 32
Offa's dyke, 32, 318
Ogmore, 314
Oldcastle, Sir John, 304–305
Olwen, 14, 262
Ordericus Vitalig, 64
Ordovices, 15, 23
Ostorius Scapula, 19, 20
Oswestry (Croesoswallt), 85, 89, 213, 318, 319, 363
Otto, Ottobon, legates, 154, 171
Overstone, Lord, 403
Owen ap Cadogan, 63, 71–78
Owen ap Griffith ap Llywelyn, 155, 159, 160, 178, 179, 189
Owen ap Griffith ap Rees, 129, 130, 141
Owen ap Madoc, 99
Owen Cyveiliog, 78, 89, 91, 98–100, 102, 122, 346
Owen Glendower (Owen Glendŵr), 151, 252, 268–287
Owen Gwynedd, 74, 81–93, 100–101, 121
Owen of Powys, *see* Owen ap Cadogan
Owen of Wales, the Yeuain de Galles of Froissart, probably Owen Lawgoch ap Thomas ap Rhodri ap Llywelyn the Great), 241, 242
Owen, Baron, 334–335
Owen, Goronwy, 390
Owen, Hugh, of Orielton, 359
Owen, Sir Hugh, 401

Owen, Sir John, of Clenenau, 354, 373
Owen, Morgan, bp. of Llandaff, 375
Owen, Robert, apostle of labour, 403
Oxford, 237, 325, 348, 355

P

Pain of Turberville, 59, 228
Pain's Castle, 102
Parish system, council, 333, 336, 400
Parliament—
English, 168, 170, 191, 223, 224
Welsh, 279, 282–283
United, 304, 320, 347
Long, 328, 345, 359
Commonwealth, 376, 377
British, 394, 397
Patagonia, Welsh settlement in, 404
Parry, Bp., 349
Patrick, Saint, horn of, 108
Patrick de Sayes, 167, 178
Payn Fitz John, 109, 110
Payn Fitz Patrick, 178
Pembroke (Penvro), 57, 65, 70, 116, 132, 137, 212, 296, 364, 367–372; pigs of, 13; earldom of, *see* Clare, Marshall, Valence, Hastings, Edward V., Herbert
Pembrokeshire, 299, 312, 314, 318, 329, 343, 364, 376
Pencader, 9, 41
Peckham, Archbp., 183, 185–187, 188, 283
Pecock, Reginald, 267, 296
Penllyn, 178, 197
Penmaen Mawr, 187
Pennal, 282
Penry, John, 345–348
Percies, 278, 285; *see* Hotspur
Peters, Hugh, 365, 371
Philips, Col. James, 377
Picton, 403
Picton Castle, 364
Picts, 27
Plague, 27, 133, 285
Plinlimmon, 5, 8, 14–17, 95, 143, 163, 318
Plough, praise of the, 308
Porth Clais, 53
Powel, Col. Rice, 369–371
Powel, Vavasor, 379, 381
Powys, 5, 8, 15, 24, 46, 56, 65, 68–78, 91, 92, 98–100, 102, 128, 133
Powys Castle, 205, 232, 313
Poyer, Col. John, 368–372
Poyntz, 367
Presbyterianism, 367, 368
Press, 347, 367, 395
Prestatyn, 91
Presteign (Llanandras), 349, 367
Price, C., of Mynachty, 359
Price, Ellis, the "red doctor," 343
Price, Herbert, of Brecon, 359
Price, Sir John, of Newtown, 359
Price, Richard, one of Nominees, 377
Price, William, of Rhiwlas, 359
Prices, fluctuation of, 337
Prichard, Hugh, Fifth Monarchy man, 379
Prichard, Rees, the "Old Vicar," 375–378, 381
Priestholm (Ynys Seiriol), 119
Primogeniture, 327, 335, 337
Prince, principality, of Wales, 171, 180, 218–219, 236–237, 255, 279, 289, 291, 311, 401, 404
Prophecies, influence of, 112–114, 116, 188, 286
Puleston, Sir Roger, 212
Pwllheli, 259

R

Radnor (Maesyved), 59, 105, 107
Radnorshire, 313, 315, 329, 377
Raglan, 351, 359–360, 367
Ralph of Hereford, 42
Ranulph I. (le Meschin), earl of Chester, 85
Ranulph II. (de Gernons), 100
Ranulph III. (Blundeville) 102
Ranulph Poer, 97, 98
Rebecca riots, 295
Red Book of Hergest, 264
Red Rose, *see* Lancastrians

Red Owen (Owen Goch) *see* O. ap Griffith
Rees ab Owen (Rhys ab Owen), 50
Rees ap Griffith (Rhys ab Gruffydd), the Lord Rees, 87–103, 104, 107
Rees ap Griffith ap Rees, 141
Rees ap Griffith ap Rees ap Thomas, 322
Rees ap Maelgwn, 183, 188
Rees ap Meredith, or Vychan (Rhys ab Meredydd), 181, 182, 191, 207, 210–211
Rees ap Thomas, 299–301, 306, 307, 309, 311, 322, 323
Rees ap Tudor (Rhys ab Tewdwr), 53–56, 59, 76
Rees Gethin, 276
Rees Goch (Rhys Goch ap Rhicert), 263
Rees Mechyll, 167
Rees the Hoarse (Rhys Grug), 126, 129, 131, 133, 136–138, 140
Rees the Little (Rhys Vychan), 163, 164, 167, 172
Reform Acts, 395
Reformation, 340–353, 355
Revolution, Puritan, 340–355, 373, 378; French, 340, 387
Rhaiadr, river, 313
Rhaiadr, town, 94, 98, 325
Rhagvel, sea-king's d., 51
Rhiwallon ap Cynvyn, 43
Rhodri the Great (Rhodri Mawr), 34–35
Rhodri Molwynog, 32
Rhondda, 7
Rhos, cantrev, 161
Rhos Llanerch Rugog, 7
Rhuddlan, 42, 50, 51, 86, 88, 91, 93, 121, 129, 177–181, 184, 187, 188–193, 202
Rhun ab Owen Gwynedd, 85
Rhuvoniog, 161, 180
Rhyd y Gors, 65
Rhymney, Rumney (Rhymni), 50, 313
Richard I., 96
Richard II., 275, 277, 285
Richard III., 297–301
Richard, bp. of Bangor, 154, 168, 171
Richard, brother of Henry III., king of Romans, 154, 161, 165, 176
Richard, duke of York, 291, 292
Richard of Granville, 59
Richards, Judge, 333
Richmond, earl of, *see* Henry VII.
Robert Fitz Stephen, 87, 91, 94
Robert Fitz Hamon
Robert of Gloucester, 97, 100
Robert of Malpas, 48
Robert of Rhuddlan, 48–53, 55, 64, 65
Robert St. Quentin, 59
Robert Vipont, 130
Roger of Chester, 67, 70, 73, 78
Roger of Montaut, 155
Rome, 18; influence of, 24–27, 341, 352
Roses, Vale of, 117
Round Table, 208
Rupert of the Rhine, 361, 365
Ruthin (Rhuthyn), 161, 270, 349–350, 357; cats of, 13; lords of, *cc* Grey
Ruthyn, Glamorgan, 314

S

St. Asaph, 121, 284; diocese of, 17
St. C'ears, 278
St. David's, 40, 41, 52–55, 57, 65, 102, 107, 117, 118, 140, 209, 283–284, 341, 345; diocese of, 17, 106, 114, 244, 340–343; supposed metropolitan see of, 126
St. Dogmels, 55, 117
St. Harmon, 107
St. Winifred's Well, 350
Salesbury, William, 343, 349
Salisbury, John, of Flint, 359
Sampson, bp. of Lichfield, 323
Savaddan, lake, 13, 109, 387
Saxons, 17, 26, 28–30
Schools, grammar, 342, 349–350, 381; circulating, 387–388; Sunday, 390; elementary, 400; intermediate, 401

Scotland, 142, 162, 172, 180, 206, 211, 216, 217, 276, 372, 397
Scuddamore, John, castellan, 277
Seiont, river, 201, 208
Seisyll of Dyvnwal, 95, 97
Senena, 155
Senghenydd, 59, 132, 227
Sessions, Great, 329–337 ; Petty, 331 ; Quarter, 333
Severn (Havren), 3, 5, 7, 17, 19, 29, 32, 41, 48, 73–74, 253, 298, 300, 321
Shakespere, on Welsh history, 287, 303, 328
Sheriff, 333
Shire system, 195–198, 311–320, 333
Shrewsbury (Amwythig), 5, 32, 46, 48-49, 66-68, 122, 128, 139, 155, 171, 173, 191, 274, 278, 300, 319, 360
Shropshire, 275, 298, 318, 323
Sidney, Algernon, 332, 378, 381
Sidney, Sir Henry, 326–329
Sidney, Mary, 328
Sidney, Philip, 328
Silures, 12, 15, 19–23
Smythe, William, bp., 325
Snowdon (Y Wyddva), 3–8, 17, 33, 52, 65, 86, 89, 121, 159, 178, 180, 185, 188, 194, 196, 271 ; Lady of, *see* Eleanor de Montford ; lords of, 179 ; *see* Justice of
South Wales, South (Y Dehevdir), 32, 37, 91, 94–96, 101, 102, 116, 129–133, 168, 178, 180, 188, 195, 210, 224, 244, 272, 277, 282, 300, 379
Stanleys, the, 300, 301
Star Chamber, 302–304
Statutum Walliae (Statute of Rhuddlan), 193–198, 233
Stepney, Sir J., 359
Stradling, Sir E., 359, 379
Strata Florida (Ystrad Fflur), 31, 102, 118, 140, 143, 172, 175, 212, 214, 274, 284, 346
Strata Marcella (Ystrad Marchell), 264, 343, 346
Strathclyde (Ystrad Clwyd), 29
Strongbow, Richard de Clare, 94, 96
Suetonius Paulinus, 21
Swansea (Abertawe), 77, 144, 259, 400
Sybil of Montgomery, w. of Fitz Hamon, 57, 60
Sybil, w. of Milo of Gloucester, 110
Sycharth, 270, 277, 285

T

Tacitus, 23
Taffy (Davydd), 384
Talbots, the, 298, 300
Talgarth, 55, 387
Tal y Llychau, 172
Tawe, river, 136
Taxation, 223, 320
Tegeingl, *see* Englfield
Teivy, river, 81, 91, 117, 300
Tenby (Dinbych y Pysgod), 364
Teutons, 17, 26
Thelwall, Simon, 359
Thomas of Lancaster, 226, 231
Thomas, Morgan, Yorkist, 296
Thomas, David, Lancastrian, 296
Thomas, William, of Aber, 359
Tibetot, Robert de, 210
Tintern, 137, 314, 346
Tithes, 346
Titus, 18
Tostig, son of Godwin, 43
Totems, 13
Tower of London, 189, 192, 214, 216, 218, 297–298
Towns, rise of, 201, 202, 258, 332
Towy (Tywi), river, 6, 317
Towy, Vale of (Ystrad Tywi), 7, 8, 35, 41, 50, 76-79, 87, 93, 181, 211, 278
Towyn, 118
Trahaiarn, 50–54
Trahaiarn Vychan, 103
Trallwm, *see* Welshpool
Treaty, *see* Montgomery, Rhuddlan

Tregaron, 315
Tretower, Yorkist, 298
Trevecca, 387
Trevor, bp. John, 279, 285
Triads, 305, 307–309, 323
Tuberville, Sir Thomas, 215–216
Tudors, popularity of, 340; *see* Henry VII., Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth
Tudor, Arthur, 311
Tudor, Edmund, 292, 341
Tudor, Jasper, 292, 294, 295, 299
Tudor, Margaret (Lady Margaret Beaufort), 292
Tudor, Owen, 292
Tudur Aled, 238, 267, 305, 307, 09, 3 0

U

United States of America, 404
University, movement for, 271, 282, 284–285, 381, 400, 401
Uriconium, 19, 29
Usk (Wysg), river, 5, 293
Usk (Brynbuga), 112, 202, 352, 364

V

Valence, Aylmer de, 207
Valence, William de, earl of Pembroke, 206
Valle Crucis, 172, 269, 286, 305, 346
Van Lake (Llyn y Van), 13
Vaughan (Vychan), Griffith, of Caio, 274
Vaughan, Roger, Yorkist, 296
Vaughan, Henry, of Derwydd, 359
Vaughan, Henry, the Silurist, 376, 381
Vaughan, Rowland, of Caergai, 387
Vaughan, Thomas, Yorkist, 297
Vaus, John de, 191
Veranius, 20
Vespasian, 18, 23
Voysey, John, 325

W

Wages, changes in, 242, 243
Wales (Cymru), 3, 147
Welsh character, 10, 124, 188, 192, 342, 384, 400
Welsh language, 112, 115, 202, 304, 311, 319, 334–337, 348–350
Welshmen's Candle (Canwyll y Cymry), 376, 381
Welshpool (Trallwm), 73, 164, 202, 232, 253, 274, 300, 334
Wenlock, 122
Wessex, 34–43, 47
White Rose, *see* York
White Ship, the, 67, 78, 100
Whitgift, Archbp., 348, 349
Whitland (Hen Dy Gwyn), 115, 172, 346
Wigmore, 205, 318, 327
William I., 45
William II., 65–67, 117
William Fitz Martin, 94
William Fitz Osbern, 49–50, 59
William of Gloucester, 97, 103
William of London, 59, 77
Williams, John, archbp. of York, 354–356, 363, 367
Williams, John, one of Nominees, 377
Williams, Judge, 378
Williams, Lord, of Thame, 326
Williams, Roger, 352–3
Williams, Sir Trevor, 371
Williams, William, Pant y Celyn, 389–390
Wilson, Richard, painter, 403
Windsor, 104
Wogan, Thomas, 373
Wolsey, Cardinal, 322, 343
Worcester (Caer Wrangon), 32, 65, 180, 231, 274; Marquis of, 360
Worcestershire, 323
Wrexham, 361
Wye (Wy), river, 5, 6, 32, 50, 108, 169
Wynnes, Wynns, the, 320
Wynn, Ellis, Glasynys, 38
Wynn, John, 241

Wynn, John, of Gwydir, 334
Wynn, Sir John, of Gwydir, 335, 349

Y

Yeuvain de Galles, *see* Owen of Wales
York, 211; House of, 285, 293, 294
Ystrad Marchell, *see* Strata Marcella
Ystrad Meurig, 400
Ystrad Towy, *see* Vale of Towy

The Gresham Press
UNWIN BROTHERS,
WOKING AND LONDON

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S WELSH BOOKS.

The Welsh People.

CHAPTERS ON THEIR

Origin, History, Laws, Language, Literature.

BY

JOHN RHYS, M.A.,

Principal of Jesus College, and Professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford,

AND

D. BRYNMOR-JONES, LL.B.,

Bencher of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, King's Counsel, and Member of Parliament.

CLOTH, DEMY 8VO, **16/-.**

WITH TWO MAPS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Altogether, whether looked at from the point of view of the student of antiquities, ethnology, and folk-lore, or from that of the modern politician or the student of national characteristics, we have seldom met with a more informing and valuable work. Nor is the mass of authentic information its sole merit. It is written brightly and sympathetically, yet with a remarkable abstinence from party colouring."—*The Spectator.*

"Nothing of such importance as this volume, to the student of Wales and the Welsh, has been published for a very long time. Just as Stephens' 'Literature of the Kymry' marked the beginning of better methods of literary criticism, so is this volume, as a restatement to a considerable degree of Welsh origins and history and life, likely to prove of lasting value. Any one who wants to know Wales will turn to it of necessity, and he may feel assured that he gets the opinion of experts, and that opinion substantiated by the best available facts."—*Bookman.*

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S WELSH BOOKS.

TWO RECENT NOVELS.

John Jones, Curate.

BY

GWENDOLEN PRYCE.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, **6/-.**

"The direct fascination of simple, healthy entertainment is exercised by Gwendolen Pryce's novel, 'John Jones, Curate.' The scene is laid within a Welsh rural haven which is delightfully pictured. . . . It is not too much to say that the novel is an ideal one, and because of its freshness and human feeling is far removed from the ordinary."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"While excellent in respect of purely technical considerations, the story also bears evidence of being a picture, faithfully and carefully sketched, of life in a part of Wales not yet overrun by the holiday-maker, and where there is much primitive, but lovable, Celtic nature. . . . Miss Pryce has written a thoroughly readable novel."—*Scotsman.*

"The whole story is well conceived and beautifully written. The reader who is familiar with the life of a Welsh country village immediately feels that the writer has a full grasp of her subject, which she treats most naturally."—*Llanelly Mercury.*

Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., writing of this book, says:—

"I was very much impressed with it when I first had an opportunity of glancing at it when in MS. On the whole I think it is about the best picture of Welsh life that has yet appeared in an English novel."

Crewern.

A WELSH TALE OF THE THIRTIES.

BY

R. M. THOMAS.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, **6/-.**

"A first book of exceptional merit."—*Daily News.*

"One of the most promising first books that we have read for many years."—*Speaker.*

"Marks a higher level than any yet attained in Welsh fiction."—*Western Mail.*

"An entirely commendable book."—*Examiner.*

"Admirably written."—*Literary World.*

"Full of colour and incident."—*Lloyd's Weekly News.*

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

SUPPLIED BY
THE SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS
OLD CHELSEA STATION, BOX 22
NEW YORK 11, N. Y.